

EIGHT ACRES - 1974



10⁰⁰ Jan

Jim,
So far you've
made it through one
of life's strangest experiences:
Mrs. Oliver. The rest of
your life should be uncomplicated.
Good luck this year.

Mark
Taylor

Jimmy,
Go year
what good
all because
of your M. id.
of a Saturday
Word for the Day
National Language
I you talent of a
most unusual person!
Don't forget
"your Yearbook Lumber!"
Love,
Orlene
Dillon

The
NOT
revolution will
be televised,
Let's have a revolution
of our own.!!!

Dear Jim, (next year room-mate)
I really don't know how to say
about this off. I have alot to say
because you mean alot to me.
I've been times during the last
years where I've been upset and your
"dry wit" has really cheered me up. I
one really great person and words can't
really want to thank you for that. you
that you and I will have a great
time in trig & geo. Oh well! I know
those classes were giving me first that
but now I know that they are
going to be fantastic. I hope that
this year will be loving
As you deserve the best
much love,
Michelle
(the wrestler
& your room-mate)

THE WAY THINGS GO

**1974
EIGHT ACRES**

**HOLLAND HALL
TULSA, OKLAHOMA**

VOL. NO. XXXIV
HUNTER PUBLISHING CO.

things go better

8

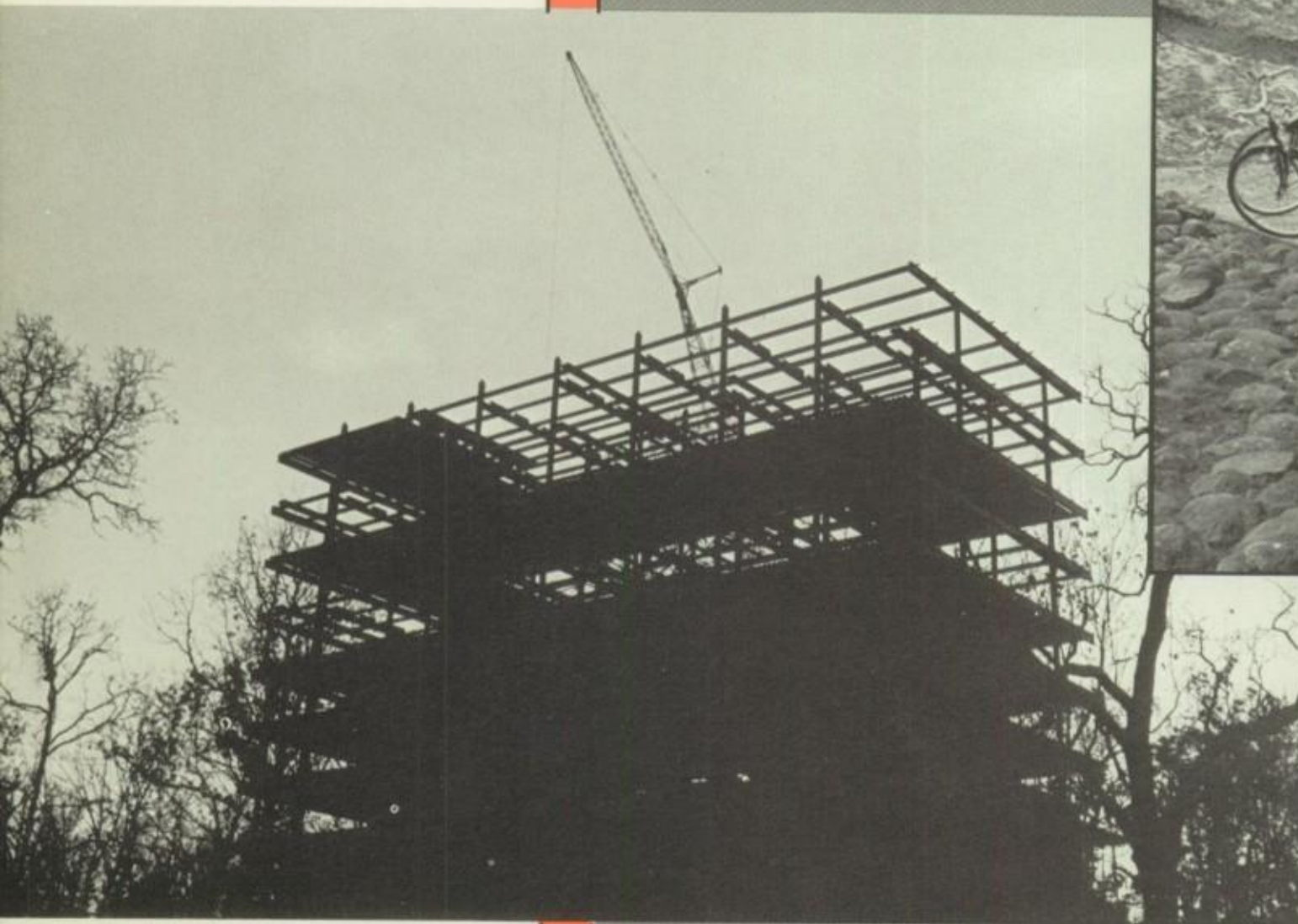
things go fast 46

things go together



80

It didn't really start in September. It's more like a continuation from May. But, even those three short summer months were part of the whole process. With school, you start, you advance a grade, and you continue on. Only the pace quickens. This year is not a new beginning. It's just part of the way things go. From the first tinkle of Mr. Moore's announcement bell to the last seconds of the last two hour final exam, the crank keeps on grinding.



As every year,

Below many styles of denim apparel grew the high steppin', back crampin' platform shoe. But while the baby of the glitter world was lifting heels to new heights, the old standard, tennis shoes, were here to stay, and the underground was revolting with the low-heeled, high-toed earth shoe. Kidnapping, if it could be called a

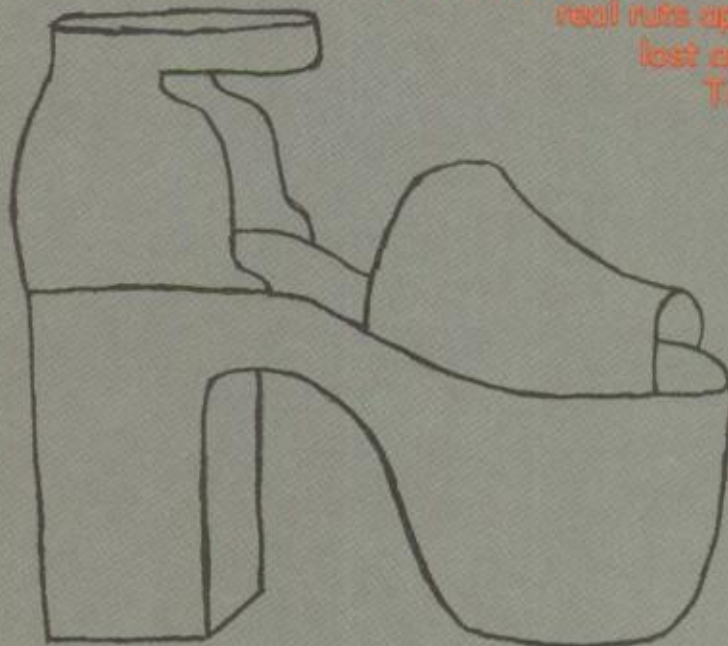
fad, hit the U.S. big. But with the exception of the still hot SLA capture of Patricia Hearst, victims returned and the stories became old.

There appeared ruts in the never ending road. As the real ruts appeared on the way to school, the lost asphalt appeared on the roadside.

Townhouses and skyscrapers were replacing our beautiful wooded view, but we in our little cars just kept going. Our cars

became sluggish when gas was scarce, but we managed to squeeze enough out of the pumps to make that last turn into the HFI driveway (even if it was on a bicycle.) The year had its fads. Kohoutek came and went, though some would debate on its coming at all.

Streaking came quickly and dressed to kill, but faded blue jeans seemed to cover the fleeting craze.





The movie industry seemed to have another successful year, at least at the box office. High budget and big publicity characterized films such as **The Exorcist**, **The Great Gatsby**, **The Sting**, **Mame**, and **The Way We Were**. **The Exorcist**, movie that took green pea soup off the menus in all American homes and threw it up all over the movie screen, reinstated the fear of the devil into the people, where it remains to be exorcised. **The Sting**, **The Great Gatsby** and **The Way We Were** proved that the star was not dead. And the star was

Robert Redford. Playing opposite Paul Newman, Mia Farrow, and Barbara Striesand, Redford found his home in the past and women throughout the country found a home for Robert in their snow covered hearts. As the pornographers, once again, found their way into the film business in the x-rated **Last Tango in Paris**, Tatum O'Neal, with her debut in **Paper Moon**, conned her way with the help of daddy Ryan, into the film business. Al Pacino denounced his **Godfather** origin for the many outfits of officer **Serpico**, and Woody Allen was back with **Sleeper**, a film fantasy into the future. While **American Graffiti** took us back to the sixties in a jaunty humorous montage starring little Opie of Andy Griffith, **Blazing Saddles** took us back farther in a force western that tried

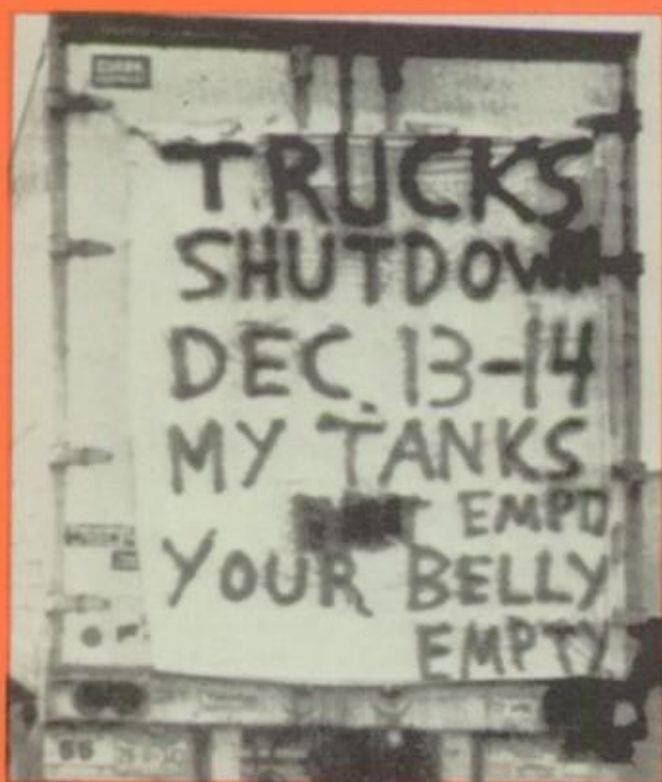
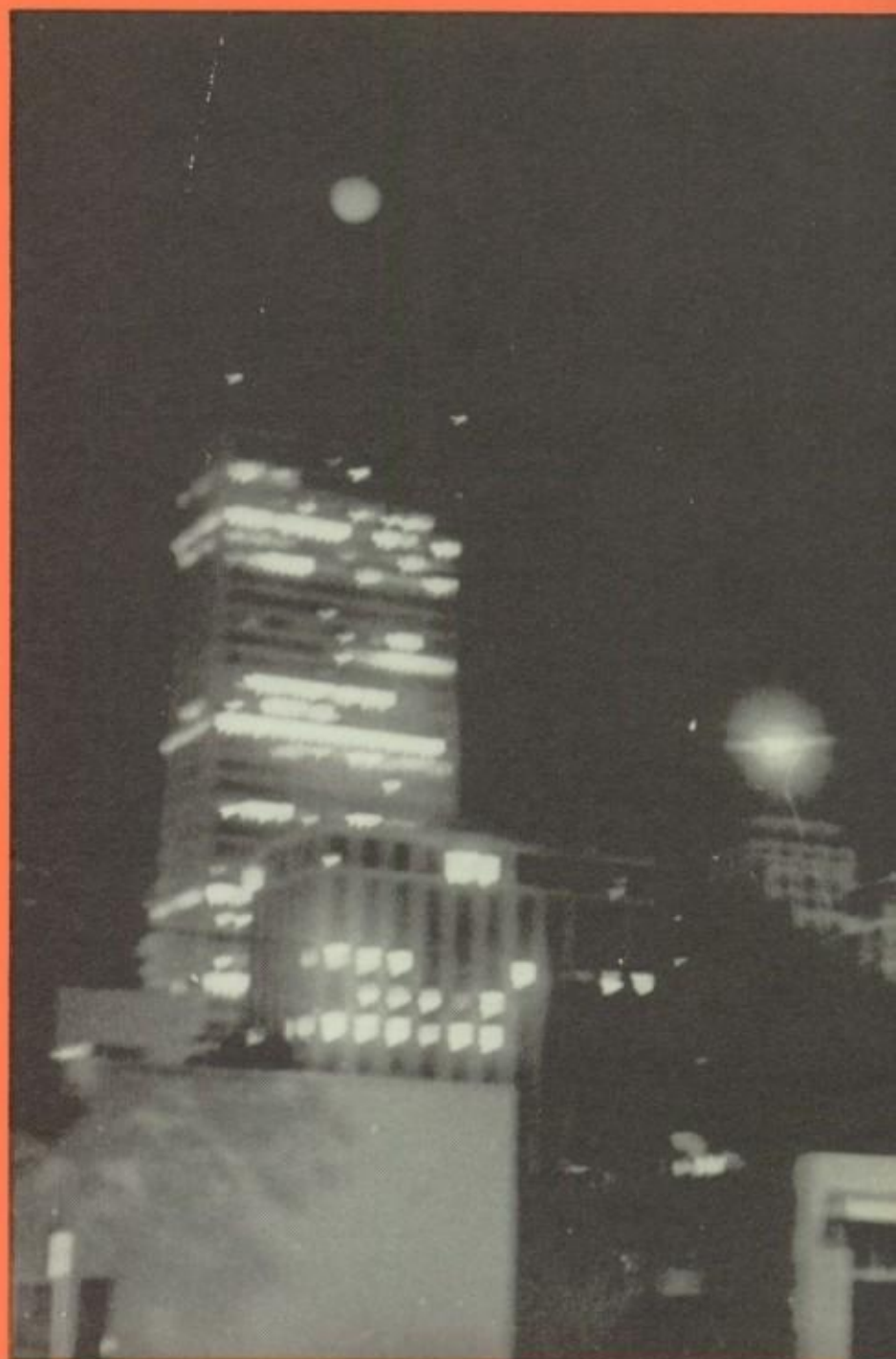
unsuccessfully to prove that the crude was goede. The formula for a successful film seems to be a nostalgic look back to the bad guy who used Kung Fu to fight the devil, starring Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford, Tatum O'Neal as the little girl, and Woody Allen as the devil.



Opposite page: Dusk silhouettes progress of the Post Oaks office complex on Yale Avenue. Above: Spring brings not only flowers, but bicycles to the 81st campus. Recently Above: Blue jeans and tennis shoes are popular attire for the Coscia game. Right: Robert Redford finds himself on the cover of Newsweek for his role in the highly publicized movie of F. Scott Fitzgerald's, **The Great Gatsby**.

The year's story was Watergate.

But Watergate is just a part of the history of Nixon's (or more properly the country's) crises. Watergate, since September, meant the investigation and the cover-up. It meant Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Dean, Stans, McGruder, Colson, all lending their names and stories to our front pages. It meant the formation of special committees, reformation of the FBI, prosecutors here and there, and it went on. As the original break-in mushroomed into a national scandal that had everyone wondering if the president was a common crook, the milk deal, Bebe Rebozo, Vesco, ITT, and the ouster of the Vice President all fell under the heading of Watergate. But Watergate's roots go much farther back than September, and the Rodino committee will keep on digging past May. As Watergate takes its toll, replacements will be made. Nothing will stop the ominous wheel from turning and things will keep on going.



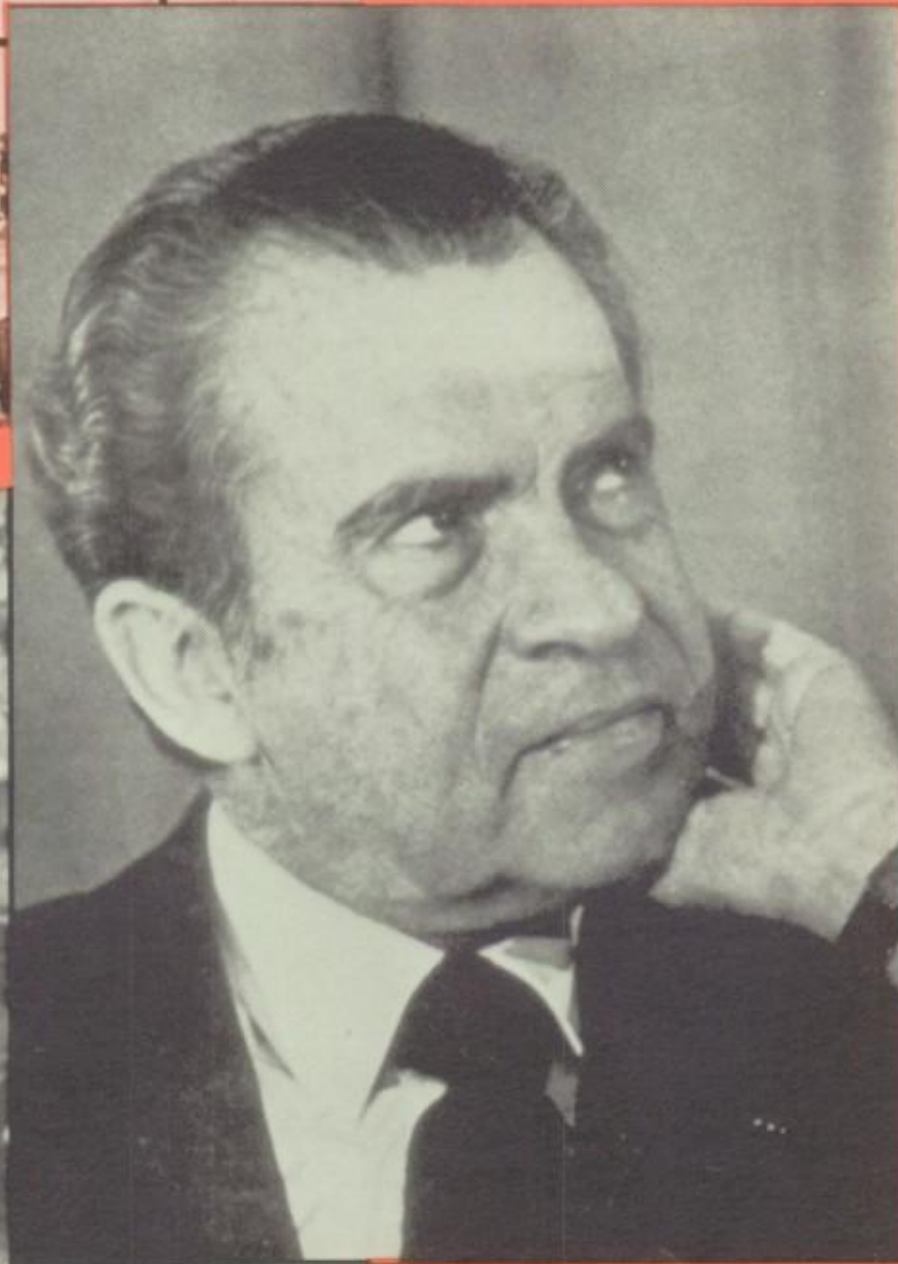
Above: Striking truckers show their outrage. Upper Right: Downtown Tulsa dims its usually bright lights to save electricity. Right: Cars line up to buy limited gasoline. Far Right: President Nixon finds himself in the middle of the Watergate scandal. Opposite page: Speed limits were reduced as gasoline supplies dwindled.

SPEED
LIMIT
55

MINIMUM
40

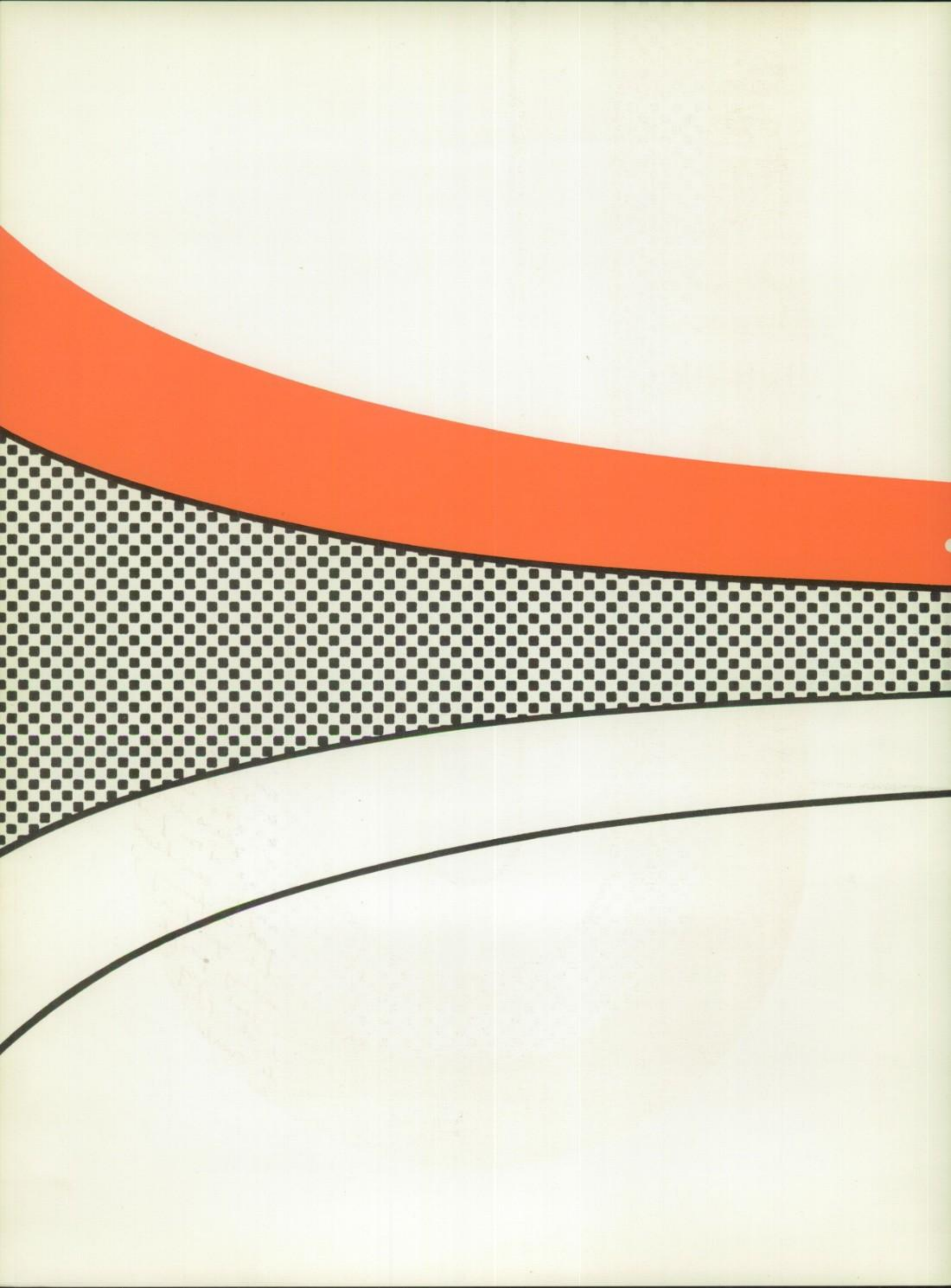
The economy fell prey to many things. As the prices went up, the quantities went down. The meat counters were emptied just in time to turn the refrigeration down. As the lines to the gas pump thinned, so did the supply. Sunday driving was out. Caddies and 98 Olds were left in the garages, as Beetles, Capries, and Yamahas hit the road with new found leadership. A basic feeling of guilt struck the households. Electricity was to be saved. Christmas cheer found its place back in the heart and out of the high voltage, tin tree. Outside lighting was dimmed, but to the surprise of merchants, business was not. As coal and the Franklin stove returned to the home, the ecologists held their breath. 55 mph took the truckers as its first toll. And, as the truckers stopped rolling, so did the travelers. As airline schedules shrunk, the price of a ticket started flying. The oil crunch found a scapegoat in the Middle East, and hopes in Henry Kissinger gave us the impression that it

was ephemeral. Later reports made us wonder if the oil trusts hadn't invented the whole thing. But even if we were sweating (for fear of freezing) at nothing, we kept on going. As with everything else.



I realize I have been
an imposing influence (in
overpowering) but I meant
well. In really envious of
someone who has a unit said
of yours, because making people
laugh is one of the greatest gifts
anyone can have. Everyone says
you're a funny guy (which is true)
but you have a serious side not
a great guy and I know you're
a sk. Please forgive me for
be overbearing and snooty.
but that's me, you know. I
hope you... there's so much
I hope to you that I can't
write it all. Thanks
for everything -
Love,
Betsey

it's simply part
of the way things go.



THINGS GO BETTER

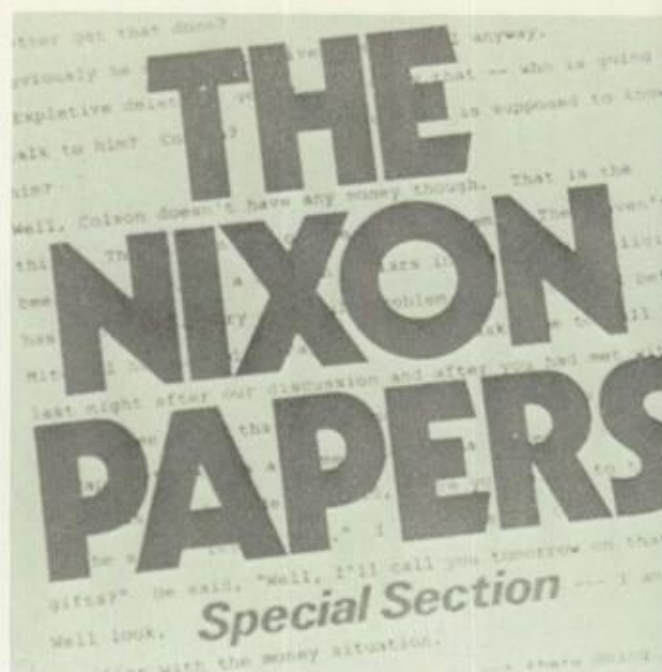


'It's a cycle
you go round
and round . . .'

The cycle of school is always the same. It goes through stages, from one extreme to another. By the time school starts, you are ready and waiting to begin in new endeavors. Time goes by fast, you turn around and find yourself face to face with exams. It's all gone so fast. Then, the whole process is thrown upside down. Time grows, expands until a week seems like a month, and everyone is at each others throats. Friendships seem to dissolve and deteriorate, and a vacation seems like an exit from everything. I'm going crazy. Exams

Freedom and
Goodbye.

It is vowed never to go back to that school. But halfway through the summer, you get lonely, wanting to talk to someone you once knew well. You miss school, and when September returns, you are ready to accept a new challenge. It's all so strange. You never get off the mobious strip.



WATERGATE BUGGED US

It seems like everyone has got the bug . . . with Watergate and everything Nixon just can't stay out of hot water. After the hearings, H.R. Halderman became a household word.

Novelty companies are cashing in with POW (Prisoner of Watergate) bracelets, The Watergate Game, and bumper stickers with "Enjoy San Clemente, you paid for it." Yoga lessons have become popular too, I mean, look what Rose Mary Woods could do after three easy lessons.

Confidence in the president seems on the decline. Impeachment hearings have started, and things look grim for the president. Whatever a person thinks about Nixon and Watergate, there is one thing that should be kept in mind. The Democrats were doing the same thing, only they weren't stupid enough to get caught.

'Could it have changed so? . . .'

In walking through the lower school, I felt like crying. My old kindergarten room is now a huge classroom that was made by knocking down a wall. The stairs leading to the old upper school always seemed so big, they're really small. My old science room, which held a lot of memories about nearly flunking, is now an art room. And there's carpeting in the study hall! It's changed too much in four years.

'Nothing is lost forever . . .'

Here is autumn. Summer's heat has left the air, a great gray cloud blots out the sun and the wind whips about the top of the building crying for the prey which it will not find here for the building has no venerable entrance through which it can force its freezing breath. The first frost has come and gone and killed the grass and turned the oak leaves brown and cracked the sidewalk. You can always tell when the seasons are changing for the chuckholes appear in the road.

Summer is in the past. It no longer exists. It is time for our minds to resurface. It is time to unearth that which has been buried deep in our subconscious. It is a time to think, for though we are physically retained within the walls of a building our minds are free to wander. And it is the time to remember the past for nothing is ever really lost forever.

HOLES HOLD WHOLE ROAD

The peaceful countrylike ride from 65th and Yale to the school used to be real nice. But now, where trees and grass used to be, is now barren expanses of dirt. What used to be pleasing to the eye is now a dreaded sight. Not only is the grass disappearing, but little holes are growing in the road. Little ones at first, but as they grow and mature their depth increases and as mature adult holes their hunger grows. They try to steal tires from



cars. When they are dodged, they recruit new holes to take positions that will not allow for maneuvering. And then when the city fears these creatures might spread to the city and over-power other vehicles, they come and fill them with asphalt until they are full. But soon, once they've consumed their fill of asphalt, they start once again on tires. It's a vicious cycle, shhh. (They're getting those, too!)



YALE SEES NEW BREED OF TREES

"They paved paradise, put a parking lot." Joni Mitchell never drove that last mile, from 71st to 81st on Yale, to Holland Hall, but her lyrics have begun to strike closer to home. What used to be a massive, beautiful oak forest, disturbed only by the too-narrowly paved passage, has given way to overnight apartment houses. It seems ironic that the developers turn to the trees they destroy for the names of their constructions. Elaborate signs indicate the opening of Silver Oaks and Copper Oaks developments. Maybe science can perfect a copper acorn that will grow into an office building. Holland Hall should get into the act by subdividing our playing fields and building Platinum Oaks . . . town houses with cesspool side views for a small additional cost.

BOYS FAULT TO GIRLS ADVANTAGE

The feminist movement's cliché name, woman's lib, stepped aside as a new name came to the forefront — the name of the enemy, the male chauvinist pig. The most kicked around of all these 'swine' was Bobby Riggs. As the sex game took to the tennis courts, the woman won. Billy Jean King demonstrating better ball placement as well as a younger frame put the old pro down in the most popularized tennis match in history. To most, the antics and commercialization of the match overshadowed the supposed importance of it.

There will come to pass, at Holland Hall, a time when the overpowering and long due trend toward equality of the sexes will combine with the peculiar trend toward better girls' sports teams and worse boys' teams. And when this time comes, Holland Hall will take a lesson from BJK and field girls against our opposition. What the boys will do, I don't know.

NEVER ON A SUNDAY

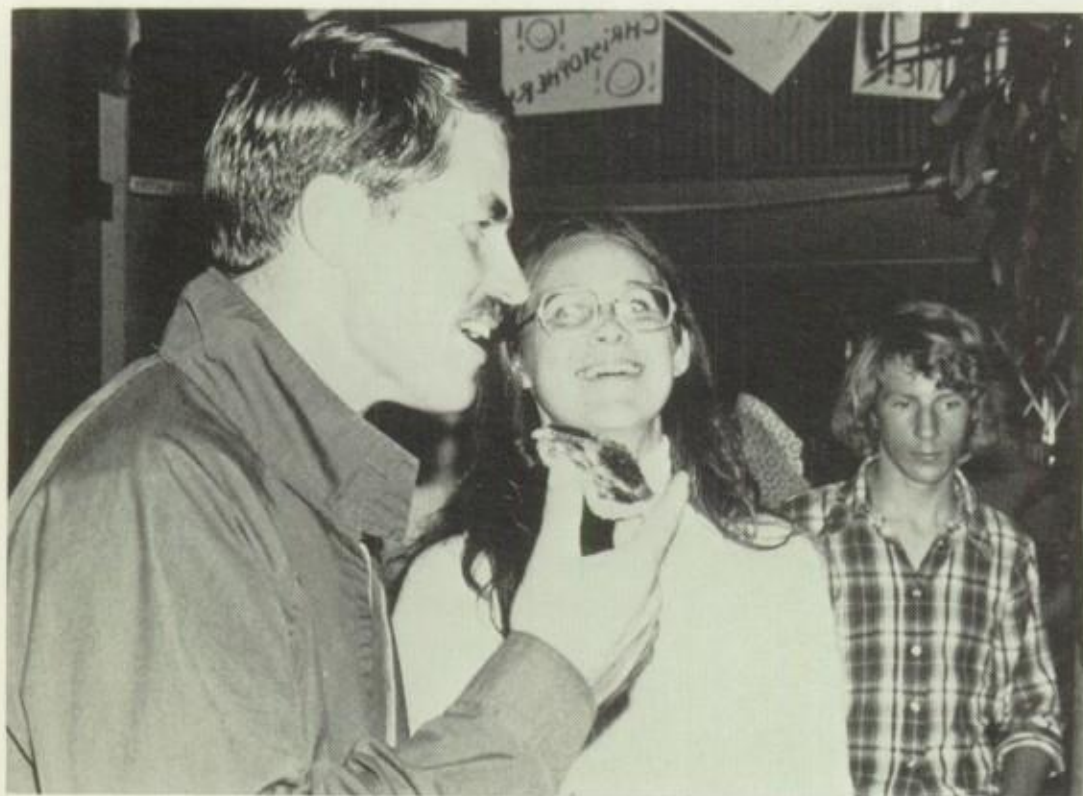
Though Sunday had always been called the day of rest in the Bible, it never had meaning until the government indirectly proclaimed it so. With gas stations being required to close on Sundays (to conserve the gas for its more important uses than driving to the lake), few dared to venture from their driveways for fear the old needle might favor the "E" (which could then stand for exercise.) Exercise is at the expense of energy, which thereby caused a need for food, which thereby caused a need for paper towels and Eureka! The shortage crises mounted. While shoppers were boycotting beef buying to fight high prices, cattlemen were boycotting cattle sales because prices were too low. With the inflation rate soaring, it was cheaper to eat money. Perhaps the best solution was to take Uncle Sam's advice . . . on Sunday, stay home and sabbath.

Silver Oaks

WOODED HOMESITES •

MOBLEY LUMBER CO.-663-4926

Below: Unbelieving Susan Appleman watches while Coach Tameny puts away another pizza. **Right:** Headmaster Moore takes a break from heavy canoe paddling to sip a Fresca.



Things go better with — HOT PIZZA & COLD WATER

Cold, fog, even rain . . . wouldn't you know it — on the day of our float trip. We kept asking ourselves, "Whose big idea was this anyway to get up at the crack of dawn to float down the Illinois River?" But as we stepped into our canoes, the sun gradually began peeking through the clouds. By the time evil oar-snatchers and sneaky canoe-tippers began to strike, the sun made no difference once you (and probably your sack lunch) were under the sub-zero water. For some, the day's climax was a jump off The Bridge; for others it might have been a cigarette when the faculty wasn't looking. Once back home, in dry clothes, the day's statistics still stood: to dunk Mr. Bizjack — one boy; to dunk Margaret Martin — six boys.

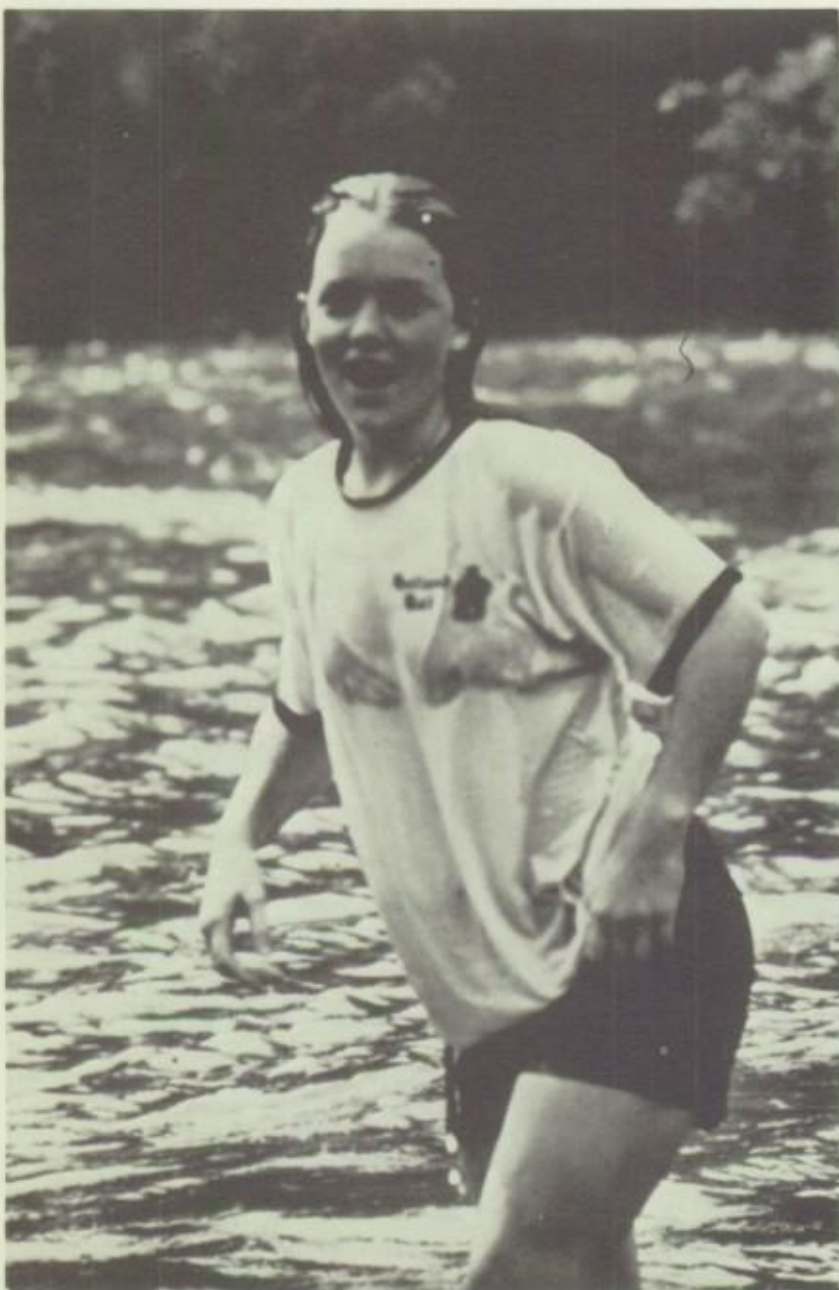
Roy Johnson, Pete Morley, and Charlotte Thornton try to calm the impatient dancers while awaiting Doug Disler's band.



September had come, and a new school year had hit. Yes, girls, it was time for those unies again. Round up your knee sox, air out your midies, and track down, those saddle shoes. Mr. Elmer is really cracking down this year.

A whole year ahead of us — we had two choices. Choice No. 1 — follow the apparent current trend of apathy, or Choice No. 2 — get on the stick and try new things, get back some spirit, and, in general, try to make things better. Choice No. 2 prevailed as the fall proved to be a time for trying new and innovative ideas.

The Magnificent Mozzarella Mash — that HAD to be a new idea. Eighty pizzas found their way to the Barnard Commons as over 200 students found their way there to eat them. It was advertised by the sponsoring seniors as "all you can eat for \$2.00" For those who didn't get much, after the pizza had vanished, the crowd stayed to jive (or at least try to jive) to the live music of Doug Disler's Whistlers. The added attraction of a raffle was won by Jim Deck, who, for better or for worse, now owned two tickets to the Roberta Flack concert. The night proved to be definitely different, and for most — **Great.**



Above Left: Insisting that sausage pizza is best, Laura Harlow tries to convince peperroni-lover Darrell Christopher. **Above Right:** Bobby Lee works on his courage as he ponders whether to submerge himself in the chilly water. **Left:** After having her canoe tipped, Margaret Martin emerges a little wet and a little surprised.

'Falling bodies . . .'

I wondered if THE Bridge was what the veteran canoers said it was. There were three other canoe groups overpopulating the small shoreline, so there were plenty of spectators. All my friends were sitting and merely watching the falling bodies. I needed more action. I ran the hairpin course to get up to the bridge and just stared down at the water, holding on to the rail for dear life. Real action. Oh well, here goes! I did it about six times afterwards, but couldn't muster up enough courage for a flip. That Bridge was what they said it was, only better.

81st HOSTS GOBLINS AS BIRMINGHAM HOSTS CYCLISTS

X-Day?! What will Mr. Elmer think of next? There was no doubt the idea would go over with us kids — a "free dress day" had to be good. An endless selection of activities for the day began at the home of Ted Sloan (alias Julia Childs) where the aromas of Monsieur Poulet's French pastries abounded. Elsewhere in the city Mrs. Carmack escorted students through art galleries while Mr. Benton tried to get some extra fishing in by taking a group to the Zebco Plant. Back at school a poetry class was in session along with less cultured activities such as games in the gym, cards in the Commons, or_____.



(Fill in the blank — what did YOU do?) The day's goal — to turn the 81st street campus into a haunted house for the Halloween Party that night. Each class chose a room to decorate . . . but by the end of the day none of them looked too good. The party was sure to be a flop. But we had forgotten what it was like to be six years old . . . to see strings as cobwebs and sheets as ghosts. The evening was delightful . . . perhaps even more so for the older students who screeched and screamed as the little ones shuddered in horror.



Above Left: Kathleen Barry, disguised as a witch, and Mike Cavert serve goodies to trick or treaters. **Above:** Pete Morley searches for new bicycling techniques before the big race. **Directly Above:** Eric Kriekhaus and a moustached friend look on with great aspiration as Chris Poulet bobs for an apple.

Below: Racing against the clock, Steve Jennings' muscular legs help him capture first place.
Right: Mike Nelson breathlessly pushes himself to reach the end.



'Everyone should
 see one . . . '



Another new event — The Great Bicycle Race. We thought Mr. Kriekhaus would never stop telling us about it at announcements. Our opponents were coming from St. Mark's, but who besides our national champion Steve Jennings wanted to spend Saturday morning riding 20 laps circling the Birmingham Campus? The production was to be big though. Road blocks were set up, timers were found, and crowds formed. (Mr. Poulet even served lemonade). The gun sounded — some raced hard, some raced, and some just rode their bikes.

I went to The Great Bicycle Race. Everyone should see one — just one. Although the race was somewhat grueling (I've never seen so many leg muscles work so hard), it began to tire me after about the fifth lap. I felt sorry for the man driving the pace car. I also learned all about Sargent Somebody-or-Other of the TPD who did his civic duty guarding barriers with me. The race didn't exactly captivate me, but it was nice to see Steve win.

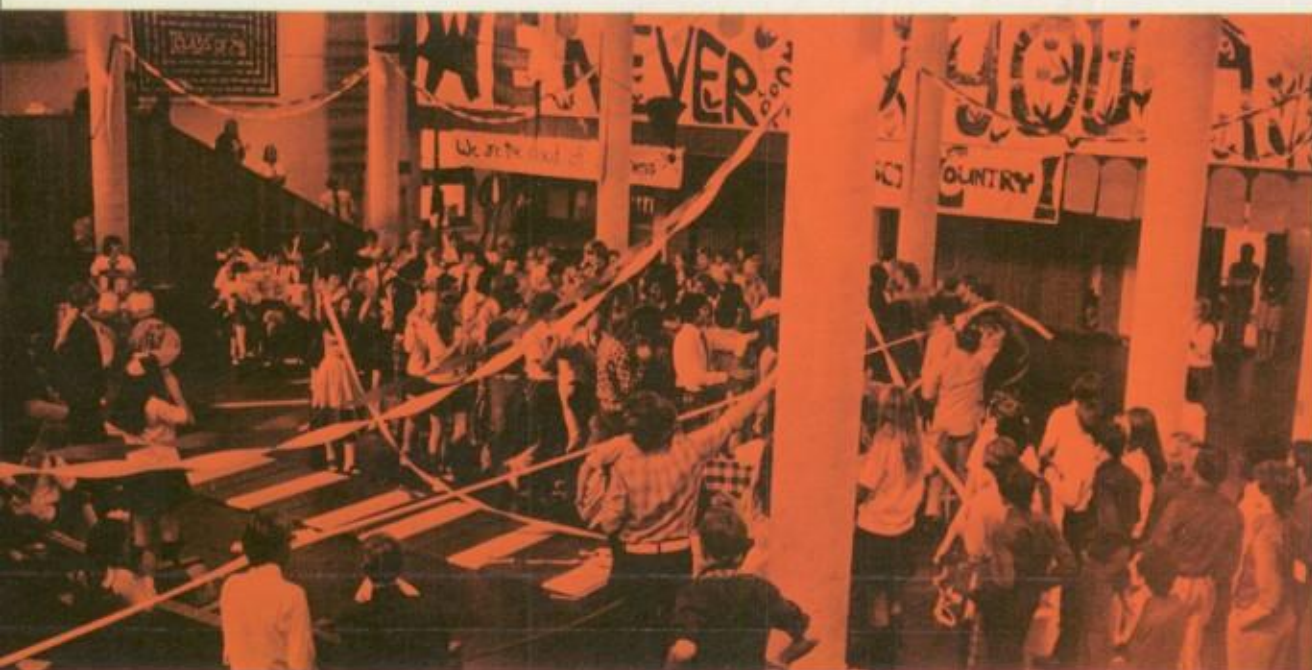


Left: Cookie Man Chris Taylor discusses skeletons with Jane Friedrich.

WE WERE AT OUR BEST

S-P — I-R — I-T GOT SPIRIT?? LET'S HEAR IT! The ole' school spirit seemed to replace apathy as fall sports began. Whether our teams had improved, or our opponents had not, our increased competitiveness aroused much emotion and pride within the student body. EMOTION — take the 13-12 loss to our rivals Cascia. Not only was it our best game physically, but it was also evident from the pep rally that we were closer to being a single unit with a common goal than we

Below: Anticipating a "tulip" victory over Cascia, upper school students find themselves in a riot of spirit in the Barnard Commons. **Right:** Emotion reaches its peak as Sarah Rizley and Kathleen Barry show their excitement as the Dutchmen score against Cascia.



had been for a long while. With what is more commonly known as school spirit, we invaded Commando Stadium and thoroughly defeated the "opponent" in what Coach Charles Brown called the "other competition." The scoreboard showed a difference of only one point, but that point caused more emotion than most of us would like to admit.

S-P — I-R — I-T GOT SPIRIT?? LET'S HEAR IT! Our emotions did not cease, but progressed onward towards pride. PRIDE — take our hockey team's SPC championship. Not only was it history for Holland Hall, but we beat our rivals, Casady. Now we knew what it was like to experience real victory. No more agony of defeat — this time we were WINNERS, BABY, WINNERS.

Right: Debbie Jenkins voices her support at Bixby, as Charlie Moore ponders the action. **Far Right:** Overwhelmed by their team's success, Coaches Cindy Bryant and Linda Polster find themselves releasing that ole' school spirit.





Left: Steve Sumrall, Steve Camp, Chuck Gibbs, Jim Ryan, Scott Haus, and Peter Morley heave a newly donated spirit bell into Commando stadium. **Lower Left:** Long awaited victory cake is finally enjoyed by hockey team members as Captain Amy Brechin shares a piece with Coach Chris Douth. **Below:** Not only spirits were elevated, but Barbie Edwards, too (with a little help from Dave Armstrong and Rick Chadsey) when Holland Hall took hockey conference for the first time.



'I went home and cried . . .

The Cascia game — I'll never forget it. We built our spirit up day by day. Cakes for football players, popsicles for football players, pillows for football players . . . everyone wanted to win so badly we had thought of everything that might help. Tension had built to an all-time

high and was finally let loose at the pep rally. It was incredible. After twenty minutes of uncontrolled cheering, the commons had turned into an African rain dance. We were all actually dancing hand in hand in circles in order to beat Cascia. The circles transformed to lines as everybody screamed endlessly from the Commando bleachers, "KILL CAS-CIA!" We did it too — all except for one point. I'll have to admit — I just went home and cried.

Right: Laura Shamas and Bill Green return to the days of balloons and cotton candy.



Below: Bryan Camp rushes to tape the Balloon Man of the day, Jerris Rushmore. **Right:** Under a mask of polka dots and white paint, Dori Hall tries to sell candy.

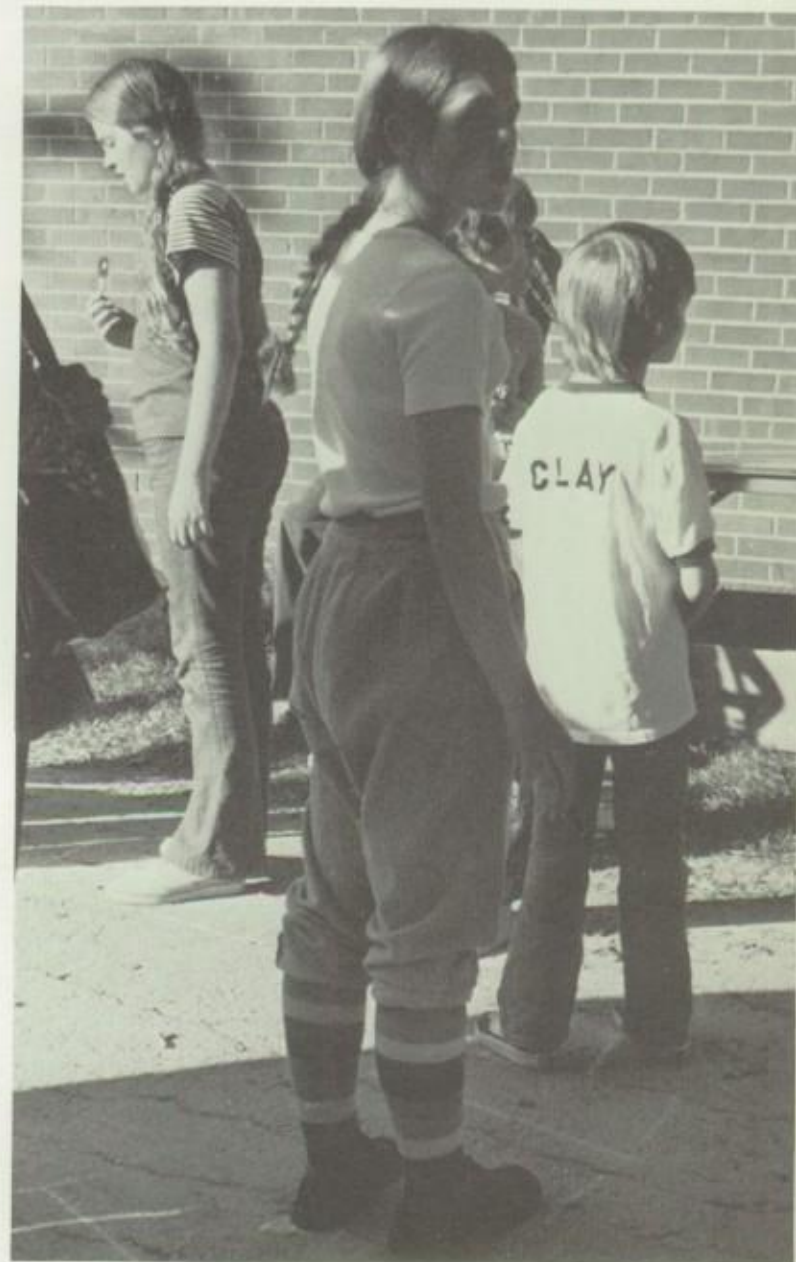


'Nothing was missing, not even — Glen.'

Field Day this year was the best Field Day in all the years I've been at Holland Hall. I was sure glad to be a part of it. The atmosphere was fantastic and

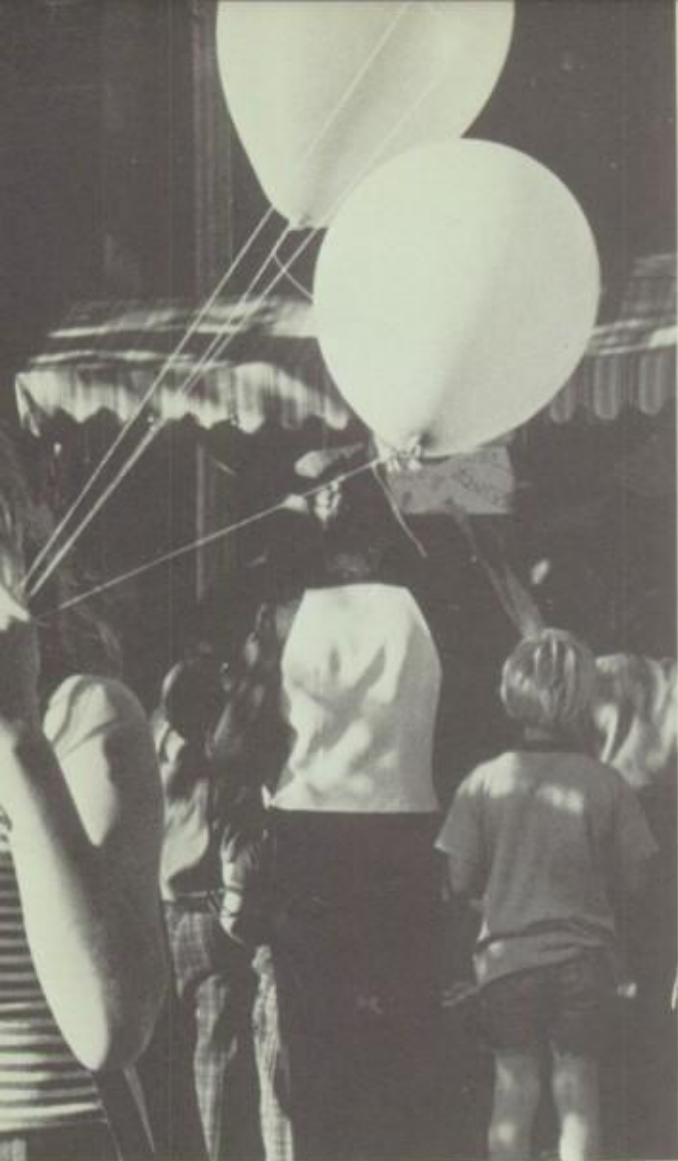
everybody had a great time.

The aroma of the senior cook-out along with all the noise put Field Day in contention with the Tulsa State Fair. Nothing was missing, not even our photographer, Glen. Field Day went well for everyone, even those in the booths. The only disappointment was to see that the Key Club ran the bean guess instead of Mrs. Walters' fifth grade.



Connie Lockwood, making the rounds at the cake walk, did her best to dress up for the fun.

FIELD DAY ACCENTS LAUGHTER AND BALLOONS



Overflowing money boxes are stationed on every foot of the tennis courts and playground. Coins are given in exchange for balloons, carameled apples, hamburgers, and cokes. Fingers frantically scramble, bringing the totals up to date. Money, money, money, wait! Field Day is more than a yearly class treasury drive. It's a time for enjoyment . . . to fish in a pond . . . to throw a beanbag . . . to be with friends, or to merely watch the people passing by . . .

After the year is over, it's hard to recall which class compiled the largest profit or exactly what the money was spent for.

These are soon forgotten . . . what remains are the memories of the first bite of that huge carameled apple, and those three beanbags thrown like a pro, and the big, red balloons pulling you up toward the sky.



Above: Crowded into solitude, a child finds a friend above. **Above Right:** Glen Nelson, alias Lick Your Lips, makes the scene on the Birmingham Campus. **Below Right:** Jill Jewell tries to please everybody while working on the senior octopus throw.

FALL SEES ITS UPS AND DOWNS IN PRODUCTIONS

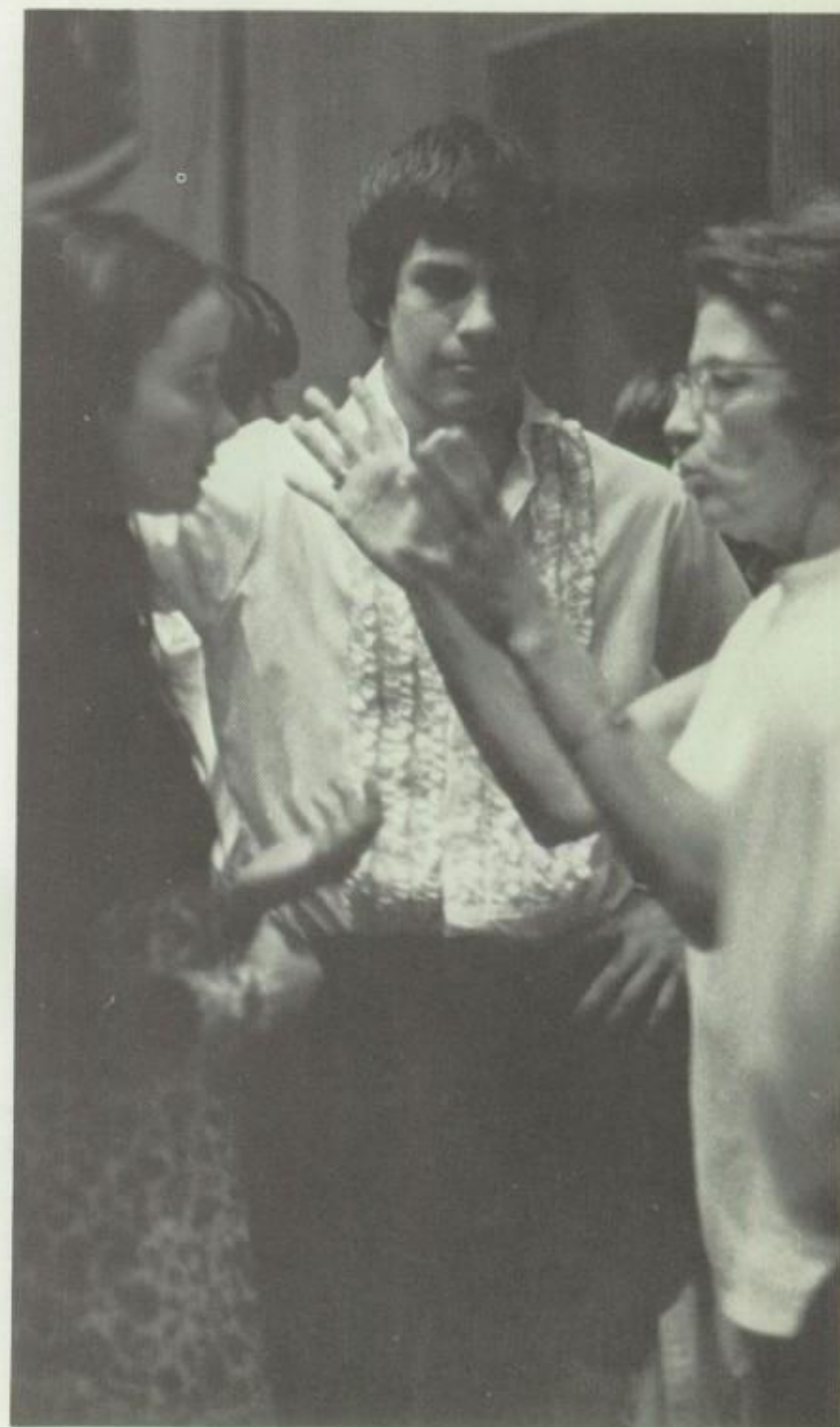
Fall was time for the finer things at Holland Hall. Fine art productions included a drama, **Edwin Booth**, and a concert at St. John's Episcopal Church. Reviews of the concert were great. It couldn't have been better (unless maybe the organist had flipped only one page instead of two during the last song.) Tuxes and formals seemed awkward for a mere concert, but added all the more to its quality (and costs too!) After the time and work that went into the concert, all that was lacking was a larger crowd.



'What is there to say?'

Everything was the same. Same actors, same star, same type of scenes. It was like **The Night Thoreau Spent In Jail** all over again. It was a play I just couldn't get very excited over, but everyone seemed to like it.

Above Right: Concert Chorus members (starting top left to right) Laura Shamus, Amy Brechin, Jamie Vander Molen, Leslie Owen, Susan Steinberg, Pame Stowell, Betsy York, Anne Read, Pat Hallett, Boofy Flint, and Jennie Davis, wait to sing. **Above Left:** Student Director Leslie Owen prompts lines. **Right:** Director Mrs. Chase gives her actors, Robin Rainey and Mat Helmerich, her final criticisms before the opening performance.

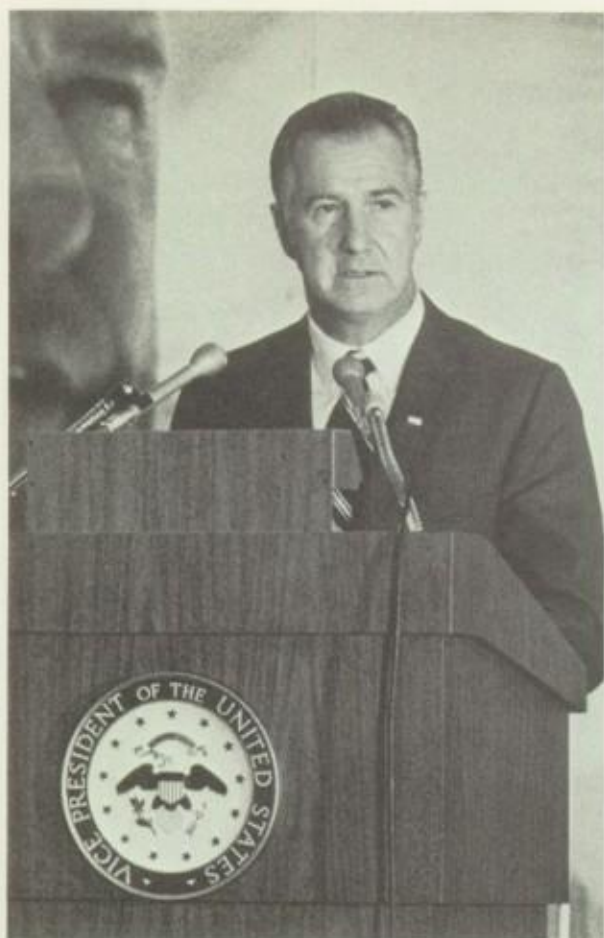




Left: Kate Winter, played by Laura Harlow, relays her review of Edwin Booth's play. **Below Right:** In a state of druke-ness, Jeff Thurston warns David Ramsey against being an actor. **Below Left:** Blowing their horns intently are (right to left) Tom Harjo, Trombone, Garth Osborn, Trombone, and Jimmy Shamas, french horn.



Hour after hour was spent — learning lines, practicing lines, and acting lines. By opening night of **Edwin Booth**, the lines were so familiar — how could anyone forget them? But this night was different. It was for real. Robin couldn't laugh during her dead scene, Rosalie had to be "home with mother in Philadelphia" instead of "chained in the attic," and Mat's flask should have been filled with water. The spotlights were on, the crowd hushed. We asked ourselves, "Could we really do it?" Lines were forgotten, boo boos were made, but we DID do it!



SPIRO FALLS TO I.R.S.

The claim "Spiro is my hero" died into wry irony. The vice president was forced to resign after pleading 'no contest' to income tax evasion. Agnew had exalted ancient American values and fallen into ancient American crimes, graft, and bribery. His impassioned pleas on morality, law, and order will be remembered with Chamberlain's "Peace in our time" pronouncement in Munich, and Westmoreland's 1967 declaration, "Victory is just around the corner!" Agnew's appeal to the gut was loved by Millions. He was an American that had seemingly been destroyed by a computerized society and an ever expanding army of bureaucrats. That he fell because of a shabby little crime does not diminish the power of his appeal.

'Can't think . . . !

Sometimes I feel like a machine, computerized to complete inequalities, make sense of mixed up letters, make sure I have support/development under a topic sentence — I never have time to think or feel. I wonder if machines ever become conditioned.

KOHOUTEK FIZZLES OUT

Comet Kohoutek was billed as the greatest interestellar event since a supernova lit up the skies and freaked out Chinese astronomers in the fourth century B.C. Kohoutek was hailed as the herald of the New Age by some, as an omen of impending doom by others.

A wave of comet madness momentarily over took we earth-beings. There was a mad rush on telescopes and binoculars, and a few flamboyant souls went as far as to sign up for a special "Kohoutek Cruise" on an ocean liner.

The culmination of this build up, the cherry in the martini, so to speak, was peculiarly ironic: the physical mass of the comet was not vaporized and ionized as it was expected it would, and Kohoutek turned up in the evening sky as a dull speck (to the naked eye) moving slowly in an arc.

A cosmic flop? Some angry comet gazers cried fraud, and motioned to sue God or something. But it was our own fault, not his. In one peculiar sense, though, Kohoutek is a symbol for mankind: its dim luster in the twilight sky showing the twilight of an era, and its submerged brilliance indicating the still latent human potential which is just now dawning in the rosy sky of Mankind.



SLEET AND SNOW WIPE OUT HILLS AND DALES

The temperature drops. Yes, kids, it's winter. With winter comes the sleet and with the sleet the school, surrounded by hills, becomes unreachable. You leave school with sleet bombarding the streets — and sliding home breaks the routine of normal driving. Next morning you wake up extra early, turn on the old Sony portable, turn to trusty old KAKC or KELI, and listen to news and weather, compliments of Joe's Wrecker Service — remember . . . when your car gets to slidin', call Joe and he'll get you ridin'. Sleet covers the city causing the closing of many schools. You cross your fingers.

"Sperry, Poteau, and Potawatomee County School . . ."

Yes, Yes uh huh, Yes.

"Steigler, Choteau, Delaware . . ."

Yes, uh huh.

"Mayes, Oilton, Cainey Valley . . ."

Yes!?

"Tulsa Public Schools, Monte Cassino, Cascia . . ."

Yes, Yea!

"Oh yeah, Holland Hall too."

Yeaaaa Hooo.

You jump back into the bed, snuggle under your covers, . . . and remember you have to get out of your uniform. Oh! #@&*%!



DEATH TAKES IT'S TOLL

The living (especially in contemporary America) usually choose to ignore the dead, out of fear, and a total lack of concern; the mainstream of life just goes by. Yet we all subtly feel the loss of a great person, even if we didn't know him personally. A void has been left by the death of Jim Croce. His poetic and acoustical sensitivity can not be replaced. T.R.R. Tolkien has gone back to Middle Earth, to the sorrow and regret of many. The sudden absence of great leaders like Salvador Allende and Ben Gurion shakes the entire world. Still, dying is as natural as being born. He who celebrates life must celebrate death as well.



KISSINGER WINS PEACE

Henry Kissinger, the Houdini of diplomacy and German born man-about-town, revised the game of world relations with his single handed tackling of all sides of international disputes. Tension between the West and the Communists began to slack under his pressure. In a time when the memory of two consecutive world wars and unended conflicts in Southeast Asia are still fresh, Kissinger appears as a novelty, a man who believes in resolutions and ended conflicts. The irony of his appearance is compounded by his seemingly clean record and universal support while being tied to a corrupt administration marred by internal problems and political scandal.

'It's a three ring circus . . .'

What would we do without announcements every morning? They are kind of like a three ring circus with Mr. Moore as the ring leader. Every morning he emerges from his pit, rings his bell, tells a pun, (which is usually a bad mystery), and returns from whence he came. There are all the side shows . . . Laura Harlow and her band of circulation staff "RIGHT HERE after announcements" . . . Mr. Tameny hiding behind his perplexing pair of permanent sunglasses, giving a 15 minute speech on the importance of a paddleball tournament. There is also Mr. Elmer with his mysterious "detention red" dyed hands, plus an assortment of lost books, coats, and eyeglasses. Announcements have put one over on Barnum and Bailey.

'It's a first . . .'

I got to sit in one of the yellow chairs in the library yesterday for the first time this year. You can walk through the whole library without finding a place to sit down. 219 is overgrown with people 19 mods a day and the commons are never without occupants. I think it's growing pains.



'I've been daydreaming by night . . .'

Now I am on my way to school. It is dark due to Daylight Savings Time. Suddenly, Dracula sweeps down upon my car, swings the door open and his teeth twinkle . . . twinkle. And then he comes closer, closer . . . a horn honks. I've been daydreaming by night . . . in the day. Dracula and his vamps weren't real, but the night and the energy crisis are real. I continue onward to 81st and pitch black (once known as Holland Hall School). Another car is coming in the opposite direction. Its headlights twinkle, like the stars above me. Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder why you are . . . shining while I'm on the way to school.



'My mother
said she
liked it . . .'

She said it was nice and how cute we were. I had fun being in the program because Christmas is a fun time for me. I liked working a puppet like Fran does with Kukla and Ollie. The program was about what to do for the Christ Child. It took a long time to get the program right. We



took two months. It was fun though playing with the bells and singing. We never got tired of all the fun we had. Christmas just makes me happy.



Lower Schoolers present their tableau scene in their program.



Below: Singing "The Dradle Song" are (first row) Suzanne Hale, Robert Franden, Shannon Doenges, Paul Lhevine, Kim Magowan, Maggie Kirkpatrick, Michelle Rolley, Dawn Stillwell, (second row) Rhea Raptou, Chris Lieberman, Darrin Lile, Kirven Speed, Tyson Tuttle, Eric Mullendore, Susan Pray, Christy Norton, (third row) Kendall Pitcock, Richard Winters, Jay Pat Casey, Tucker Orvald, Matthew Langenkamp, Alexandra Heyman, Greg Maney. **Below Bottom:** Working the puppets in "The Friendly Beasts" are Michelle Rolley, Suzanne Hale, Katy Sturdivant, and Chris Lieberman. **Left:** Dancing to "The Dradle Song" are Franci Lollar, John Joyce, and Lisa Goddard. **Opposite Page:** Mrs. Kaboth readies Breck Nolley, Leta Jo Bell, Greg Lambert, Michelle Forbes, Justin Teenor, and Laurie Clark before their act.



CHILDREN BRING JOY AT CHRISTMAS SHOW

Primarily consisting of music, the Lower School Christmas Program put an emphasis on children. The theme "What Shall We Give to the Child" had a two fold meaning. First, the program was concerned with what tributes could be given to the child, Jesus. With the aid of song and puppets, the Lower

Schoolers paid tribute to the babe in the manger. Having watched the program, another meaning comes to mind. Here were these children giving their all to make us happy. Without children at Christmas to make us happy and to spread joy, what would Christmas be?



Above: Brigitte Billings, Jennifer Lane, and Francie Lollar play their accompaniment to "A Belle Noel" as Keelty Kerlin, Jeff Sniderman, Julie Wohlgemuth, Lane Lollar, Mike Tunnel, and Kim Davis wait for their act. **Left:** Busy with their act are Michelle Forbes, Justin Teenor, Laurie Palma, Breck Nolley, Brett McDaniel, Laurie Smith, and Greg Lambert.

NEW CONTESTS JAZZ UP D-MEN WEEKEND

Lots of laughs, plenty of pies, and good music . . . they were all there at Dutchmen Weekend. The fun started early for those who played volleyball. The faculty team won (but how coincidental that Mr. Brown was the referee.) The next match was close, the competition was, well — not so close. The FFBM (Female Faculty Basketball Members) and their coach, Headmaster Moore, went down by only one point to the girls' varsity team. (Thanks to their disguised secret weapons, Ms. Tameny and Ms. Murphy.) Outside the driveway was seeing its first tricycles as trike riders stubbed their toes and bruised their knees to make record time around the drive. The slurp slurp in the commons . . . what could it be? It was the pie eating contestants slurping their way through pie after pie. Coach Tameny made a decisive win with his two apple pies. Amy Brechin finished second eating one and a half lemon meringues. All the contestants did a great job as was told by their moaning and groaning afterwards. Alka seltzer anyone?

Recuperation from the day's activities didn't last long. Snowflakes floated around the commons as we danced to "Collection" that night. We saw Theo-



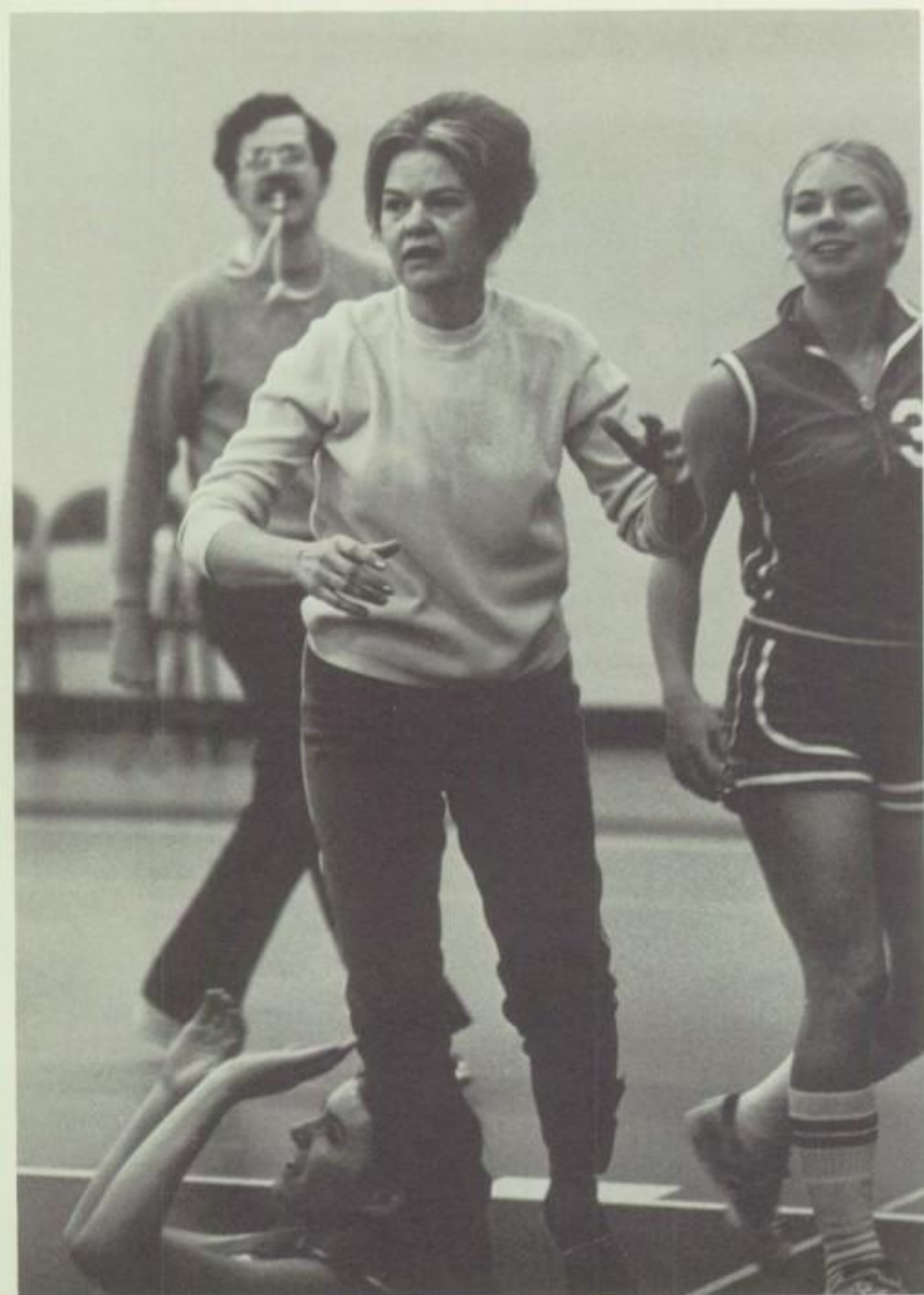
dore in something other than overalls as he served cake and punch in a coat and bow tie. (Rumors said that the punch was spiked, but surely it was just the intoxicating evening atmosphere.) The day's climax . . . the sound of the smack as John Ashley kissed our all

sports queen Amy Brechin. (Nice kiss John. We all know you waited a long time for that.) A special congrats to Pete Morley (receiver of the most write-in votes) and attendant Jill Jones (for making it back inside at least before the dance was finished.)



Above: Pie eating contestants Amy Brechin and Jill Jewell lap it up, while cleanfaced onlookers Charlotte Thornton, Susan Dunlap and Nancy Jenkins laugh with amazement. **Upper Right:** The queen and her court: junior attendant Connie Lockwood, senior attendant Cheryl Anderson, All Sports Queen Amy Brechin, sophomore attendant Jill Jones, and freshman attendant Ann Hooker. **Right:** David Brown checks the steering bars in an attempt to race ahead of determined opponent Connie Lockwood.





Left: Knocked down, Nancy Rizley shoots from her reclining position while referee Palma, Mrs. Leach and Cip Patterson stand in awe to see if her shot makes the basket. **Below:** Susan Dunlap and her date, Gilbert Frost, sample the Dutchmen Weekend cake served by good 'ole Theodore. **Lower Right:** With enough breath to laugh, Jane Tyler watches while Mrs. Carmack struggles desperately to beat Marilou Frates to the ball.



'What fools . . .'

The pie eating contest found several eager contestants anxious to devour the appetizing pastries. There were pecan pies, apple pies, cherry pies, chocolate pies, pies with soft sugary swirls of whip cream, golden crust and sugar topping. The very sight sent spectators drooling. When the go-ahead was given, the six participants dove in. Seconds later, Margaret had a milk chocolate moustache and Jill a cherried chin. They were off to a quick start with some lapping and some chomping. Later, the lapping changed to laughing and the chomping to choking. Still later, the laughing changed to grinning and the choking to mere munching. Things were really slowing down as the munching and grinning changed to moaning and groaning. It was no longer fun or funny. Their only goal was to make it to the bathroom — OOOOOHHHHH!



Right: Setting up in the refectory, Mrs. Haus hangs paintings of Tulsa artists. **Below:** Jimmy Johnson volunteers his time to help carry books at The Book and Art Fair. **Below Right:** After a day of buying books, Brett Franklin consumes a hot dog for refreshments.



'PEANUTS' ENHANCES THE B&A FAIR



'Unique' is the shortest way to describe the Book and Art Fair. In detail, though, there was the Flower Market where you could find every plant for sale (except marijuana), the Dutchmarket where a silent auction offered items ranging from electric blenders to fine wines, the Linus Library which admitted only children, with the exception of Dr. Suess, and the Art display where you could find cookies and coffee besides nice jewelry, pottery, and paintings. The success was told by the few scattered rejected books which had begun in neatly stacked piles totaling over 42,000.





Left: Hordes of people crowd the gymnasium to get first pick of the books. **Below Left:** Taking leave of her duties, Mrs. Davies stops to chat with a customer. **Below Right:** Peter Jackson mans the Student Council refreshment booth, serving drinks.



'You would think HH was trying to give their own show of the Exorcist . . .'

After parking the car four blocks from my destination, waiting in a line two blocks long, crawling under a table, and climbing over a rope, I finally reached The Book and Art Fair. First I went to the record department. The sight of six people diving for the same record at the same time was somewhat discouraging, but after a few unsuccessful attempts at being polite, I began to dive myself.

The atmosphere at The Book

and Art Fair is vibrant and exciting. People are talking, eating, playing with kids, and of course rummaging through stacks of books. Friendly greetings and book recommendations fly through the air. Kids guard piles of carefully selected books. Lively conversations get started while waiting in the checkout lines. I always look forward to The Book and Art Fair, not for the 29 books I get for \$3.74, but for its memorable atmosphere.

KIDNAPPINGS CAPTURE PUBLIC EYE

Last year was the year of the postage bomb. This year was the year of the kidnap. But few will remember the business men and ambassadors held in South America. Maybe a couple more will remember the editor of the Atlanta paper who was held by some reactionary freak. And J. Paul Getty's grandson, the golden hippie, will jog the memory of at least the Van Gogy fans, (both lost an ear.) The biggie, the kidnapping that competes with films in Hollywood party conversations, was Patricia Hearst and the Symbianese Liberation Army. The SLA took her, demanded a ransom of food for the poor, and from here only psychiatrists and police investigators can guess. Some think that the poor girl was brainwashed and will snap out of her desire to help her abductors. Others have said all along that Patty was in on the thing, a member of the SLA. Anyway, sympathy for Patty quickly diminished with her appearance in a bank robbery, and to the few surviving supporters, a tape of her voice calling her parents "the pig Hearsts" was enough to convince them. To some, the only victims were her fiance and the peaceful liberal tradition, whose calm but meaningful pleas were lost in the SLA's torrid roar.



'Where's the spirit? . . .'

There's something about sports I flat don't understand. Football is a really popular sport around here. So is basketball and people will even go out in the cold to watch a soccer game. And everybody shouts and stomps at the pep rallies in the fall and winter. But what the heck happens to the spring sports? The cheerleaders seem to mysteriously disappear. Softball and baseball work their heads off just as much as the other sports. If you think not, try throwing somebody out at second from a squatting position at home. It's not so easy as you think.

'Puff goes the draggin' . . .'

A lot of people don't really know that much about the smoke hole. It is one of the most functional places in the school. It is very shady and has enough seats for everybody. You get a great view of the school (and anybody who's coming.) However, on the second to the last day of school, this nicotine haven was mercilessly plowed over by a bulldozer. Now the sunlight basks in, the seats are gone. Well, it seems the bathrooms will be cloudy again.

FLASH FLESH FINDS FAME

Streakin — a very touchy subject if you know what I mean — livened up the college scene. It started with single male specimens darting quickly across campuses. Then, it spread to the other sex, and group streaks became the craze. The streaker began to leave his pants on the campus and dart daringly through more public places. Sporting events had their quota of streaks, as did libraries and downtown areas. Two notable streaks were through a police station and across the stage of the academy awards, where Liz Taylor remarked, "I think I'm jealous. That was too good of an act to follow." To me, a modest high school student at a very modest high school, the fad seemed distant and passed before it ever really blossomed.

THE RECORD BREAKERS TAKE SPORT

While the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat seem to characterize every event in any sport, the record book will only remember those major events, the events that meant new records or toppled old ones. This year's record books will remember the crash of Hank Aaron's bat as Babe Ruth's homerun record fell into the cheering Atlanta stand. The books will recount the North Carolina State Pack as they outplayed the UCLA basketball team and beat them in a game that ended an era in college basketball history. In football, or rather probation football, OU's second place rating in spite of an undefeated record will fade from recollection. So too will the Miami Dolphin's power at the hands of the new World Football League. And HH record books will mark our one point loss to that other school. But next year will have its games of the decade, its big losses and big victories . . . the record books will, as with everything else, continue in spite of its changes.



TWISTERS KILL

Far out! Really amazing! Tulsa, one Saturday in June, saw the worst disaster in its history. Damage to the tune of 30 million dollars ravaged the city, taking a toll of 14 lives statewide. Brookside fell to tornadoes as did Drumright. The city was literally razed by the weather. Flash flooding indiscriminately covered the city of Tulsa. Electricity, in some areas, was out for days. Crews from Kansas and Texas were called into redesign totally destroyed systems. But, in the light of the power of the storm and the number of funnels sighted, we were lucky. Warnings and rescue efforts saved much of the would-be damage and much more importantly, many lives.

EVIL KNIEVEL HITS TULSA

"Before I do the jump, I need some practice. Would it be alright if I did some wheelies?" In so saying, Evil Kneivel threw off his cape, layed aside his cane, and started his motor. The Tulsa crowds went wild. And finally, after about three miles of one wheeled antics, Evil easily did what everyone had come to see him do; he jumped nine mack trucks. To all the fans, half mumbling 'do it', half thinking 'splat', the jump seemed too easy. But as his back wheel hit the top of the ramp and the front wheel smoothly slid down, only one thought was on the mind of the crowd — Snake River Canyon. Could the folk hero of a mechanized society jump a canyon too wide for Paul Bunyan to step across? Who knows? Who really cares?

'It's a shock . . .'

After April first, the juniors are really seniors, and that is a shock. For all these years you have been looking up to the classes above you, then suddenly, bang, you are the top class, the leaders of the school. But the most amazing fact is that you don't feel like a senior. When younger, the seniors were always grown ups, so now, you must be a grown up. It's almost depressing . . . you wonder, "Where has all that time gone?"



FIRE ENDANGERS CAMPUS

As X-Day, scheduled with exciting events and lots of time to loaf, seemed to be entering a lull, and event demanding the attention of every student and faculty member was discovered. The event was a grass fire on the west hill south of the school buildings. The brave, dressed in free dress day attire of jeans and T-shirts, grabbed hoses and shovels and under the

'Will the new replace the old . . .'

The year marks the largest graduating class in Holland Hall history. But the exodus is not restricted to the gang receiving those sheapskin diplomas. The Upper School is also losing about one out of five teachers, administrators, and coaches. To the student body, this upheaval comes as a shock. Will the new faculty be able to replace the old? The question itself shows a unique confidence in the school itself. Though the seniors may return to school only to find a few old faces, all those returning students will quickly accustom themselves to the new teachers and administration. A fresh confidence in a fresh faculty should develop easily. And as with everything else, new changes will have little effect on the basic continuity.

MUSICAL IS SUCCESSFUL DESPITE ODDS AGAINST IT

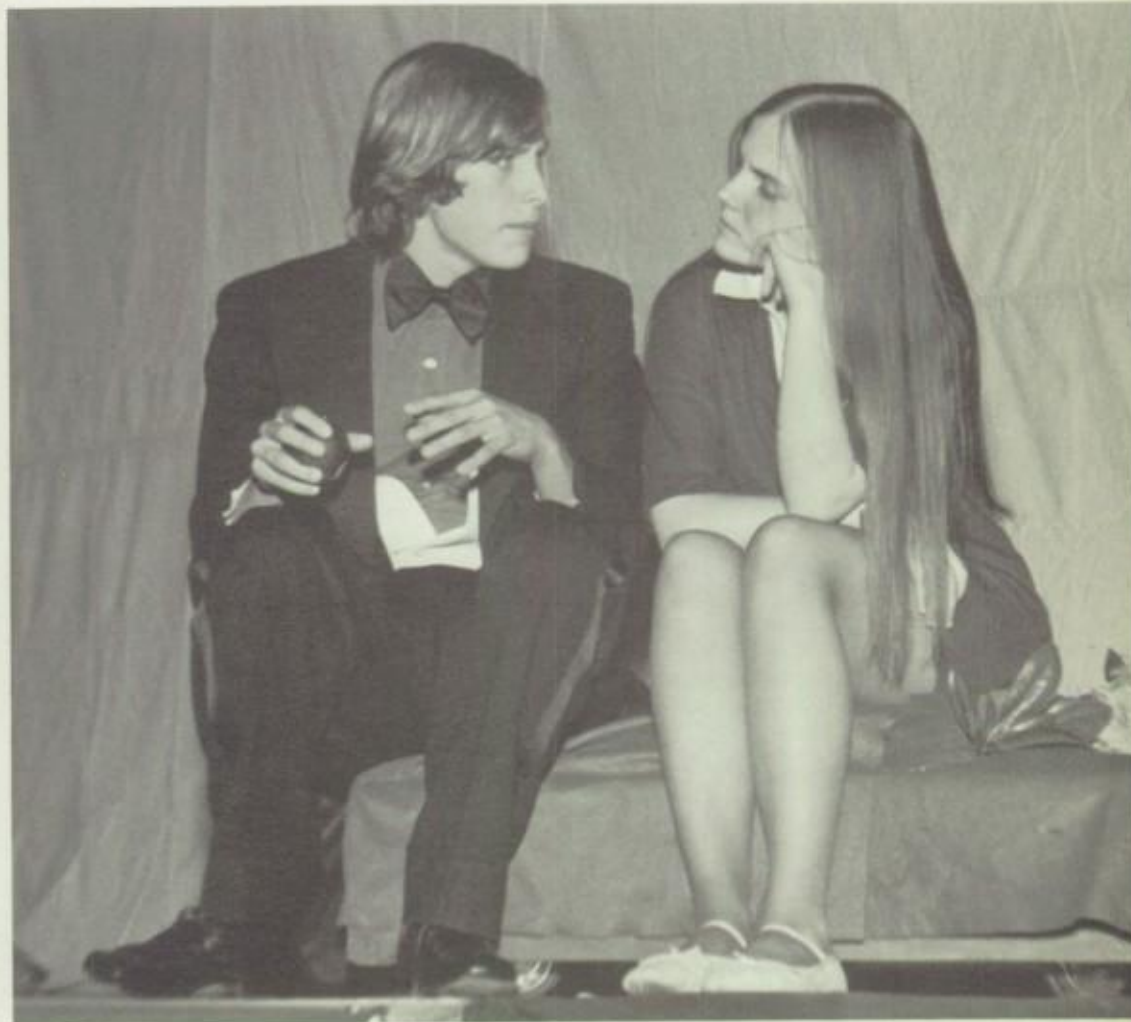
Boy, were we mad, especially the seniors . . . many felt cheated, rooked. But we stayed anyway. They were all so young . . . inexperienced . . . but talented. We had our troubles . . . the flu . . . Matamoros . . . apathy . . . "Barbara, how could you!" No stage . . . no lights . . . and those costumes! (The boys actually had to wear panty hose.) The music was heard . . . the orchestra . . . well, they tried too. (There were a lot of tough parts, but with Peggy O'Connor hanging the ivories, they pulled through all right.)

Funny, though . . . on opening night, we were ready. Everyone wanted, truly wanted, to do well. We were excited . . . scared . . . petrified . . . "Hope I remember my lines!" . . . "What was that note!? It happened . . . "Passionella, How I love you!" . . . But what is more human than a faulty note or more touching than a beautiful song that ends well? Boy, were we good!



Above Right: During rehearsals, John Coates lightened the scene with his parodies, but managed to keep the lyrics straight in the performances. **Right:** Kelly McCune as Barbara, shows the audience that she's got what they want. **Above:** The Tiger (Macky McCarthy) promptly devours captive Roy Johnson.

Left: The almighty Sanjar (Darell Christopher) sings his love for Barbara before being seized by King Arik's men. **Below:** Snake, played by Peter Athens, tempts Eve (Beth Nash) with the fruit of the forbidden tree.



Pame Stowell portrays Ella, the chimney sweep, dreaming of being G-O-R-G-E-O-U-S!

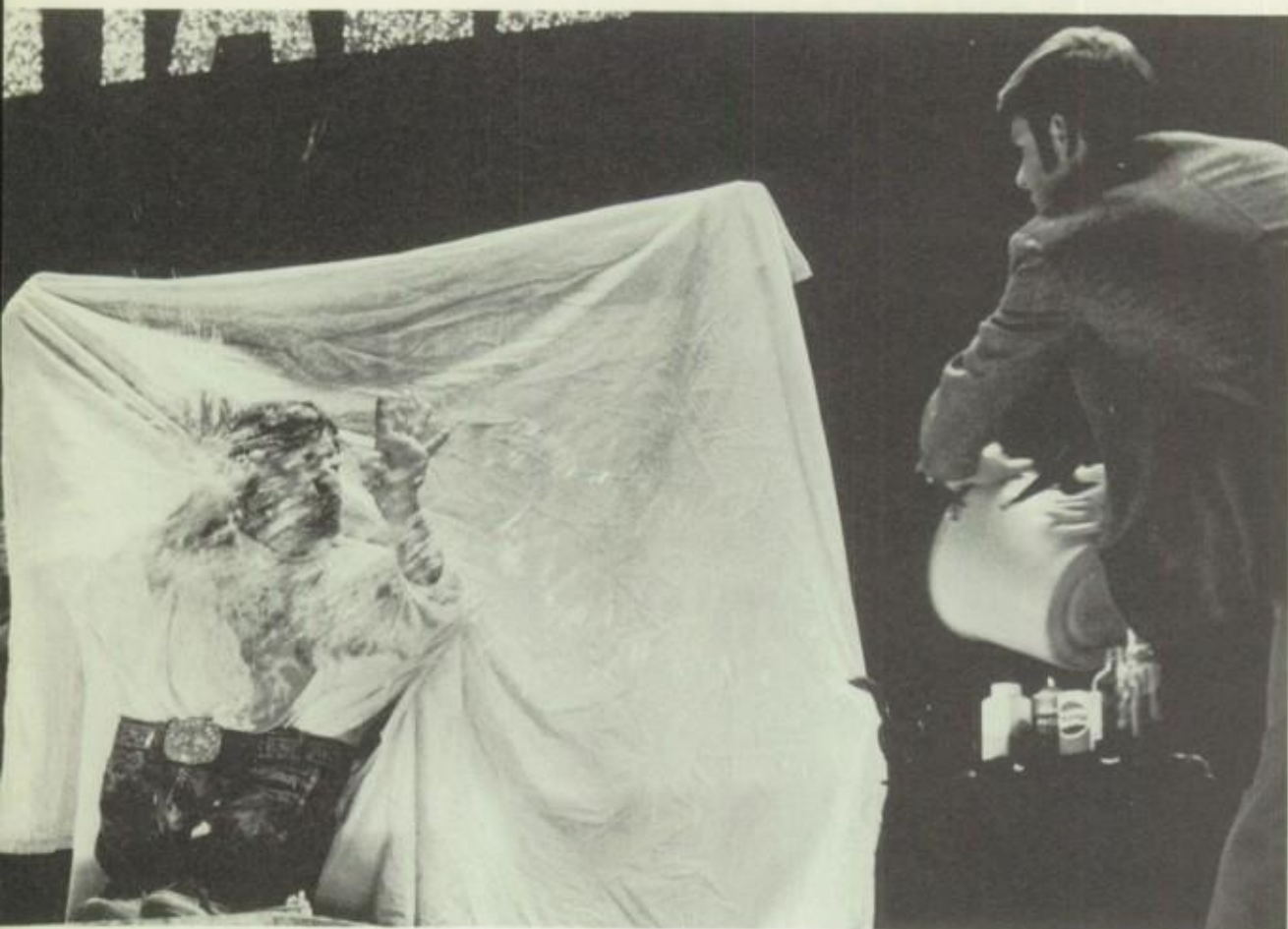
'Full rehearsals were impossible . . .'

"Four weeks, you rehearse and rehearse, three weeks, it couldn't be worse, one week, will it ever be right? Then out of the hat, it's that first big night." Familiar lyrics from a familiar song . . . it couldn't fit the musical any better.

Hectic could not begin to describe the rehearsals. Due to the flu bug and the trip to Matamoros, we were missing two leads and a pianist for a week. This plus a fair amount of playing around led to several disastrous run throughs.

Nothing seemed to go right at the final dress rehearsal. The guys could never remember which of the phrases in the King Arik song came first, so, Friday morning we were memorizing the words to the song. No one had worked harder than Jeff Thurston, but somehow, our Prince Charming could not begin on key. Despite the chaotic rehearsals, we went home determined to have a flawless show.

As the minutes became seconds before showtime, you could feel the enthusiasm running through everyone. As the lights went out, the audience became captivated. The performance went great . . . and everyone knew they had done their best.



Left: The newest faculty member, Herbert Fuddlebert, portrayed by Mr. Tunnel and Mr. Stickney, receives a bath from a friend, Mr. McCullough.



EVEN YEAR SEES RETURN OF HALLMARK

Boasting a star studded cast of thousands, (actually 168), Hallmark '74 braved an opening that even Ziegfeld would envy. Featuring such acts as "Hallmark Follies" with a dozen curviciously porportioned beauties, and the girls with the yellow ribbons tying up the stage instead of the oak tree. Hallmark came off despite eardrum breaking shrills due to a smashing performance onto the sound system console. Pame Stowell sang "The Way We Were" and left more water on stage than Herbert Fuddlebert. Tim Nelson "reyally" "sowold" himself as John F. Lawhon (warehouse direct), elephants Nimbo, Zimbo, and Bimbo finally brought Ward Camp's head down to size with their fancy footwork.

Certain thanks must be given. First to our producers, Ted Sloan and Romping Rollo who spent countless hours, (count 'em), and second, to our student director Maggie Martin who learned the show must go on with or without upper school acts. A special thanks goes to the Tulsa Linen Service for providing clean towels for the dirty little boys who did the stroweling. (Streaking with a towel.)

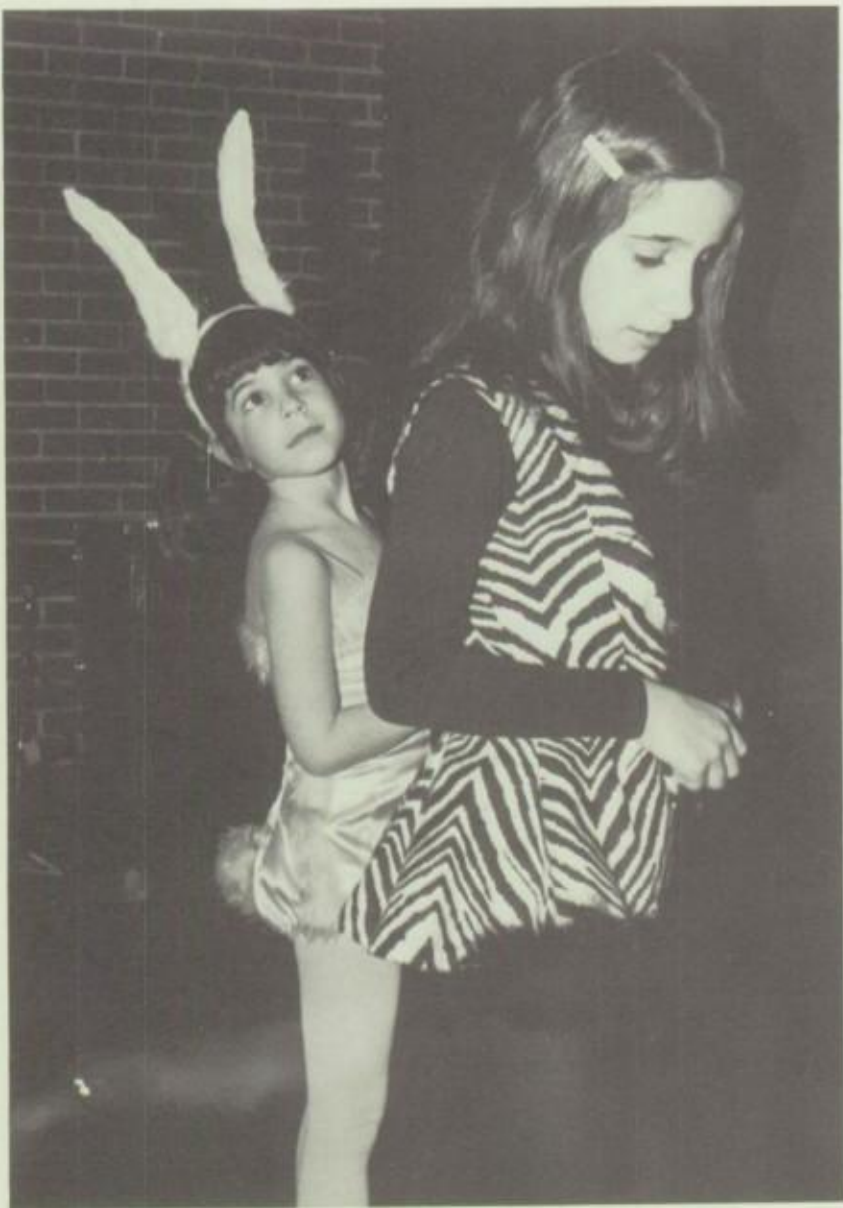


Below: Jane Simcoe, Patty Jenkins, Robin Lorton, Anne Lambert, Jean Ann Horwitz, Stacy Schusterman, and Tracy Simpson convey their various desires in their act "If I Were Not In School Today".



'I looked at it this way . . .'

A show that starts with "Oklahoma" sung by the second Grade, has to be amazing, one way or another. Everyone came through, from the Kindergarten to the Senior Class; from the Lower School Follies to Ensemble '74; from "Wouldn't it Be Lovely" sung by a young girl to "I Wish You Love" sung by a young woman. Yes, Hallmark was a nice place to be for two nights in early March.



Above: Cindy and Sam Miller await their debut in "Talk to the Animals."
Above Right: Backstage chaos aboard before the elegant act of "Hallmark Follies." **Right:** Charlie Moore, Saxon Moore, and Jimmy Kincaid as the true "playmates" they really are. **Opposite Middle:** Talent, an asset of the Class of '74, was definitely illuminated in their kazoo version of Glenn Miller's classic "Pennsylvania 65000!" **Opposite Bottom:** Nimbo, Zimbo, and Bimbo, better known as Hans Helmerich, Peter Morley, and Mitch Adwon, perform their smashing circus act with trainer Ward Camp.



Right: "Don't shoot me, I'm the photographer!" Jimmy Barnard, Clark Smith and Jimmy Craft don't listen. **Far Right:** Tony Davis, Scott Brooks, Clay Horton and John Koontz fight to maintain their homesteads. **Below:** Steve Simcoe and Cristy Duncan dos-a-dos along, with Elizabeth Lawson and partner close behind. **Below Right:** Diana Dietrick wraps things up (especially herself), before the square dance begins.



BOOMER SOONERS STAKE OUT THE FOOTBALL FIELD

April 22, 1974 — the excitement was riotous. The third grade became "sooners" as they staged their own Oklahoma land run on the football field. Even though they were only racing for a plot of grass to eat their peanut butter sandwiches, Hershey bars, and Cokes, it all seemed so real to them. Smashed fingers, hurt feelings, and broken wagons resulted from

pounding claim stakes into the dirt and fighting for their temporary homesteads. On the tennis courts, square dancers tried to allemande left and form Texas stars under the direction of Mrs. Kaboth. Even though some dos-a-dosed instead, it really didn't make any difference to them. They were Boomer Sooners for a day and that's all that really mattered.





'The wild wild west will never be the same . . .'

Mr. Noldt fired his gun, and what seemed like hundreds of kids stampeded down the football field and

erected homesites. Why couldn't I be in the third grade? Everyone was screaming and hollering and having a good time. There must have been six times as much land than kids, yet they were all settled in the center of the field, with only a few, scattered, lone cowpokes. Covered wagons ran wild through onlookers, striking terror in the hearts of mothers and KOTV reporters. It was their day and the third grade had the run of the land.



Above: Clay Horton leads Sarah Dotson, Tony Davis, and Mara Grobb as sooners race to stake out their lunch claims. **Left:** Lynnly Browning and Michael McKinney anxiously await to claim some men. **Direct Above:** Ingrid Featherston emerges from her covered wagon after being pushed over by her "boyfriends"?

BROADWAY THEME PROVES NOSTALGIC

Concert Chorus' theme, "A Broadway Revue", can best be described as a broad horizon of musical memories. Memories, beautiful memories, was the goal of their performance. From "Porgy and Bess" to "Purlie", "Fiddler on the Roof" to "West Side Story", many nostalgic notes resounded through the Commons, bringing tears to some and smiles to others. It was a perfect culmination of an evening of art. Preceding the concert was the Art Show in which talents were unveiled in another medium. Various photographs, lithographs, paintings, drawings and ceramics combined to produce a potpourri of talent. (There was no grand prize given, though, because Mrs. Carmack needed it in case the hard work for yearbook didn't get an award.)



Above: Marty Newman attempts to tell a joke before the concert, Beth Nash laughs, Jeff Thurston doesn't. **Upper Right:** Ricky Andelman's award winning photography portfolio adds to the variety of the Annual Spring Concert and Art Show. **Right:** Director David Rollo and a bit of last minute rehearsing.





'Our shrill outdid Rollo's . . .'

It seems almost impossible that the total success of the Annual Spring Concert could be contributed to the shrilly sounds that emerged from a man's lips . . . but that's the way it was. To be more specific, because of a lack of organization, the choir was forced to learn about 30 pages of music in the final week before the show. It was kind of like having to read "Gone With the Wind" two hours before going to see the movie. If Rollo didn't have that ridiculous high pitched whistle of his, the Spring Concert might never have been. When it rolled around Chorus time during the day, the people flooded in and began talking about some new gossip or about Rollo's new coats. Mr. Rollo might just as well not even have been there, (at times he wasn't), but this is where the whistle comes in. In the midst of all this talking, there comes this sound comparable to the Queen Mary's foghorn. The windows crack, Rollo's glasses shatter, and the piano abruptly falls apart. The students are quiet — "Open your music to rehearsal mark 31 and let's begin!" — Another Opnin', Another Show!



Left: Sherry Erskine, Craig Smith, Julie Tate, Kelly McCune, Ginger Ashley, and Julie Yeabower entertain each other at intermission. **Above:** **First Row:** Jill Jones, Susan Paddock; **Second Row:** Sarah Rizley, Nancy Rizley, Peter Jackson; **Third Row:** Laura Ferguson, Roy Johnson, David Jackson; **Fourth Row:** Rebecca Rhoades, Pame Stowell, David LeRiche, Keith Owens. **Upper Left:** Rebecca Rhoades and Roy Johnson question the playful antics of Kathleen Barry, Sarah Rizley, and Jill Jewell.



'Get set Go! . . .'

May 16 was the day everyone was waiting for. The few days before the meet, all the girls were trying to get their muscles in shape, and were trying to impress Mr. Ivors, Miss Douth and any boys who just happened to be around. Many of the girls were trying to psyche their opponents by running all hour and secretly passing out in the locker room.

On a hot, humid May 15, the 5th and 6th graders held their track meet. Then the 7th and 8th track meet came. At first everyone sat around wondering what they

were doing there. When the races began, everyone started to show signs of nervousness and tactful thinking. The races were hard and fast and a few people even finished. The softball throwers threw farther than ever (probably aiming for the refectory window). The people who jumped in the broad jump leaped farther and farther till they may have to enlarge the sandpit next year.

Everyone cheered each other on to victory and the next day no one could walk without a few groans. The track and field meet was a success and it's a wonder Mrs. Kaboth doesn't have laryngitis.



Directly Above: Robert Hughes fumbles with his kitty before entering the pet in the show. **Above Center:** Kent Dunlap leads Tiff Gerow and David Sneed and two unknown travellers in the 5th and 6th grade meets. **Above Top:** Mr. Bippus has his head into everything, here it's in the 8th grade art show by Jason Starr.



Mrs. Manering conducts the 4th grade in "Happiness", as Charlie and the gang play along.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

The SHOWS did go on at the Birmingham Campus. From second grade through eighth, talents and prized possessions were displayed. The second grade pet show featured animals categorized by size, color, prettiest tail, etc. No one went home without

a reward of some kind because of some kind because everyone, through his care, received a ribbon for best loved pet.

Art and music shows unveiled both lower and middle school talents. Prizes were given to out-

standing works in the different mediums.

The final outcome of all the shows was an appreciation of other's talents. The shows served their purpose in that the students were able to show and tell without showing off.



AMUSING SPEECH ACCENTS COMMENCEMENT

Dr. Nonweiler, guest speaker for the Middle School Graduation, humorously reviewed the year. In an impressive speech, the past was returned to the present with many an uncontrollable chuckle. With the presentation of a new award to the outstanding female athlete of the year, came memories of the days when there were no

sports for middle school girls. The award climaxed the first year of a full female athletic program.

The past cannot be erased. It can be used for the beginnings of a brighter future. Everything has its time and place. Now, it's time for the graduates to leave behind the child-like antics and chalk strewn rooms.



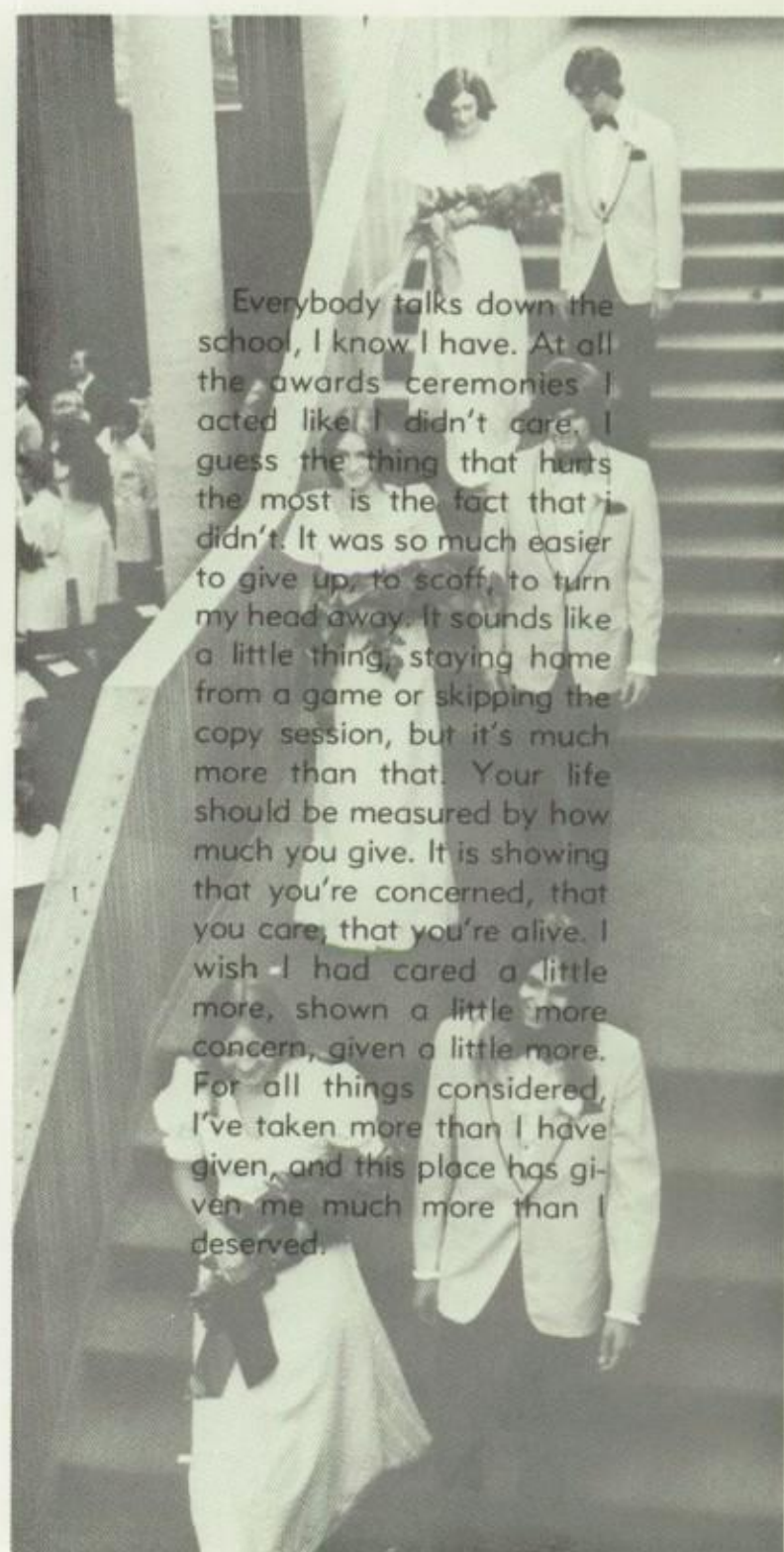
Directly Above: **First Row:** Robert Mason, Jess Gerow, David Rogers, Douglas Boswell, Jody Ho, Peter Williams, Jason Starr, Mark Smothers, Jerry Rushmore, Mathew Brainerd, Peter Kamp, Mark Eckenwiler, Samuel Kimery, Graham Brannin. **Second Row:** Leni Lundh, Sherry Weber, Alison Barry, Shannon Benton, Lynn Connolly, Marilyn Jennings, Elizabeth Jackson, Brenda Dunlap, Mary Nole, Lisa McKnight, Frances Anderson, Kristina Legler. **Third Row:** Leslie Casey, Linda Seay, Janet McCready, Laurie Akin, Linda Jenkins, Sharon Rumley, Brenda Biery, Sheila Stillings, Shelley Moskowitz, Frances Miller, Emily Palick, Stephanie Sisler, Lori White, Rendy Keaton. **Fourth Row:** Maree Lang,

Gregory Owens, Charles Carmack, Charles Morrow, James Decker, James Watkinson, Bryan Camp, John Arrington, John Dingsor, David Nonweiler, Thomas Deck, Flint Breckinridge, David Bell, Jonathon Helmerich, Nelly Higginbotham. **Fifth Row:** Mathew Ridgeway, Barry Hensley, Christopher Merifield, Mark Ruber, Craig MacNaughton, Mark Britt, Mathew Britt, Robert Langholz, Randall Coffey, John Daniel, Peter Oven, Mathew Sutherland. **Above:** Mr. Freeman happily accepts the girls and boys tennis team trophies from Marilou Frates and Joel Starr.

NOT ONCE IN 12 YEARS, DID ONE HOUR MEAN SO MUCH

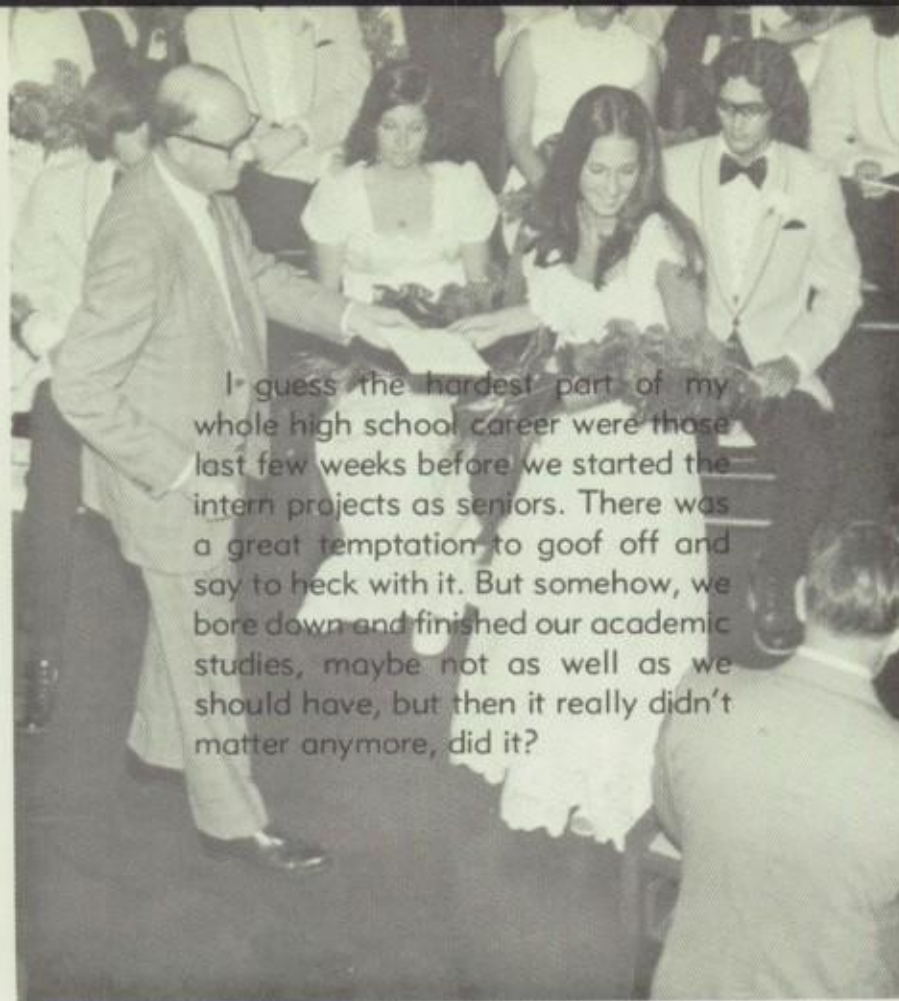
Graduation Day! That was all that we had heard all week. The radios were ferociously exploiting our graduation day. It all seemed funny at first . . . "Get your SPECIAL graduation gift from The Farm!" . . . so on and so forth. The fact was though, that we were all special. We tried not to show our emotions, but it was all there . . . in our faces . . . our voices. It only took an hour. After twelve years . . . only an hour ended our high school days . . . twelve years of memories . . . good and bad . . . passe.

After witnessing some of the other schools' graduation ceremonies, there seemed something very special . . . close . . . about our own. After vetoing the gym for the commencement, it was a close fit in the commons. Then it rained and rained, stopped and started. We all crammed together for the traditional picture . . . in a good mood . . . jovial. Then it all got quiet. We all seemed to begin to think . . . behind us . . . ahead of us . . . no one was quite sure. It all went so quickly.



Everybody talks down the school, I know I have. At all the awards ceremonies I acted like I didn't care. I guess the thing that hurts the most is the fact that I didn't. It was so much easier to give up, to scoff, to turn my head away. It sounds like a little thing, staying home from a game or skipping the copy session, but it's much more than that. Your life should be measured by how much you give. It is showing that you're concerned, that you care, that you're alive. I wish I had cared a little more, shown a little more concern, given a little more. For all things considered, I've taken more than I have given, and this place has given me much more than I deserved.

Above: Withheld emotion finally breaks through as Pat Hallet is congratulated by Mr. Moore following the solemn ceremony. **Right:** Nancy Jenkins and Fred Watson, Lucia Gary and John Ashley, and Candy Conley and David Deller take the final walk down the hallowed stairs of Holland Hall. **Above Right:** Mr. Elmer is caught looking somewhat like Charlie Chaplin as Glenn Nelson arranges HH's largest graduating class for their picture. **Above (opposite page):** While Mr. Moore reads the roster, Mr. Williams awards a diploma to Jill Jewell. **Center (opposite page):** Robin Rainey and Barbie Edwards appear serious as Betsy York and Amy Brechin consider the outcome of tripping down the stairs. **Below (opposite page):** While preparing to dine at Southern Hills during the prom, memories of Betty and Joyce seep in.



I guess the hardest part of my whole high school career were those last few weeks before we started the intern projects as seniors. There was a great temptation to goof off and say to heck with it. But somehow, we bore down and finished our academic studies, maybe not as well as we should have, but then it really didn't matter anymore, did it?

'There is a finality to all activities, which makes them sweeter . . .'

Being a senior in high school is reaching one of life's turning points. It is less catastrophic than marriage, but as definite as death. Certainly it is unique. When else do you see eighteen year olds mourning their lost youth. There is a finality to all activities, which makes them sweeter, more sentimental. At the start of the year, we were driven to euphoric closeness. We were determined to be the best class at Holland Hall. I suppose each class before us felt the same way. We became concerned about our immortality at Holland Hall, making a banner, giving not one but three class gifts. In five years, no one will know the names on that flag, but we don't like to think of that. I would rather think of my senior year as the last beautifully nostalgic moment with old friends, living in our parents houses, before destroying the world of our childhoods so that we might become ourselves.



THE MACHINE GOES SQUASH. . .

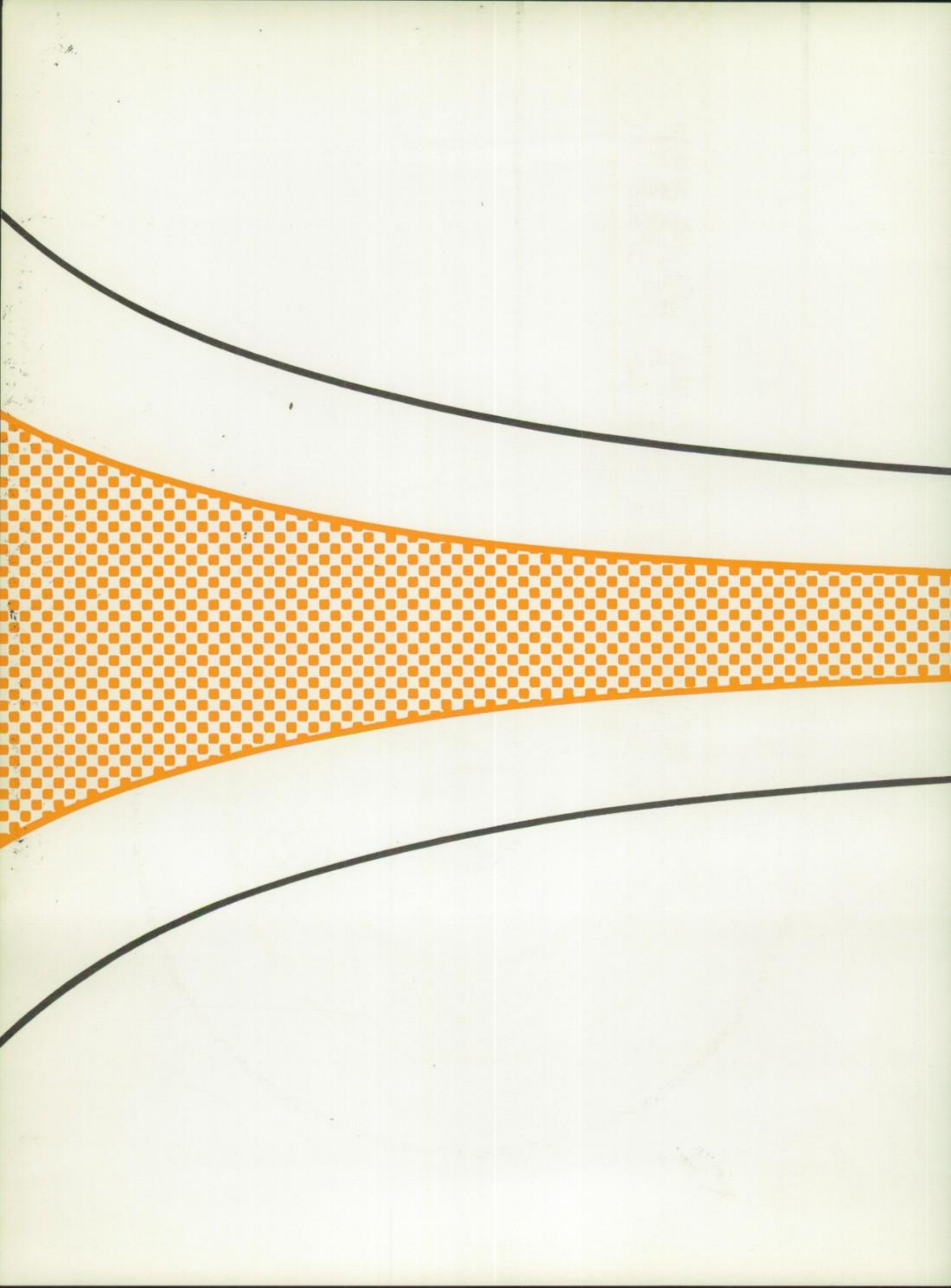


PTOOEY. . .



and another lot of prefabricated human beings are sent into the heart of the enigma, the world, with the machine's stamp of approval raising 12 year's clouds of dust from the seat of their pants.

By some freak of nature, though, the people who go through Holland Hall seem to come out as people, retaining their individuality, with hopefully something added to their little heads. Never the less they go tripping through the portals, emblazoned by pomp and ceremony, under the auspices of Mom, and apple pie, and I.T.&T.



THINGS GO FAST

Jimmy Cricket,

Things really do fast, especially high school. There were times when I thought chemistry would never end and you kept reassuring me that it would. At that incredibly hour of 8:00 you beaming I did really gave me a good start on a day that might have otherwise been bad.

You really have a dry sense of humor that has brightened many sad days. I'm really glad that I got to know you because your attitude about life has made a deep impression on me and I

thank you. You are really a wonderful person and deserve the best things that life has to offer. You have brought me a lot of happiness and I wish even more happiness for you. Good luck in the years to come. Much love, Jimmy

DETERMINATION FOR VICTORY NEVER DIES

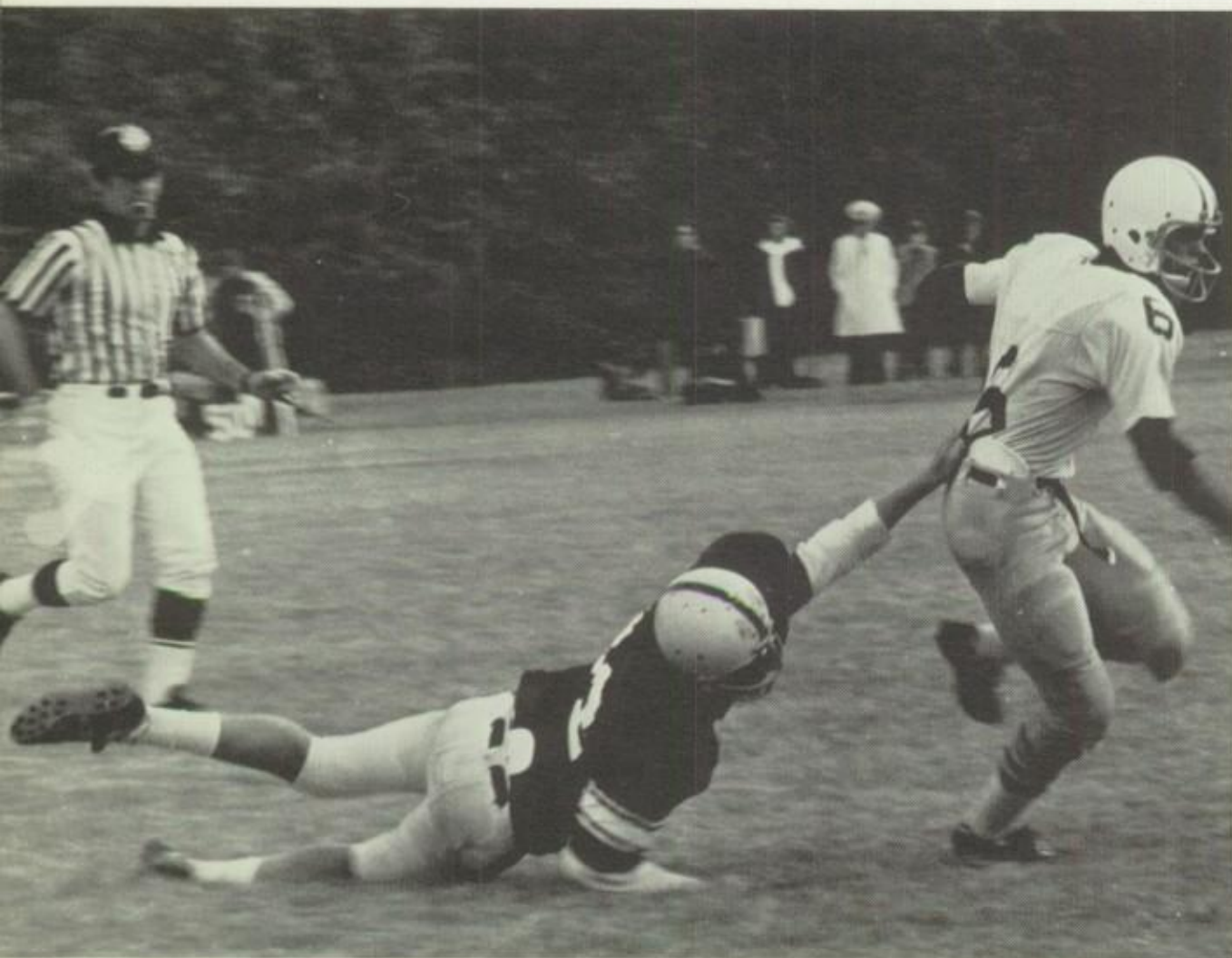
It was awfully hot. The hottest it's ever been. Coach Brown gave his usual first of the season thirty minute dissertation and no one fell asleep this time. Tension built from that day on, we had a team. Everybody was quick and had lots of hustle. Coach said that we were his most dedicated bunch.

We scored first, 6-0, against big and bad Bristow. We got to see Chaney run over somebody besides Blair Barber and James Irby. We were tough. (Well, almost tough.)

Fesperman was a mad man — tenacious defense, powerful offense. We were psyched. Beat 'em — MASH, bust 'em — CASCIA. We were ready to play. You couldn't hit hard enough. You couldn't run fast enough. There was no holding back. Run, Russell, run . . . Touchdown! — but still one point off. Disappointment wasn't big enough to express the way we felt.

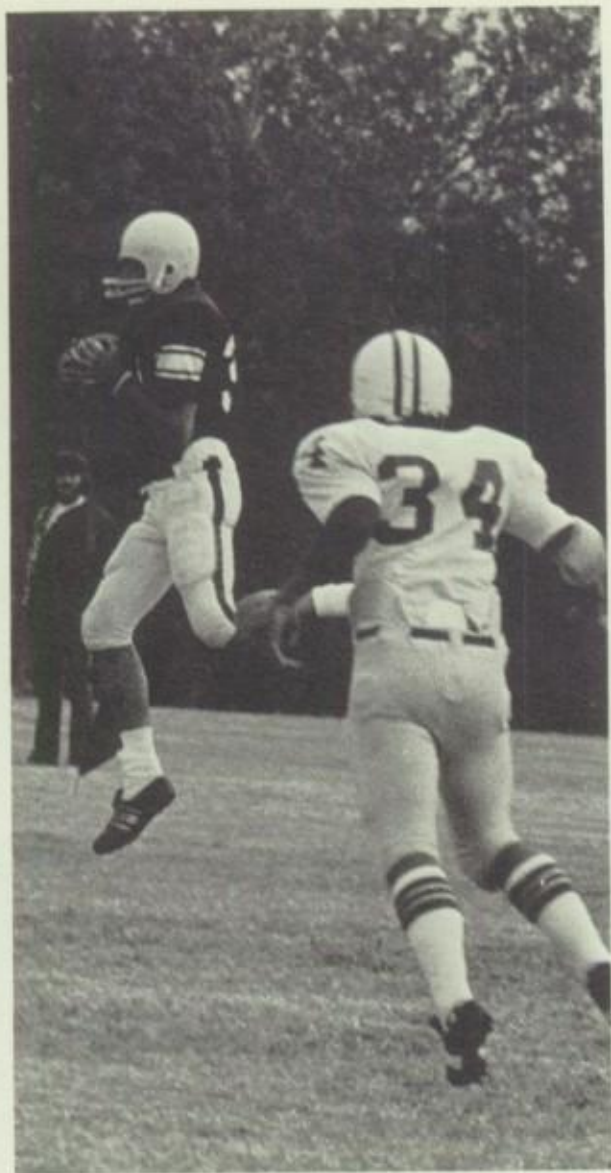
One more game . . . the seniors' last. We played hard, we hit hard . . . but they were better. There were smiles and laughter in the locker room and jokes about the season . . . "Steve Herrin, you good lookin' son-of-a-gun." It was over for some, but for most there would be another year.

Lynn Fesperman, Charlie Chaney, and David Armstrong sweep to the left while quarterback Wally Nunn falls back.

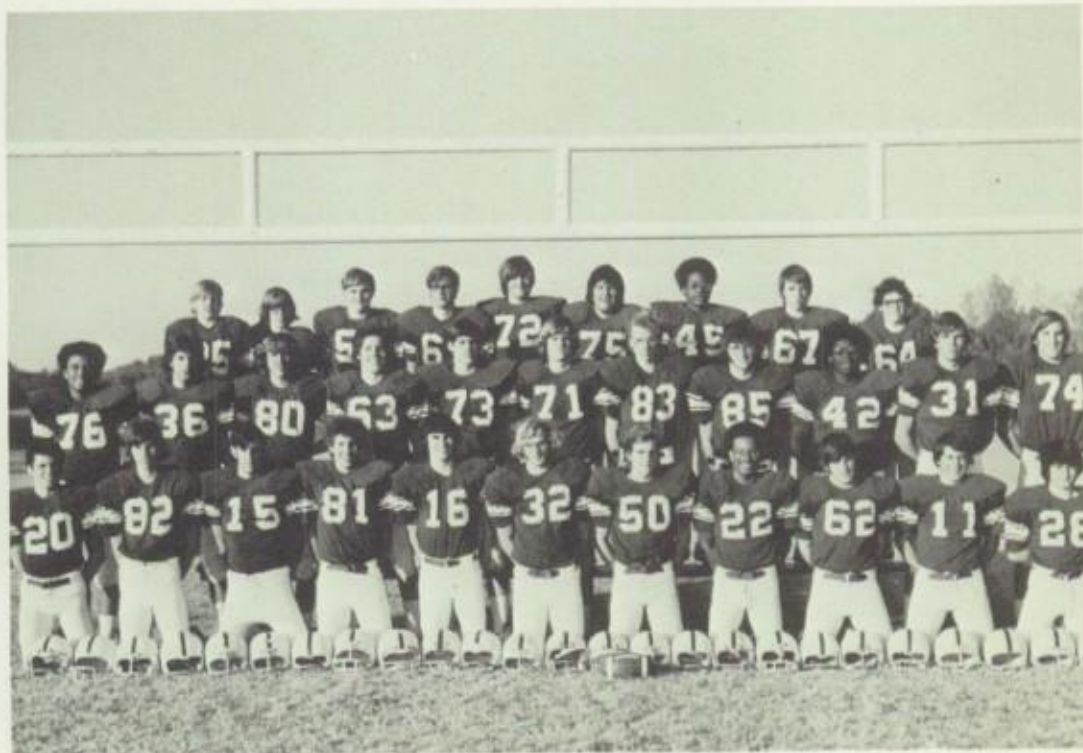


Above: David Ware s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s to pull down the opponent, giving the safeties time to catch up. **Right:** After an onslaught of unsuccessful tackles, Charlie Chaney stands alone, awaiting more.





Left: To the amazement of a spectator, Brad Meyer takes a flying leap for a clean reception. **Below:** **First Row:** Lynn Fesperman, Henry Finch, Bobby Lee, Robb Glendening, Wally Nunn, David Ware, Rick Chadsey, Russell LaCour, Roger Thurmond, Kyle Terry, Blair Barber; **Second Row:** Darrell Christopher, Ward Camp, Mike Cavert, Steve Herrin, David Nickle, Andy Allen, Jeff Maher, Keith Cressman, Charlie Chaney, Brad Meyer, David Armstrong; **Third Row:** John Brechin, Brick Lantz, Scot Harvey, Richard Lee, David Bruce, Tom Harjo, Jimmy Johnson, John Coates, Phil McNeill.



'If you haven't been grabbed . . .'

If you haven't been in the sun and tasted the bitter sweet taste of the sweat that rolls down your face stinging your eyes and salting your mouth, and haven't been in the cool summer wind that freezes that sweat and makes you wish you were hot again, if you haven't crawled and wallowed and drug your body through the freshly cut grass, and if you haven't run until your legs ache with the pain of conditioning, and if you haven't been grabbed for, lunged for, haven't been crumbled to the ground by Charles Chaney or Haden Haworth, or had Mike Cavert or Rick Chadsey drive his helmeted head through your chest, and if you haven't loved it all so much that you came back for more the next day, then you haven't experienced football.



Steve Herrin sprints to the goal line after making an interception against Wichita Collegiate.

JV SCORES AN UNDEFEATED SEASON

First Row: Doug Boswell, Chris Hughes, Hugh Graham, Jason Starr, Scott Rainey, Scott Frank, Brett Glass, Paul Dunlap, Peter Williams, Hohn Freeman, Jeff Harrison, John Fuquay, David Wood, Dan Richards. **Second Row:** Bobby Langholtz, Matt Sutherland, Peter Oven, Russell Newman, Matt Ridgeway, Mark Raber, Craig McNaughton, Mark McCane, Bob Mason, John Daniel, Jess Gerow, Paul Kashishke, Mike Fran, Scott Carlin. **Third Row:** David Nonweiler, Tim Hammond, Chris Merifield, John Arrington, Jim Watkinson, John Dingsor, Mark Smothers, Jono Helmerich, Flint Breckinridge, Jim Decker, Chuck Carmack, Tom Deck, Greg Owens, David Bell.



We ran and sweated so much our uniforms stuck to us. We were dizzy from our drills; we hit and hit and hit. Our first game came; we were nervous and actually scared. We continued to psyche ourselves up after staring at the other team — they all seemed so big, much bigger than us. We found knots and butterflies in our stomachs as we awaited our first kick-off.

Knots turned to confidence as we achieved victory after victory. The St. Pius game was perhaps the most tense, as they forced us to punt on the one yard line. The highlight of the season . . . our stunning upset over Cascia. Other moments to remember — playing in the mud at practice and our touchdown at the first of the St. Mary's game.

Our season was great — no other way to describe it. We were undefeated, not because we were bigger or stronger than the others, but because we had an absolute trust in our teammates. We had a spirit and pride that was irreplaceable.

'The tension is just murder . . . '

Everyone sits in the locker room like zombies. The time passes by as slowly as molasses pours out of a bottle. All the football players pace up and down the floor checking each little piece of equipment worn on their bodies. You can hear the buzz and excitement of the crowd outside. Finally, after what seems like four hours, the coach says, "Alright, this a big game, so let's go out and win." Then everyone tears out to the field. The whistle is blown, your tensions are released.

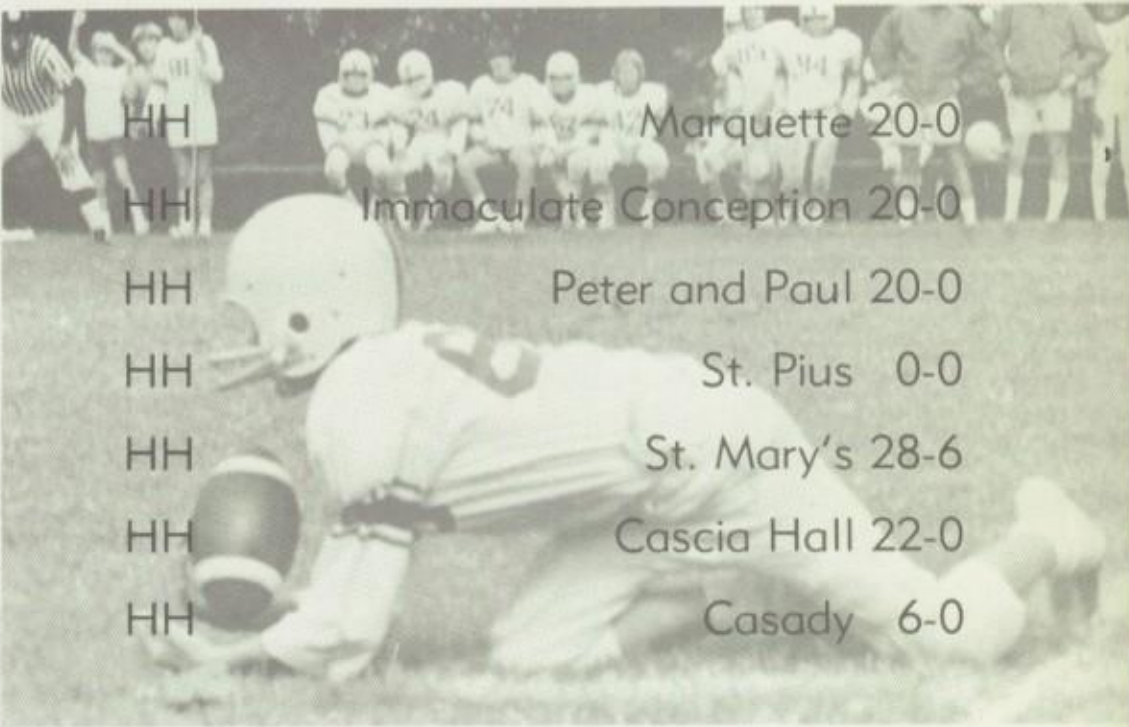


To escape the Casady rush, Wally Nunn sweeps to the left.

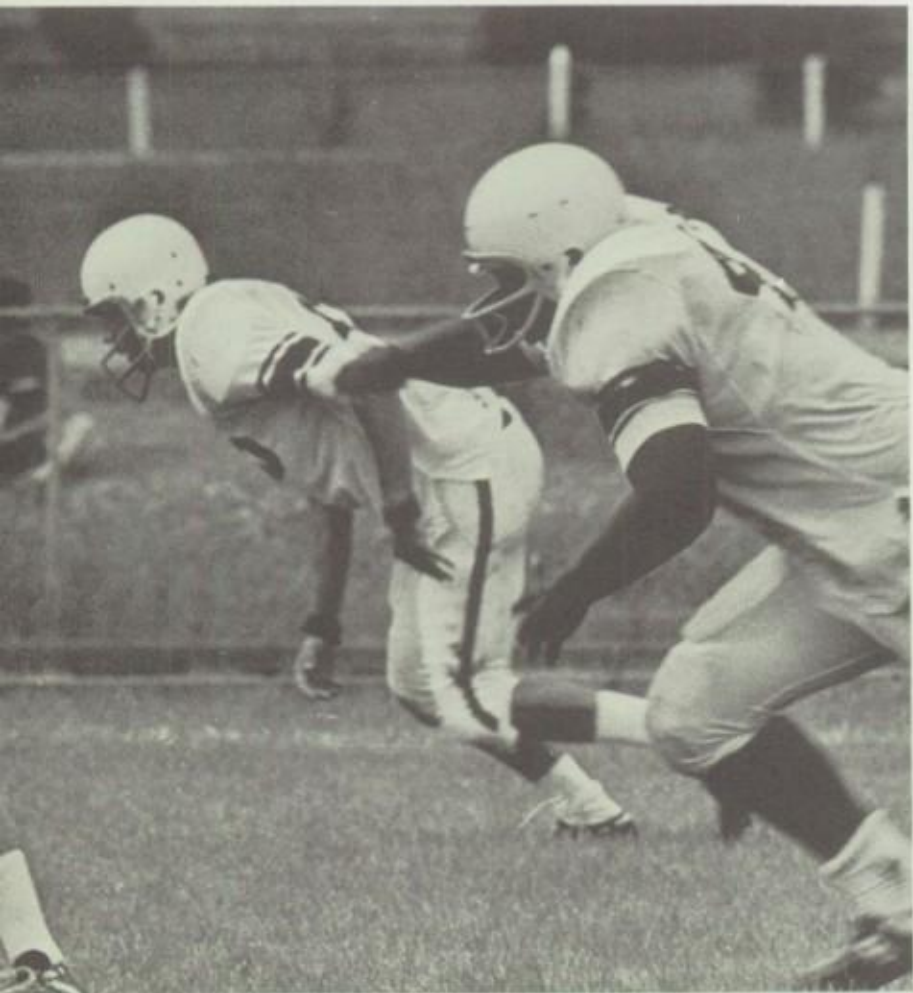
Craig MacNaughton and Jason Starr go bananas after a winning first half against Cascia. Chuck Carmack remains calm, cool, and collected.



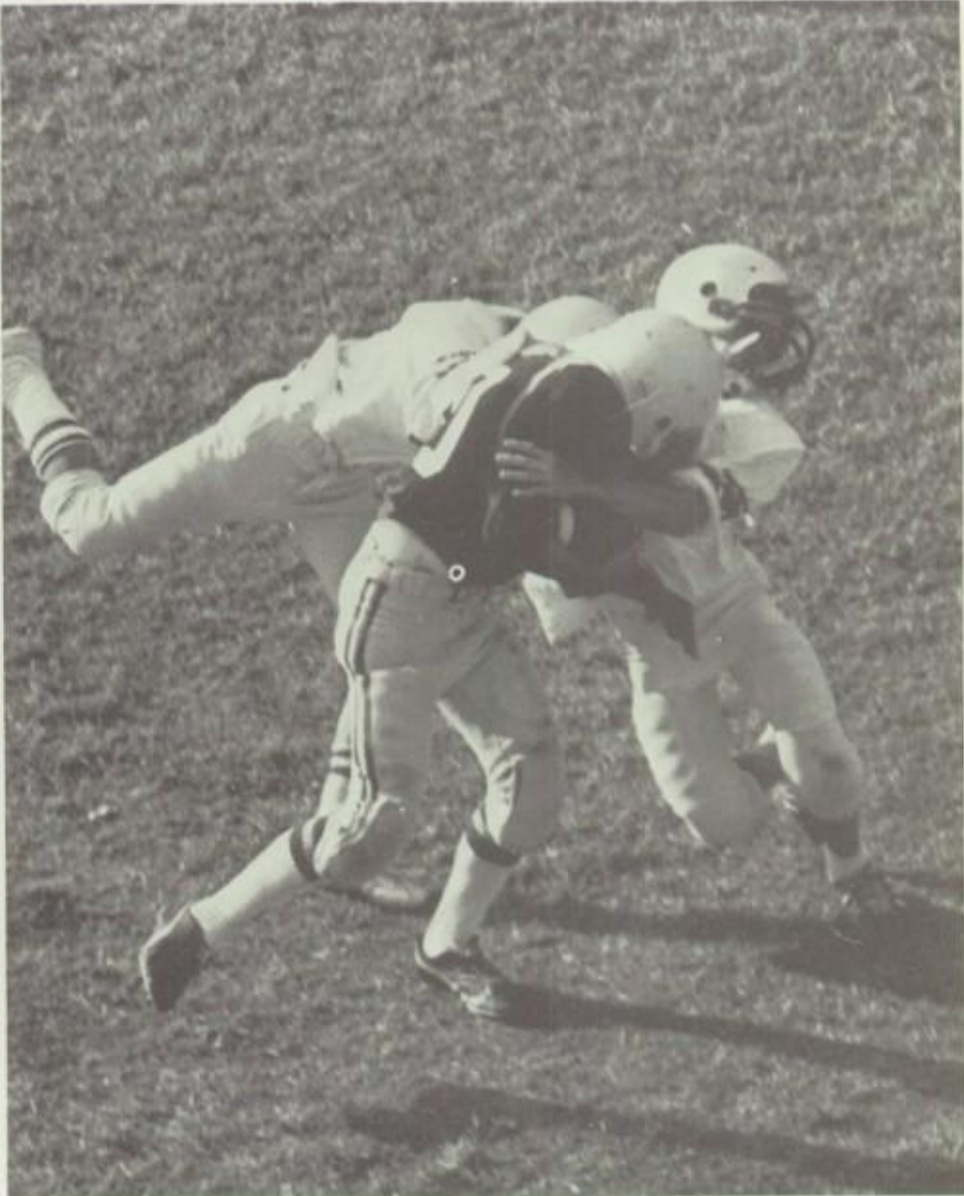
Craig MacNaughton comes back to make a beautiful reception close to a first down against Immaculate Conception.



HH	Marquette	20-0
HH	Immaculate Conception	20-0
HH	Peter and Paul	20-0
HH	St. Pius	0-0
HH	St. Mary's	28-6
HH	Cascia Hall	22-0
HH	Casady	6-0



Charles Chainey (alias Line Buster) prepares to receive a hand-off from quarterback Kyle Terry, as Bobby Lee awaits the adversaries.



Craig MacNaughton and Jason Starr team up to crush a Commando downfield.

Frustration grips John Richardson as Melvin Tennant breezes by to steal third place from Webster.



Left: Jim Deck battles tough practices to prepare for the team's stiff competition. **Below:** Captain Steve Jennings, a consistent leader, helps boost the cross country team to a near victory over the Hale Rangers.



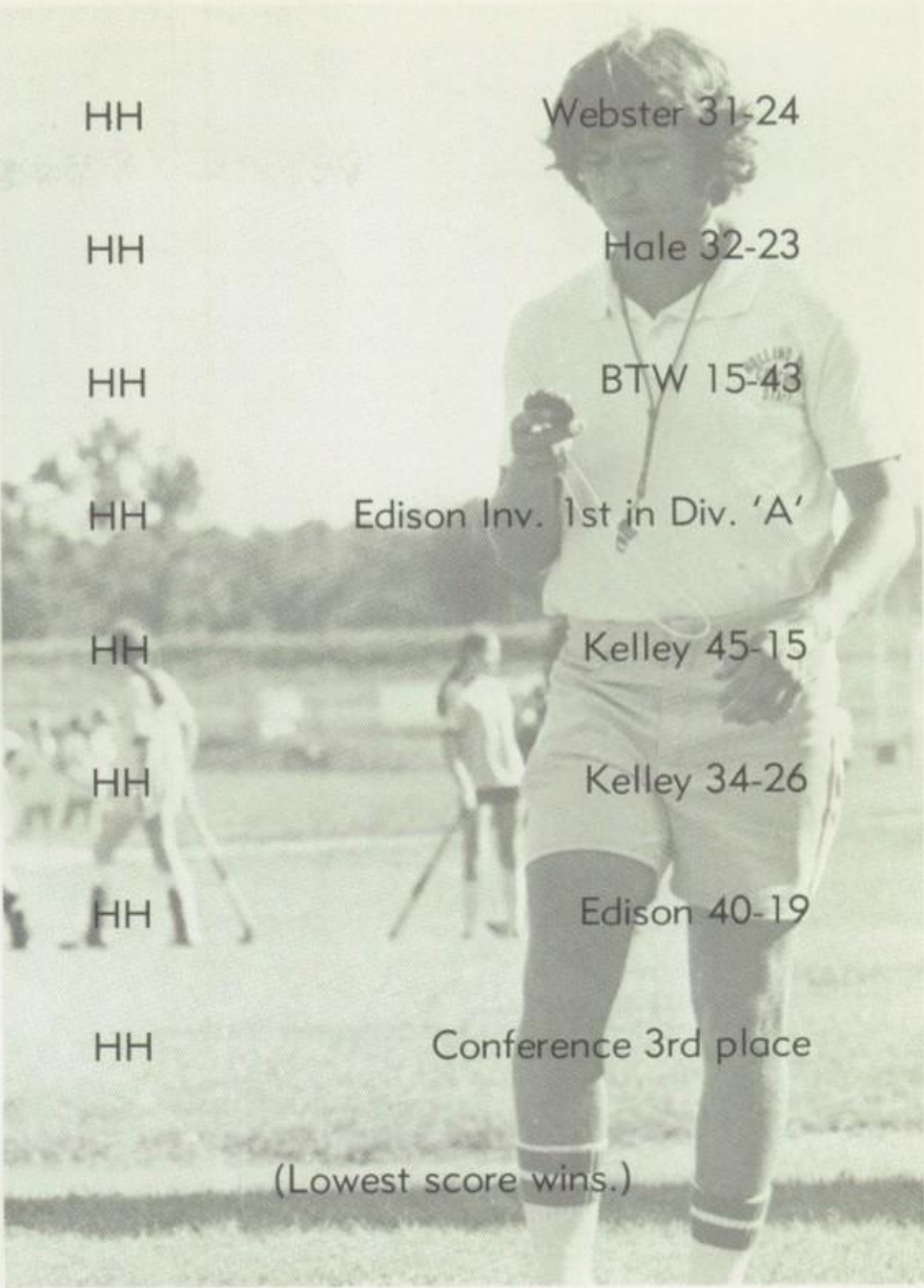
'I was really grossed out . . .'

When those guys came across the finish line, I got a good look at them. The stench was unbearable. Sweat streamed off their bodies. Their faces were distorted from breathing so hard. Some staggered around, others leaned against a fence. Almost all of them were spitting all over the ground. I thought one guy I dared talked to was going to hit me. But another guy, gasping for breath, said he wished the race had been a mile longer. I have never understood why, after going through two miles of physical torture, the guy wanted to continue for another mile. I guess that's why he runs cross country and I don't.



First Row: Todd Harrison, Melvin Tennant, Gary Steinberg, Coach Dratz, David Jackson, captain Steve Jennings; **Second Row:** Tony Yeabower, Jim Eagleton, David LeRiche, Peter Jackson, Kevin Robinson, Keith Owens; **Third Row:** Peter Ames; **Missing:** Jim Deck.

Below: Nearing the finish line, Kevin Robinson exerts his final effort against Webster as hockey players cheer him on. **Right:** Coach Dratz shows that the practice timings have got to be better.



INTEREST AND INNOVATION CREATE SPIRIT AND SUCCESS

Right foot, left foot, round about and back again. Combining tradition and innovation, the cross country team was the best in years. The relatively young team grew in competitive spirit with Coach Dratz's never-failing command — "take off, boys!"

Many opponents fell to the contesting Dutchmen. After unofficially winning an Edison Invitational meet, the season record was injured due to missing key runners plagued with pulled muscles or flu. Despite all this, our fleet-footed runners

brought home a third place win from S.P.C.

To keep team spirit running, a cross country sweetheart was selected. Amy Brechin replaced the reigning sweetie, Jill Jones. An added attraction was the election of a "Hot Dog of the Year." The qualifications necessary for obtaining this honorable position (unquestionably met by Jeff Thurston) are valiant attempts at snowing girls. Congratulations . . . Amy . . . Jeff . . . Team . . .

Keeping up with the competition, Keith Owens supplies the necessary stimulation for a balanced team.

WIN OVER CASCIA HIGHLIGHTS BASKETBALL SEASON

Round ball . . . orange hoop. Jump straight up . . . get down to play defense. Kick the other foot out of the way. Screen out . . . rebound. Fundamentals . . . we spent the first two weeks of basketball reviewing (for some) and learning (for most) the fundamentals of basketball. Pass around and move . . . don't stand . . . go to the boards. Hold the ball! It was time to run. We ran with a purpose; to condition to win.

Seven straight losses; that's how the season started. Somebody should have been upset. Somebody was. We were because only then did the light dawn on us that HH basketball had better turn into a team affair, and relatively soon.

The coaches knew it from the start. They kept their patience and we regained our poise. We reworked a few things; started fresh. We won the next seven of nine,

including the one with those other Tulsa people . . . Cascia. Never has a group of guys been so psyched up — there was no way we could lose to them on our home court.

Once rolling, we proceeded to accomplish other feats. Victories over Casady put us into the SPC winners bracket and helped them into the loser's bracket for the first time in many years.

Four games later with a 7-12 record, we boarded the bus for Dallas and SPC Conference with little chance to win but with spirit to fight. We ended the tournament and our season with a come-from-behind-victory. We had learned two lessons. One, that concentration and determination can win the game, and two, that disappointment can come from other places than the short end of a scoreboard. Coach Bullard had said good bye. He was retiring.

After driving hard, Jim Yeager sweeps upward for a successful lay-up.

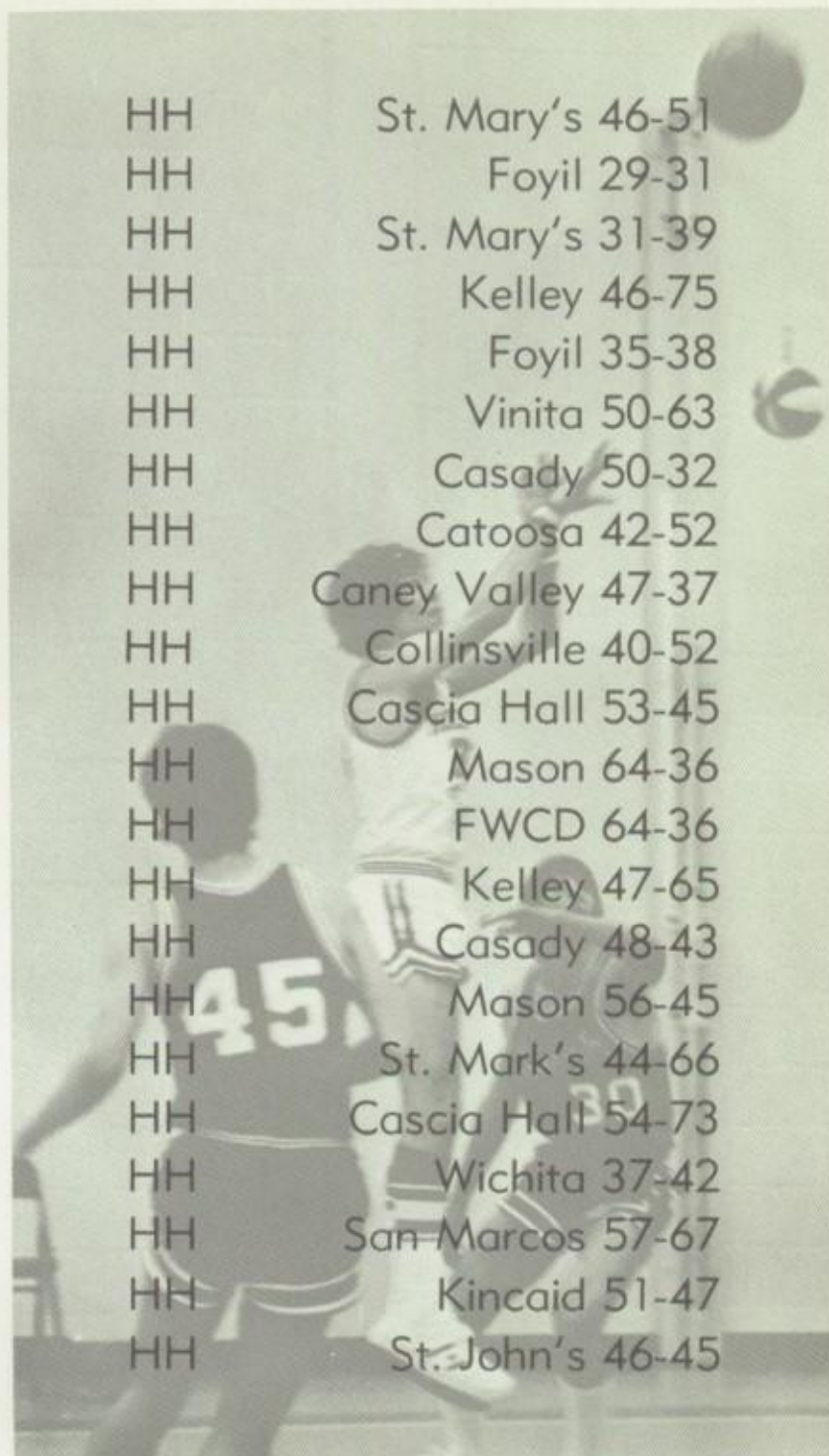


Left: Russell LaCour attempts a lay-up despite the efforts of the Catoosa team.
Above: Howling in pain, Robb Glendening twists his ankle while Jeff Thurston and Cascian Fred Beasley search for the ball.

Turning to make a jump shot, post man John Ashley shoots against Catoosa.



Sinking his shot for two points against Casady is Brad Meyer.



HH	St. Mary's 46-51
HH	Foyil 29-31
HH	St. Mary's 31-39
HH	Kelley 46-75
HH	Foyil 35-38
HH	Vinita 50-63
HH	Casady 50-32
HH	Catoosa 42-52
HH	Caney Valley 47-37
HH	Collinsville 40-52
HH	Cascia Hall 53-45
HH	Mason 64-36
HH	FWCD 64-36
HH	Kelley 47-65
HH	Casady 48-43
HH	Mason 56-45
HH	St. Mark's 44-66
HH	Cascia Hall 54-73
HH	Wichita 37-42
HH	San Marcos 57-67
HH	Kincaid 51-47
HH	St. John's 46-45



First Row: Hans Helmerich, Robin Springer, Lynn Fesperman, Russell LaCour, Kyle Terry, Harold Kunkel, Paul Herman.
Second Row: Gerald Bullard, Coach, Brad Meyer, Robb Glendening, Henry Finch, John Ashley, Jim Yeager, Jeff Thurston, Wally Nunn, Vince Adamek, Bobby Lee.

'Na na
na na . . .'

Hey hey-eh Good-bye. Na na na na, na na na na. Hey hey-ey Good-bye. For the first time in years, we sang good-bye to Cascia. Reading the statistics after the game was strange. I couldn't remember any individual scorers. It just seemed like we had beaten Cascia. It was a team win. The guys on the bench were great, yelling for the team, just like everybody in the stands. That's the way it's suppose to be. That's the way it was.

First Row: Peter Lantz, Al Kasishke, Blake Spellman, Tony Yeabower, Scott Haus, Chuck Gibbs, Roy Johnson, Jim Eagleton, Craig Smith, Mike Nelson; **Second Row:** John Scruton, Brick Lantz, Steve Sumrall, Joel Starr, David Neal, John Ridgeway, Clark Brannin, Mike Rushmore, Peter Jackson, David Adelson, Coach Dennis Calkins; **Third Row:** Coach Doug Bromley, David Jackson, Ron Binding, Bob Cox, Kevin Robinson, Craig Raguse, Jim Deck, Steve Camp, Kurt Liebendorfer, David Lucas.



'One lousy game shot our hopes of glory . . .'

Losing to Casady made me sick! We had beaten them once, why not again? Why not when it counted? Almost every other team had beaten them. Why not us? It felt even "better" when we realized that **that** game had cost us the conference championship.



UNDEFEATED . . . ALMOST

Survival . . . that was our key word of the season. Survival . . . of winter's winds and cold . . . of intense pressure of an undefeated season . . . of the road trips. The worst part was winning . . . with no one there to see it. Our largest group of spectators must have exceeded 25 (10 for the other team) so we had to be our own fans. Despite our 8-2-1 record . . . it hurt . . . especially when only 1 loss kept us from the conference championship. In the standings we were #3, but **we** knew we

should have been #1 . . . it hurt. There were good times . . . like winning . . . watching 18 sophomores "attack" one girl at conference . . . listening to Coach Calkin's shrilly voice on the sidelines . . . waiting 2 hours for breakfast at 8:00 a.m. . . . playing in the morning dew at Dallas . . . watching the girls play . . . laughing at Bromley's and Elmer's icicles on their moustaches in sub-zero temperature . . . It had to be over before we realized how much fun it was.



All-Conference Captain Jan Nespor saves the ball by a side-line kick.



Above: Tony Yeabower and a Kincid player battle it out for possession of the ball. **Right:** David Jackson changes direction after Clark Lipotich effortlessly kicks the ball.

HH Tulsa Grasshoppers 8-1
 HH Internationals 5-3
 HH Internationals 3-3
 HH Casady 2-1
 HH FWCD 7-3
 HH Casady 1-3
 HH St. Mark's 1-5
 HH TMI 5-3
 HH Kincaid 3-2
 HH St. Stephen's 3-2

Below: Pursued by a Casady opponent, Jim Deck forces the ball cross field. **Left:** After making the winning score against St. Stephen's, Clark Brannin is congratulated by Jim Deck, Kevin Robinson and David Lucas.



One of many amazingly high defensive rebounds by Flint Breckinridge.



WINTER SEES JV SEASON VICTORIOUS

Basketball season began with our team spirit high. For those who had played football, we thought of getting our timing down. Hard practices, line drills, free throw after free throw . . . we were ready for competition. We gained experience in losing to only one area ninth grade team. Our most upsetting loss was to Casady. They downed us by three points in the final two minutes, but we took revenge by romping them by 30 in our second game. After hosting an invitational tournament, we found ourselves second after losing only to Skelly Junior High.

On the soccer field, we found ourselves undefeated. It all started in early November and ended in March. In the beginning we sensed our team would have a good year, but as the weeks passed, it appeared our team was falling apart. Teamwork was terrible, nerves were on edge, tensions were high. It seemed our team was doomed from the very beginning. Our first game came; somehow our team put it all together. We were able to put into practice everything we had learned. Our teamwork was incredible. It gave us confidence and spirit and the necessary skills to have an undefeated season.



Front Row: (kneeling) Mark Raber, Greg Owens, Jono Helmerich, Chuck Carmack, Matthew Britt. **Second Row:** Mr. Ward, Jeff Harrison, Bobby Langholtz, Doug Boswell, Randy Coffey, Jim Watkinson, Mark Britt, Scott Rainey, John Daniel, Matt Brainerd, Flint Brickinridge. **Third Row:** Mark McCane, Chris Hughes, Bryan Camp, Tim Hammond, John Freeman, Mr. Stickney. **Right:** An attempted rebound by Chuck Carmack is thwarted by a defender, but recovers to make a basket.

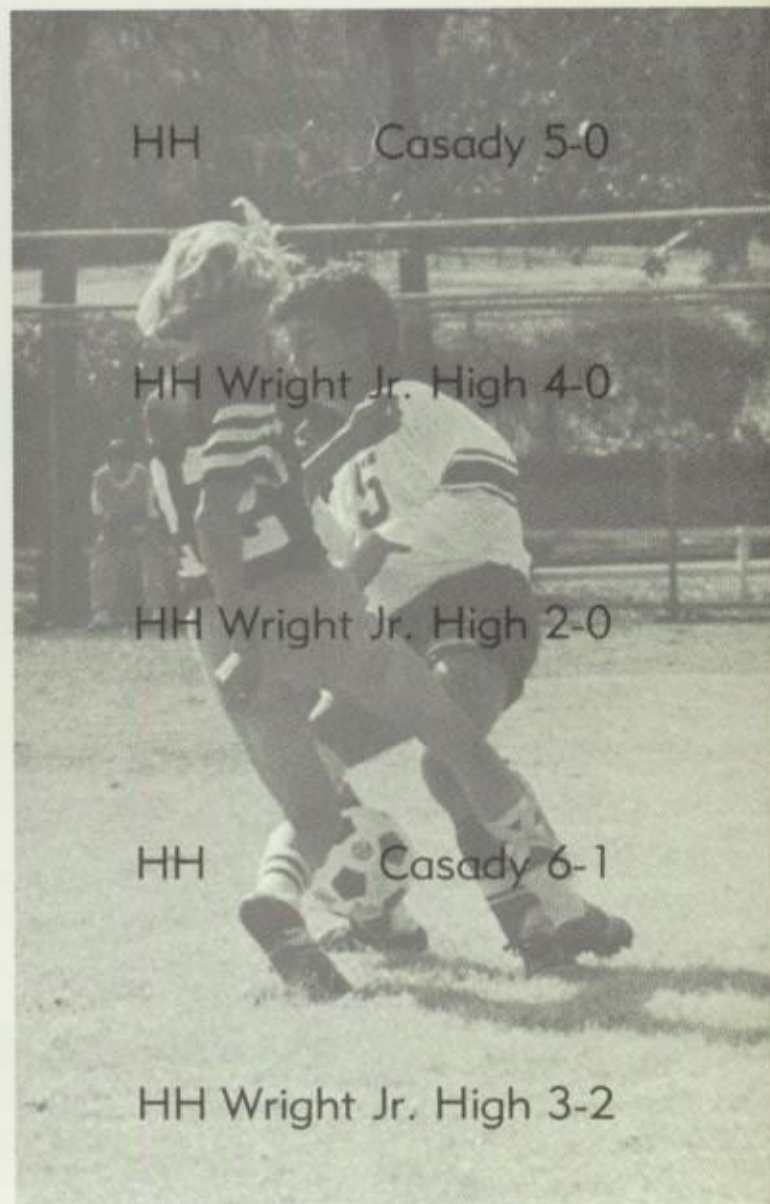


HH	St. Mary's	40-20
HH	Tallahassee	32-39
HH	Cascia Hall	35-29
HH	Skelly	28-48
HH	Marquette	32-22
HH	St. Mary's	44-28
HH	St. Pius	40-28
HH	Casady	28-33
HH	Cascia Hall	28-47
HH	Tallahassee	21-51
HH	Kiefer	37-23
HH	Lone Star	53-27
HH	Marquette	55-16
HH	Casady	39-23
HH	HH Inv.	2nd Place

With skill and determination, Jason Starr gets rid of the ball; too quick for the opposition.



Chris Merifield meets his competition head-on; only with his eyes closed.



HH Casady 5-0

HH Wright Jr. High 4-0

HH Wright Jr. High 2-0

HH Casady 6-1

HH Wright Jr. High 3-2

Jody Ho attempts to pass to an open teammate, with Casady in hot pursuit.



First Row: Peter Kamp, David Rogers, Jason Starr, Graham Brannin, Dan Richards, Peter Williams, Peter Oven, John Fuquay. **Second Row:** Coach Adwon, Matt Ridgeway, Chris Merifield, Jim Decker, Craig MacNaughton, Jody Ho, Paul Kasishke, Coach McCullough. **Third Row:** Steve Chakeres, Gordon Kuntz, Bob Mason, Mike Frank, Jess Gerow, Paul Dunlap, Scott Carlin, Blake Dickeson, Andrew Westphal. **Fourth Row:** Tim Hart, Sam Kimery, Mark Eckenwiler, Brett Glass, Scott Franklin, Hugh Graham. **Fifth Row:** Matt Sutherland, David Bell, Mark Smothers, John Dingsor, Charles Morrow, Barry Hensley, John Arrington.

'To Mr. Ward,
it's run for
your life . . .'

Basketball and Mr. Ward are experiences I'll never forget. Playing basketball for Mr. Ward has made me realize how much running I've missed in life. It seems he tried to make up for it in three months time. Winning is a way of life with Mr. Ward. Winning means teamwork. We learned that in the Casady game in Oklahoma City. Our loss to Casady, after dominating the entire first half, proved fatal. We ran forever — up and down the gym floor — as a matter of fact, it seems as though we are still running.

Robin Springer finds himself being both Batman and Robin. Zap! Holy homerun!



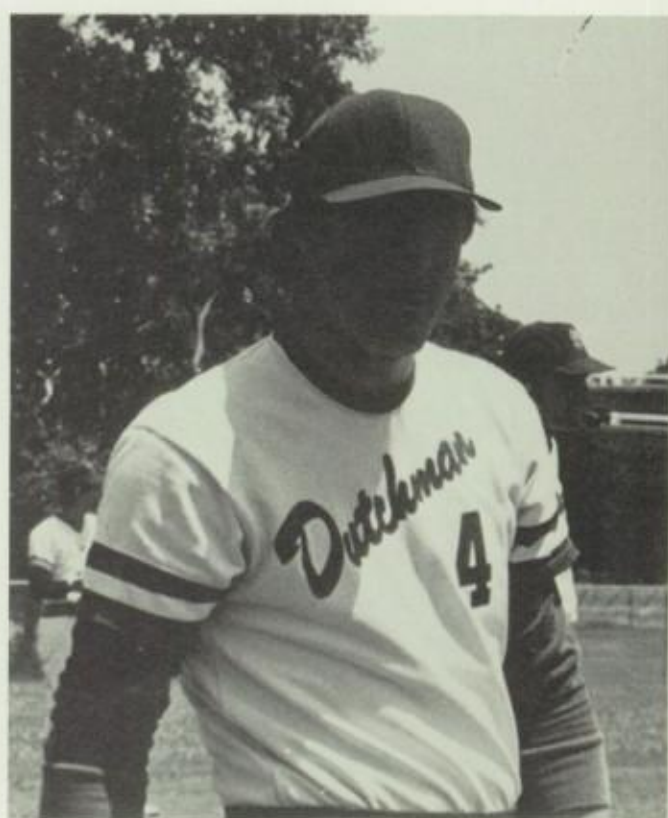
"Mommie knows best and Mommie says that her little Jimmy shouldn't steal."



All-Conference selection Brad "Lucky Number" Meyer speeds another batter's downfall.



Above: First Row: Wally Nunn, Jim Deck, Steve Herrin, Brad Meyer, co-captain Bobby Lee, Rob Glen-dening, Jim Yeager. **Second Row:** Scott Haus, Kyle Terry, Robin Springer, Rick Chadsey, James Irby, co-captain Roy Johnson, Blair Barber, manager Paul Herman. **Right:** Doing his job as a third base coach, Coach Murphy eyes home plate to find out who the next batter will be. **Below Right:** Roy Johnson tears towards the dugout after getting hit on the head with a bat.



BATTERS STRIKE SUCCESS

Holland Hall Baseball . . . not the most supported sport in the school . . . but what could you expect when the playing field was a quarter of a mile walking distance away. For those that did wander over, there was quite an exhibition.

They never ceased to thrill the crowds (which were usually the opponents' crowd.) At times they made it look easy (and at others, they couldn't even make it.) They were en route to the first winning season in four years.

Practicing on the HH field was a victory in itself. Mud a foot deep would greet you all over and sometimes swal-

low the ball. When it was dry, it was like playing on concrete with "holes" cleverly disguised as patches of grass. Opposing teams' warm ups ended in utter frustration as a routine bounce would either go over their head or wide to the left.

Victories can be attributed to some of the interesting people who dotted the line-up. There was Wally (one-minute-late) Nunn, Brad (strike out or home run) Meyer, Bob (peg leg) Lee, and Roy (first base coach) Johnson. These and others made their debut of the new "DutchMAN" uniform.



Eyeing the teams' only hit, Kyle Terry scurries to first against SPC Champs, St. Marks.



Kicking up dust, Jim Yeager hustles towards first base in hopes of making a successful play.



"Peg Leg" Lee demonstrates his pitching form which gave him a 5-0 record.



HH	Jenks	2- 3
HH	Berryhill	12-15
HH	Kelley	1- 4
HH	Broken Arrow	13- 8
HH	Berryhill	15- 1
HH	Broken Arrow	5- 6
HH	MWC Albert	2- 1
HH	MWC Albert	5-11
HH	Washington	8- 9
HH	Catoosa	17- 1
HH	Mason	2- 0
HH	Mason	9- 5
HH	Kelley	7- 4
HH	Owasso	7- 5
HH	Memorial	1- 7
HH	Mason	1- 2
HH	Washington	7- 1
HH	Washington	9- 3
HH	Jenks	1-11
HH	Owasso	4- 9
HH	Cascia Hall	4- 3
HH	Cascia Hall	13- 0
HH	Cascia Hall	14- 5
HH	Cascia Hall	5- 1
HH	Mason	9- 5
HH	Casady	7- 6
HH	St. Mark's	0- 5
HH	Greenhill	22- 1

Above: All conference catcher Steve Herrin looks for his next victim at second base. **Above Right:** Rob Glendening hears the tune, "It's Too Late Baby," as he gets picked off first base.



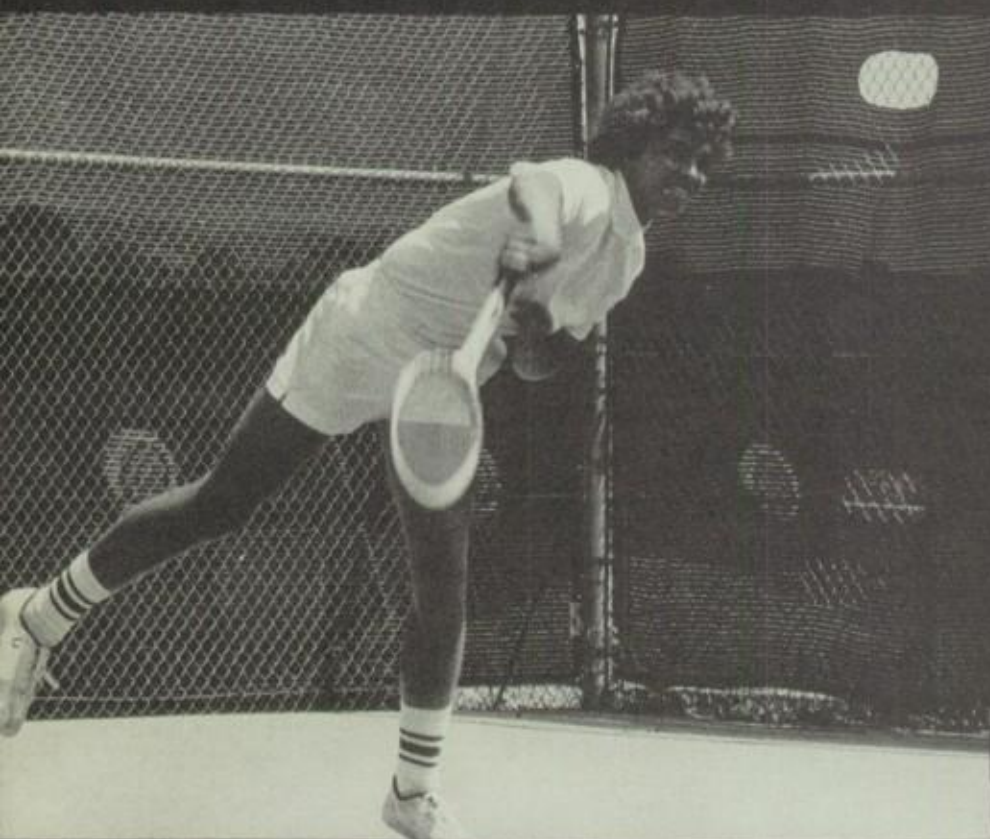
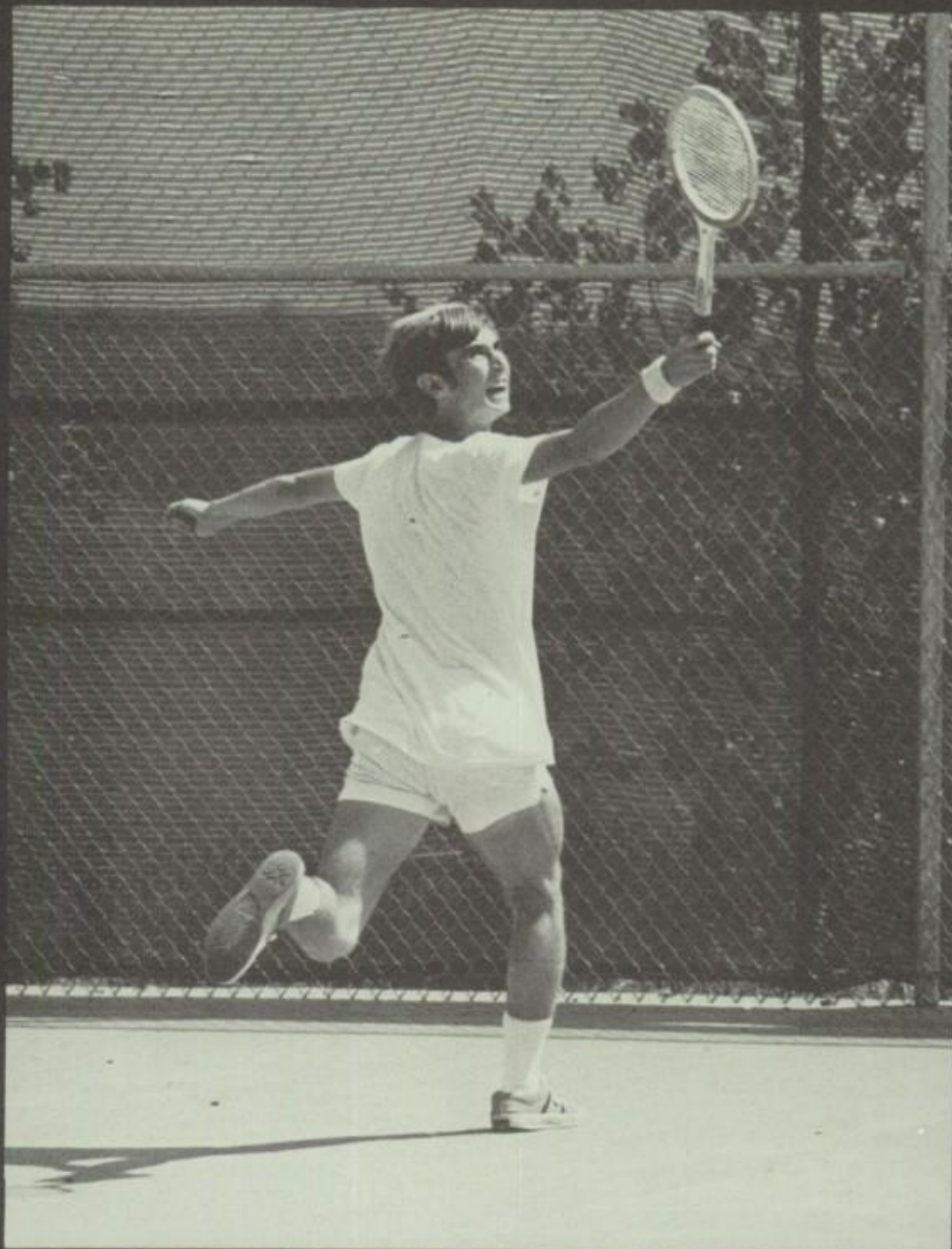
'It's finally happened . . .'

Perhaps it was our enthusiasm and our belief that we could compete almost equally with anyone in the city. An added incentive to win was our scorekeeper, Mrs. Leach. She was always there on the bench cheering us on, no matter where we stood or what we said. Then there was Murphy. Somehow, in his own magical way, he gained the unfailing respect of every member of our team as no other coach has. He was not only a coach, but a friend, counselor, and sometimes even a father. There was nothing we felt we had to hide from him.

In a heated match, Harold Kunkel catches the ball with a backhand shot.

SWATTERS CAPTURE SPC TITLE

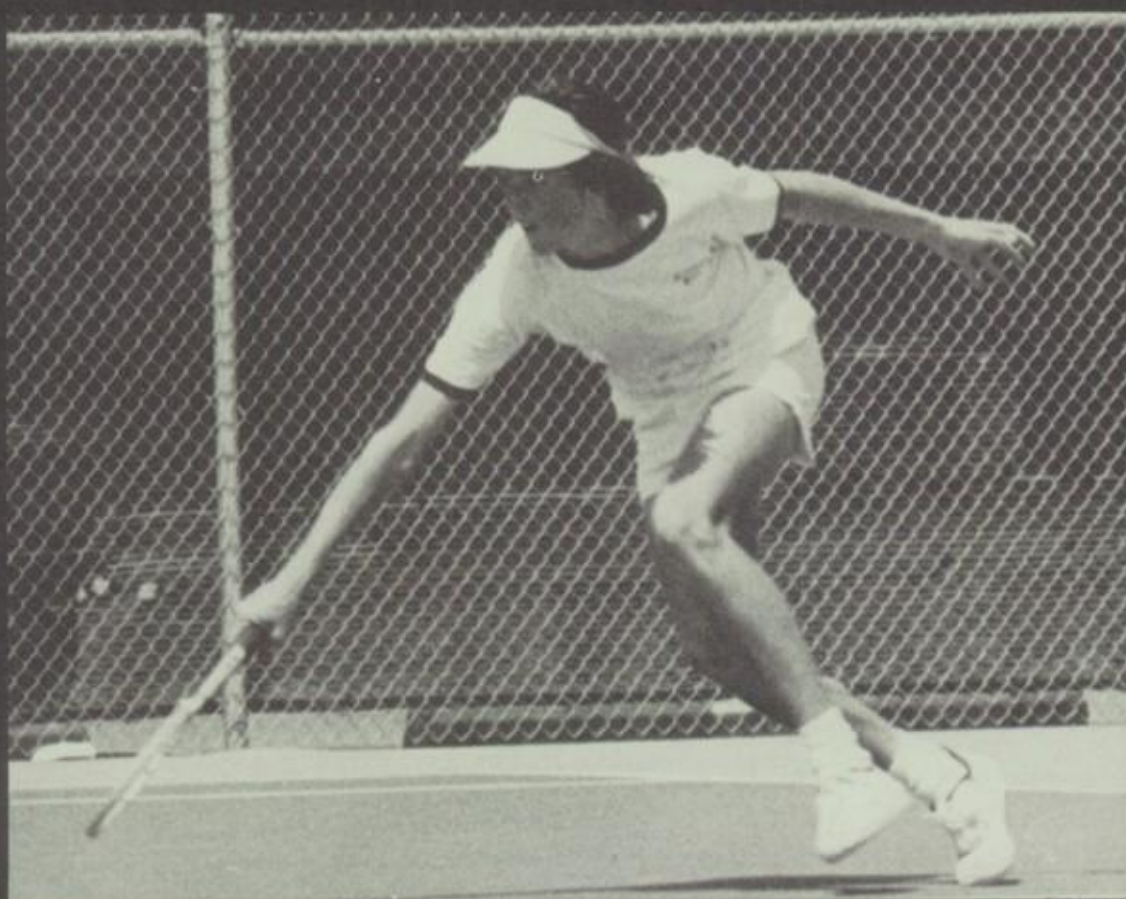
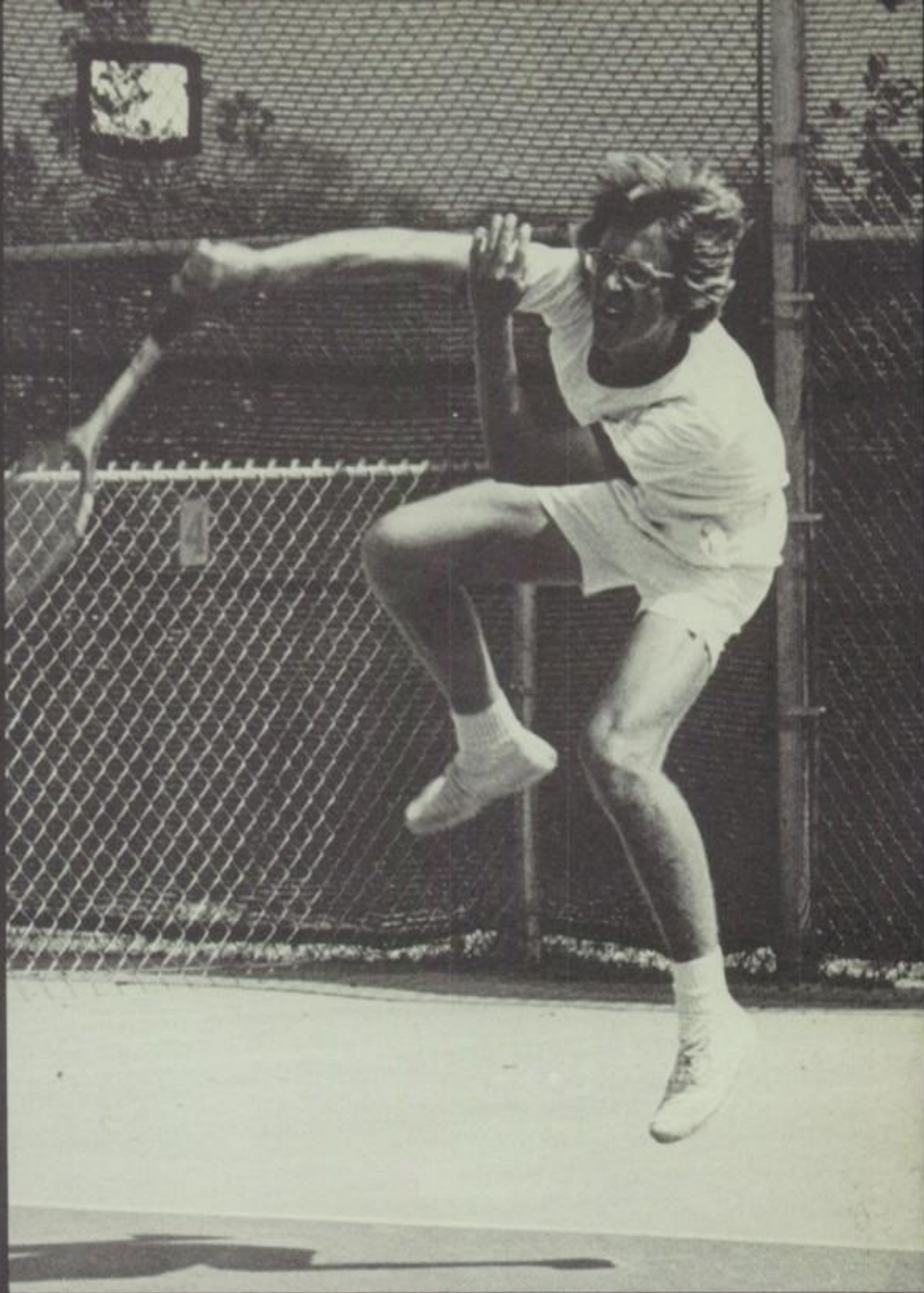
After practicing our techniques of windscreen installation, our season began amidst the "doo doo" flies and gail wind warnings. At times we ran and ran and ran. It was the price we had to pay for being lazy. There were our good matches (like the Cascia match when the dazzling duo of Kunkel and Morley played so hard that their opponents got sick and had to leave.) Then there were our bad matches (like the Fayetteville match we played after mopping up the courts as those Razor-backs sat and watched.) Our season kept on an upswing though. At conference we retained our up position where we won first place and Kurt Lieben-dorfer took his flying leap over the high jump onto his nose.



Above: Richard Harrison serves with a vengeful approach that helped him win a conference final. **Right:** Joel Starr, unworried about defeating his opponent, prepares for the smash with a grin.

HH	Cascia 6-3
HH	Muskogee 6-3
HH	Heritage Hall 7-2
HH	Ark City Third
HH	Shawnee 2-7
HH	Pryor 9-0
HH	Wichita 9-0
HH	Shawnee 4-5
HH	Casady Tournament
	Second
HH	Muskogee 5-4
HH	Edison 3-6
HH	Pryor 9-0
HH	Wichita 9-0
HH	Casady 6-3
HH	Cascia 7-2
HH	Fayetteville 4-5
HH	SPC First

Below: Darrell Kunkel, Kurt Liebendorfer, Richard Harrison, Phil Jones, Peter Morley, Harold Kunkel, Joel Starr. **Right:** Airborne Phil Jones uses his unique form to capture a SPC doubles win.



With a quick foot Kurt Liebendorfer skims across the court to make a hit.

'Doo doos can do it . . .'

We probably had the quickest reflexes of any team at conference as a result of the ever present "doo doo" flies. These pests were huge, grotesque insects which could be found infesting the 81st tennis courts, especially during important matches. Swatting at them before serve returns caused many points to end in disaster. Once they struck, there was only one chance left; if the "doo doos" decided to attack your opponent. Just ask any varsity player and they will surely tell you about the annoying little fiends.

SMALL IN NUMBERS, BIG ON EFFORT

When you hear coach Hooker yelling For! (phonetic spelling), he could mean Fore! or Four!? The sport is golf and for HH both are appropriate. Four people composed the golf team for the second year in a row. Although quality not quantity is important in the sport, a few more players could add more competition and keep the best players at their best. Participation wasn't a problem for track. It was the lack of facilities. Running through ditches in

the middle of an important race didn't help your times and neither did indoor practices where dodging volleyballs didn't exactly provide the atmosphere of a track meet. We finally got to run on real cinder at Lafortune, what a difference. But at SPC, the all-weather track was the best. We were praised for our efforts, but with our facilities being at the bottom, and our team being at the bottom in numbers, our place in conference was understandable.

Golf: Craig Raguse, John Brechin, Phil West, Chip Williams.



'We're a six point success.'

In the world of Ripley's Believe or Not's, HH makes an addition to this work of unbelievable. We have a track team. We're not fast, like Bob Hayes, and we don't have Bob Seagrin pole vaulting. But we do have Clark Lipotich to long jump and 16 other guys to rake the pits. We did beat Jenks, but conference was another story. Six points isn't much when you compare it to St. Mark's 93, but for our first year, and a raunchy track, I think we were great.



Above Left: Leading after the first lap in the 880, Melvin Tennant makes a strong showing at SPC in Wichita. **Above:** Track, **First Row:** Darlene Litton, Jim Eagleton, Andy Allen, David Armstrong, Hans Helmerich, Russell LaCour. **Second Row:** Ron Binding, David Nickle, Scot Harvey, Eric Freeman, Bob Cox, Clark Lipotich. **Third Row:** Joel Rutledge, Melvin Tennant, Glenn Wood, Mark Taylor, David Neal, Steve Camp.



Left: Clark Lipotich, the sole hurdler, clears the barrier with stifling determination. **Directly Below:** JV Boys' Tennis, **First Row:** Bob Mason, Mark Eckenwiler, Jason Starr, Matt Brainerd, Jody Ho, Peter Williams, Jerry Rushmore, Brett Glass, Peter Kamp, Mike Frank. **Second Row:** Mr. Ward, Chuck Carmack, Craig MacNaughton, Flint Breckinridge, Mike Nelson, John Daniel, Peter Oven, Joel Starr, Paul Dunlap, John Arrington, Matt Sutherland, David Nonweiler, Bobby Langholz, Bryan Camp. **Below:** JV Girls' Tennis, **First Row:** Kathy Barnard, Lynn Connolly. **Second Row:** Leni Lundh, Shelley Moskowitz, Marilyn Jennings, Susan Strange, Mrs. Nelson, Pam Nelson, Karen Forsythe.



'A will
to win
won it.'

Tennis season at the middle school in the cases of Jason Starr and John Daniel was running through windows and getting mono. It was also the year of missing the bus. But it did have its good points like winning the eighth consecutive state Junior State Tournament and the introduction of a new girls tennis program, which also won State. HH has always had strong reserves in skill as well as spirit and a respect for one another with an attitude that says win.

HISTORY MADE BY OUR SPC CHAMPIONS

'If we don't win, it will be a three-way tie and that ain't worth peanuts.' Coach Doult

Reclining: Team Manager Jamie Vander Molen; **First Row:** Liz Arrington, Barbie Edwards, Connie Lockwood, Captain Amy Brechin; **Second Row:** Jill Jones, Nancy Rizley, Lisa Whitehill, Cathy Modrak, Cip Patterson; **Third Row:** Nancy Jenkins, Lucia Gary, Cheryl Anderson, Cathy Moore; **Fourth Row:** Betsy York, Sarah Wright, Anne Read, Julie Coppedge; **Missing:** Julie Shade, Coach Doult.



Fullback Sarah Wright backs up Lucia Gary as she steals the ball from Casady opponent.



'We're No. 1 . . .'

Being SPC Champs is something that is unexplainable. It's an inner feeling of glory that always keeps you happy. Everytime before when someone would shout "We're No. 1!" it was only to raise spirits. But now we can say it 'cause "We ARE No. 1!"

Before the Casady game, we knew that if we won this game, we could take conference. We had something we had never had before — team confidence. We had even decided to save the cake the boys had given us for our victory cake. Confidence — this is what won the game for us. Both our teams were equal as far as skills go, but we pushed out because we knew we had to win. Everyone supporting us gave us a feeling

Nancy Rizley hits fast to avoid an oncoming OSU opponent, while Lucia Gary Hustles to intercept the ball.



bake us cakes? People actually cared about "those crazy hockey players." Because they cared, we cared all the more. With our spirit and unity and now the addition of spectators, we knew we could beat anyone. Thanks to Miss Douth, we all "got ball hungry," and beat them we did.

Now we knew it was worth it. There were even red carnations for us before our last game. We had no way to say thanks but to play so well that no one could forget. Forget? Who COULD forget the SPC Champs and that "voice on the hill?"

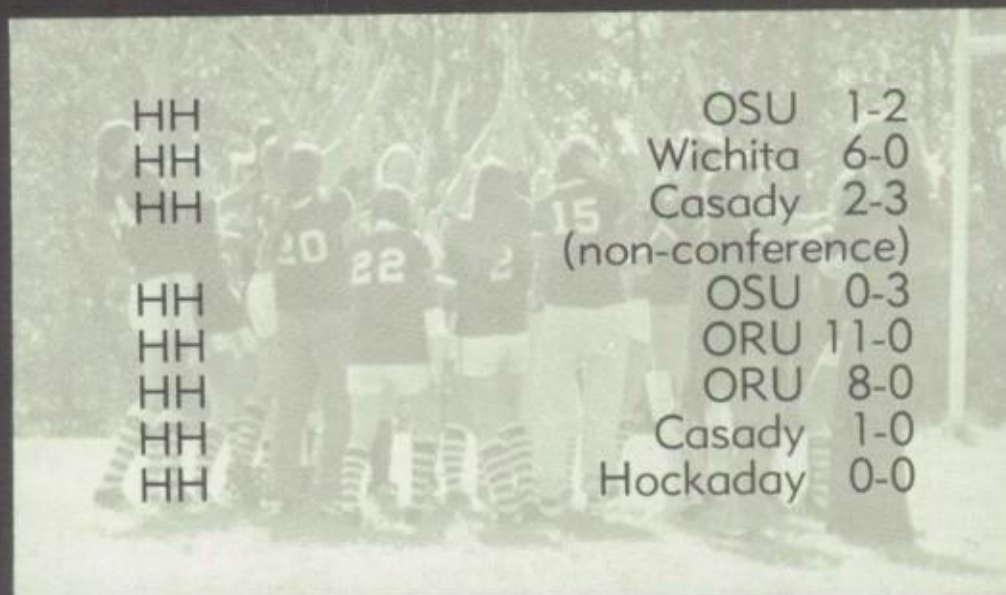


that someone did care about us girls and wanted us to win. It got down to the point where we were just sick and tired of them winning. The big day came and everyone was jumping with nerves. We had to win it for Douth to show everyone we were the best. The weather was great, which helped a lot. We played the best game of our lives and for the first time, played as a team. We never let down and always rushed our hardest. At halftime, we all knew they were shaky. The score was 0-0. All of the sudden in the second half, I saw the ball roll in the cage and the whistle blow. Sticks flew. Everyone went crazy — jumping up and down, screaming, and crying. It was the neatest feeling I've ever felt.

Silent only for a moment, wanting her team to score, Captain Amy Brechin watches helplessly, unable to play because of a broken finger.



Above: Demonstrating the skill it takes to be a winner, Jill Jones rushes past another Cyclone opponent. **Below:** "All for one and one for all," filled with team spirit the determined hockey players prepare to take SPC — and they did.



HH	OSU	1-2
HH	Wichita	6-0
HH	Casady	2-3
	(non-conference)	
HH	OSU	0-3
HH	ORU	11-0
HH	ORU	8-0
HH	Casady	1-0
HH	Hockaday	0-0



HH FWCD 14 - 4

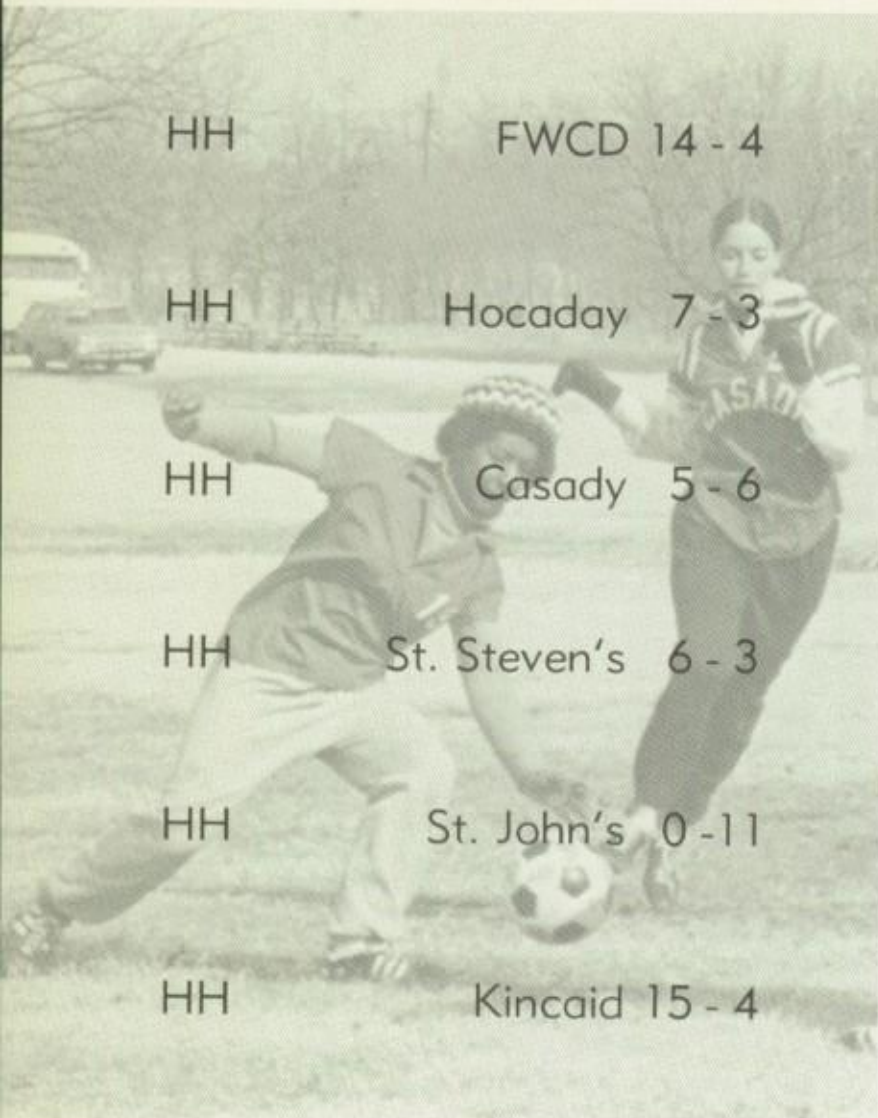
HH Hocaday 7 - 3

HH Casady 5 - 6

HH St. Steven's 6 - 3

HH St. John's 0 - 11

HH Kincaid 15 - 4



Left: Debbie Jenkins bats the ball down trying to fake out the Cyclones' attack. **Below:** Valerie Brewer of St. John's tries to pass Jill Jewell in an unsuccessful drive while Susan Dunlap and Charlotte Thornton move in for the defense.



'Two, four, six, eight, we don't appreciate . . .'

There was so much excitement over hockey taking conference that I wanted speedball to do the same. We had everything going for us — skill, experience, depth and confidence. Every single one of us played our hearts out at Casady for a victory. We out-played the Cyclones from beginning to end. They knew it, we knew it — everyone knew it. But we were plagued with bad call after bad call. We couldn't fight the team, their coach and the officials and still expect to win. I'll never forget those touchdown calls. I guess we had everything going for us except the score. Casady 6; Holland Hall 5.



Above: MVP Margaret Martin scores a drop kick — only to have the controversial three points called back.



ALL-TIME HIGH FOR SPEEDBALL'S LAST YEAR



We began with bowling and ended with soccer. With our first game being in January, the Yale Bowl served, as temporary athletic diversification. Unfortunately though, by the end of the season, the SPC coaches felt that permanent diversification was needed. With few teams and fewer officials, speedball had seen its last year.

None of us really knew why we were playing that crazy mixed up game called speedball. Maybe it was because we liked to see how many different colors of clothing we could bundle ourselves in before practicing, or perhaps it was the satisfaction you recieved when (and if) you finally scored a drop kick.

Our practices were filled with punts, field goals, and bust exercises. We found ourselves playing in sun and snow, slipping in mud and rain, and tripping through fog and rocks. Besides scrimmaging in practice we traveled while we air dribbled, played with Snitz (Miss Douth's dog), and had a ridiculous two on two elimination tournament.



Above Center: Captain Barbie Edwards displays her graceful ballet form in an effort to soften the game.
Above: First Row: Ann Hooker, Betsy York, Nancy Makar, Jill Jewell, Debbie Jenkins, Kathy Moore, Lisa Whitehill, Anne Read, Laura Shamas, Pat Hallett.
Second Row: Charlotte Thornton, Margaret Martin.
Third Row: Coach Linda Polster, Coach Chris Douth, Julie Tate, Amy Brechin, Susan Dunlap, Nancy Jenkins, Lucia Gary, Betsy Whalley, captain Barbie Edwards, Cindy Bunn, Coach Cindy Bryant. **Left:** Lucia Gary studies the play as Susan Dunlap gives it all she's got to save the ball against St. John's.

Anxiety before conference lead to high spirits at conference. On the field, our spirits brought us a 4-2 record. Off the field, our spirits earned us the title of the wildest team at Passport Inn. (We felt that the bathtub was a little too cramped for free-wheeling Nancy Makar and that the pool was just the right size. Water too cold, Nancy?)

Speedball had ended with a season we could be proud of. With a tie for second at conference, the best scoring record in HH history, and more all conference players than any other team, it was sad to hear that speedball was over forever.

HH	Foyil	30-55
HH	Tulahassee	36-36
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	47-39
HH	Foyil	37-48
HH	Owasso	19-61
HH	Casady	47-28
HH	Catoosa	30-56
HH	Chelsea	18-37
HH	Cleveland	21-32
HHI	Bartlesville College	41-29
HH	Tulahassee	30-55
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	49-28
HH	Washington	48-50
HH	Bartlesville Sooner	49-28
HH	Washington	48-50
HH	Bartlesville College	26-25
HH	Owasso	11-49
HH	Monte Cassino	53-45
HH	Casady	39-30
HH	Hockaday	24-61
HH	Wichita Collegiate	24-28
HH	St. Mary's	43-64
HH	Kincaid	53-51
HH	St. John's	35-43
HH	Greenhill	53-55

Left: In the second overtime of the contest, Cip Patterson strains to out-reach her Washington opponent Avis Foster. **Below:** Cheryl Kunkel and Jane Friedrich corner their opponent in an attempt to block her pass.



'I didn't expect much . . . '

When I went to a girls' basketball game, I was expecting to walk away embarrassed. With only one returning senior on the team, I didn't expect much. To my surprise, the team performed as though they had played together for years. Excitement wasn't the word for this particular game. After it was carried out to a double overtime, it could be better termed as strenuous, even for those sitting in the bleachers. If I hadn't known the girls from around school, their performance on the court would not have been indicative of their personalities. I never realized that Holland Hall had girls that could run so hard and shoot so well. If you are ever looking for some free excitement, or would like to see girls in a different state of being, try a girls' basketball game. You're likely to find it fascinating.



First Row: Susan Moore, Cheryl Kunkel, Jane Tyler, Kathleen Barry, Kelly McCune, Marylou Frates, Jane Friedrich. **Second Row:** Coach Ivors, Nancy Rizley, Cathy Crockett, Kathleen Hares, Sherry Erskine, Cip Patterson, Phyllis Lewis, Ginger Ashley.

After forcing a steal, Marylou Frates energetically races down-court to awaiting forwards.



FLU RUINS SPC CHANCES

Some of us will never know why we played basketball. It couldn't have been for all those line drills we ran for Mr. Ivors and certainly not for the leg weights we had to wear at practice. It couldn't have been to stay late after practice to shoot 150 extra free throws. In practice we heard, "Don't dribble if your not going anywhere" until we wished we were deaf and the "passing game" and "man on man defense" became our specialties. Our conference hopes faded as the flu bug found five out of our six starters before the Hockaday and Wichita games, but despite our losses, we worked hard at SPC in Dallas (especially trying to short sheet Mr. Ivor's bed before our 10:00 p.m. curfew.)

For some the season was satisfying, for others very rewarding, and for the rest — well, they will still never know why they played basketball.



Left: While a Casady opponent tries to block her shot, Nancy Rizley shoots high for two points.
Above: Eager to get the ball up court, Kathleen Barry stands ready to pass off to her forwards.



After rebounding a shot against Owasso, Jane Tyler out-maneuvers her opponent.

GIRLS GO 'N GIT NO. 2

Down the stairs, through the mud, across the bridge, tripping across stumps . . . each day we faced that long trudge out to the tennis courts. It was usually to practice with eight people on two courts or bat at balls in 50 mph winds. (Despite the fact we finally got our windscreens.) Our matches took us all over Green Country U.S.A. to places where we, all but once, came home with a victory. We were the only team with our own Git 'N Go girls, a pregnant

coach, and a hole in our gas tank due to an unexpected dip warning. At conference, we weren't playing that "1-2-3-4 game" anymore. Our longer matches resulted in red, sunburnt bodies (except for Mary Sukkar who kept her tiger glasses on.) We did manage to pull through with a second place win though due to our D.O.B.s (deep on backhand) and constant ice packs on Connie's injured shoulder.

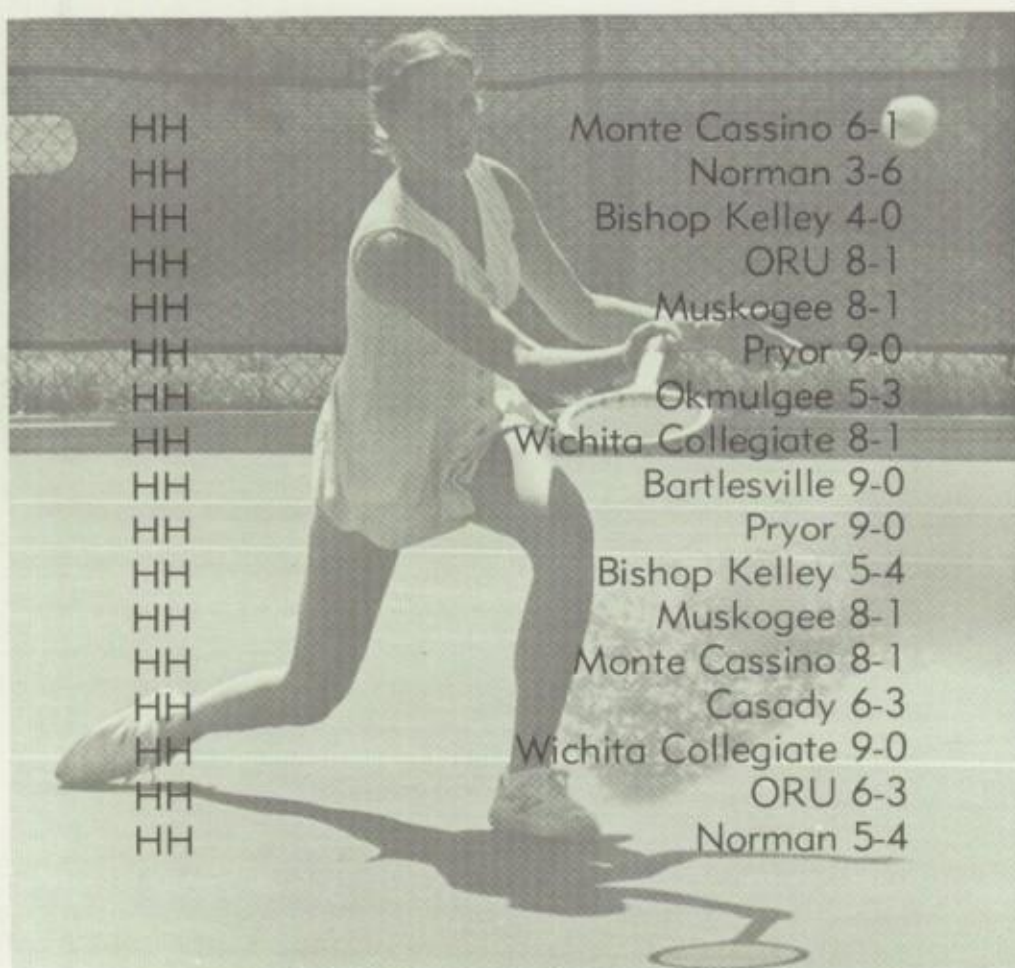
Below Left: Mrs. Bryant sits prettily to make up for Mary Sukkar's advantage in wearing tiger glasses and bonnet. **Below:** Liz Arrington grimaces as her serve barely tops the net.



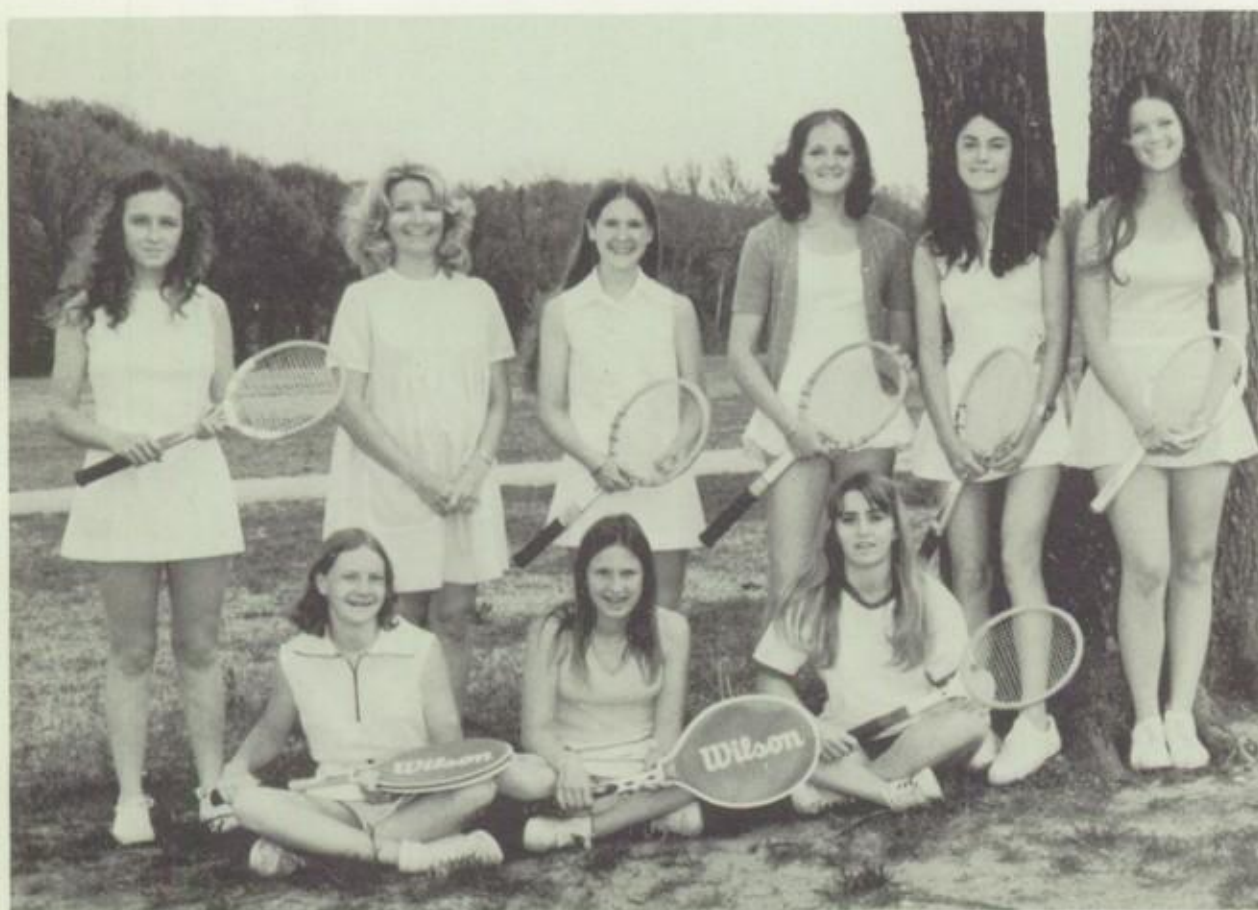
Above: MVP Cheryl Kunkel's consistent play takes her to the SPC finals. **Right:** Although displaying fancy footwork and forehand finesse, captain Char Thornton misses the ball.



Showing the graceful way to play the game of tennis is Sarah Rizley.



Despite persistent shoulder problems at conference, Connie Lockwood counterattacks her opponent's onslaughts to take singles consolation.



First Row: Marilou Frates, Liz Arrington, Cheryl Kunkel. **Second Row:** Mary Sukkar, Mrs. Bryant, Connie Lockwood, Sarah Rizley, captain Charlotte Thornton, Juliet Harrison.

'McDonald's was a real blow . . .'

Spring conference proved to be an unusual S.P.C. Driving some teams in station wagons instead of the usual M.K. & O. bus seemed a terrible blow to tradition. Staying in the same hotel as the boys was another blow to tradition, (but perhaps not so terrible.) I think I saw more of them when they stayed across town from us. Tradition felt its real blow though, as we started home (while being careful not to puncture our sunburnt bodies.) As our bus pulled up to McDonald's instead of the immortal Wyatt's cafeteria, it seemed Holland Hall had finally conformed to the new American way.

SOFTIES NAME THE GAME UNPREDICTABLE

HH	Kelley	5-22
HH	Casady	8-12
HH	Lib. M.	24-11
HH	Lib. M.	21-14
HH	Bartlesville	20-12
HH	Bartlesville	20-13
HH	Washington	12-28
HH	Mason	26-25
HH	Casady	2-12
HH	Okarche	44-16
HH	Red Raiders	9-20
HH	Bartlesville	11-10
HH	Bartlesville	20- 5
HH	Kelleyville	0-16
HH	Greenhill	11-17
HH	Hockaday	32-22
HH	FWCD	16- 0
HH	Casady	7-15



It seemed that when we hit well, our fielding was poor . . . and vice versa. The attitude of the team was so important for us. We really psyched ourselves up for games with the aid of our new coach, Mrs. Harrison. We were so unpredictable that being "up" for a game could mean disaster . . . we laughed so hard at times, that three innings could go by unnoticed (except by Mr. Calkins.) It seemed as though we changed Mr. Calkins from Mr. Optimist to Mr. Worry as the outcomes of our games became more and more unpredictable. Come-from-behind victories were our trademark. To us, scoring 20 runs against Mason with two outs already made, seemed spectacular. But to repeat that performance against Hockaday made it an everyday affair. With our luck and Nelda, Burr, Mamacita, Flicka, Chickie Baby, and Camel Woman, how could we ever loose anyway?



Below: First Row: Karen Caldwell, Anne Laster, Ann Hooker, Sherry Erskine, Nancy Jenkins, captain Amy Brechin. **Second Row:** Julie Yeabower, Robyn Watson, Nancy VanderMolen, Nancy Makar, Candy Terry, Cheryl Somers. **Left:** Ann Hooker throws the ball in, during pre-game warm-up.



'They played real doozies . . .'

The chicks who composed the softball team always saved the best for last. Whether they were runnin' in the sun or had it made in the shade, they gave the best they had when the goin's were bad. They were all hard workers, but sometimes had to steal to make ends meet. When the chips were down, they ran a tight business and never let anyone slide.

Mason was tough, but not tough enough. For our team supreme, by whom Mason was creamed in the last inning, when they were just beginning, to start to play, with two away, they saved the day, 26-25, man alive.



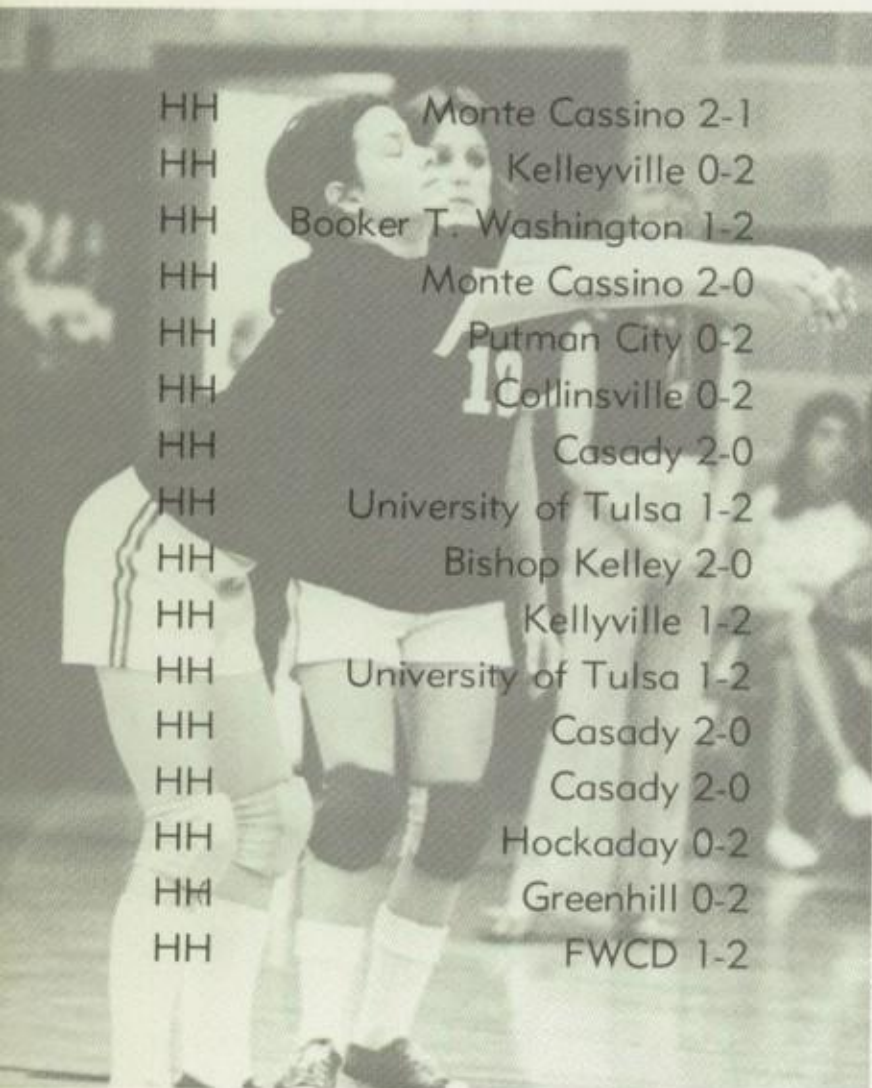
Left: Nancy Makar combines her abilities of stealing a base and bubble blowing. **Above Left** (opposite page): Her Hockady opponent misses the ball as Julie Yeabower makes a base run. **Directly Above:** Cheryl Somers, Amy Brechin, and Sherry Erskine display their team cooperation for an out.



Left: Nancy Jenkins rounds third base for a final sprint into home. **Above:** Robyn Watson packs a powerful ball into first base.



Left: Leaping Leslie Ringold jumps and bumps in demonstrating her unique style. **Below:** Cip Patterson falls out of the picture as she dives to make a valiant effort.



HH	Monte Cassino 2-1
HH	Kelleyville 0-2
HH	Booker T. Washington 1-2
HH	Monte Cassino 2-0
HH	Putman City 0-2
HH	Collinsville 0-2
HH	Casady 2-0
HH	University of Tulsa 1-2
HH	Bishop Kelley 2-0
HH	Kellyville 1-2
HH	University of Tulsa 1-2
HH	Casady 2-0
HH	Casady 2-0
HH	Hockaday 0-2
HH	Greenhill 0-2
HH	FWCD 1-2

Co-captain Barbie Edwards prays for a point while Kelly McCune is witness to the sleep-walking pro.

'Would you like yours served spiked?'

If you were to tell someone that a group of girls were going down to the gym to do some spiking, serving, and bumping, (with occasional groans and foot-stomping), one would think there was going to be a wild party with spiked punch and dancing go-go girls.

Sorry to disappoint you but instead of a wild party, a volleyball game would be going on. But the action is equally exciting. Imagine six girls able to bump to perfection. Bump! Set 'em up! Spike, Bump! Bump! Spike! Or better yet, imagine Sarah Wright spiking down the other teams' throat instead of putting it in their glasses, (and sometimes even putting it in their eyeglasses.)

If that ain't as exciting as a party, then Shirley Temple wasn't on the Good Ship Lolly Pop.

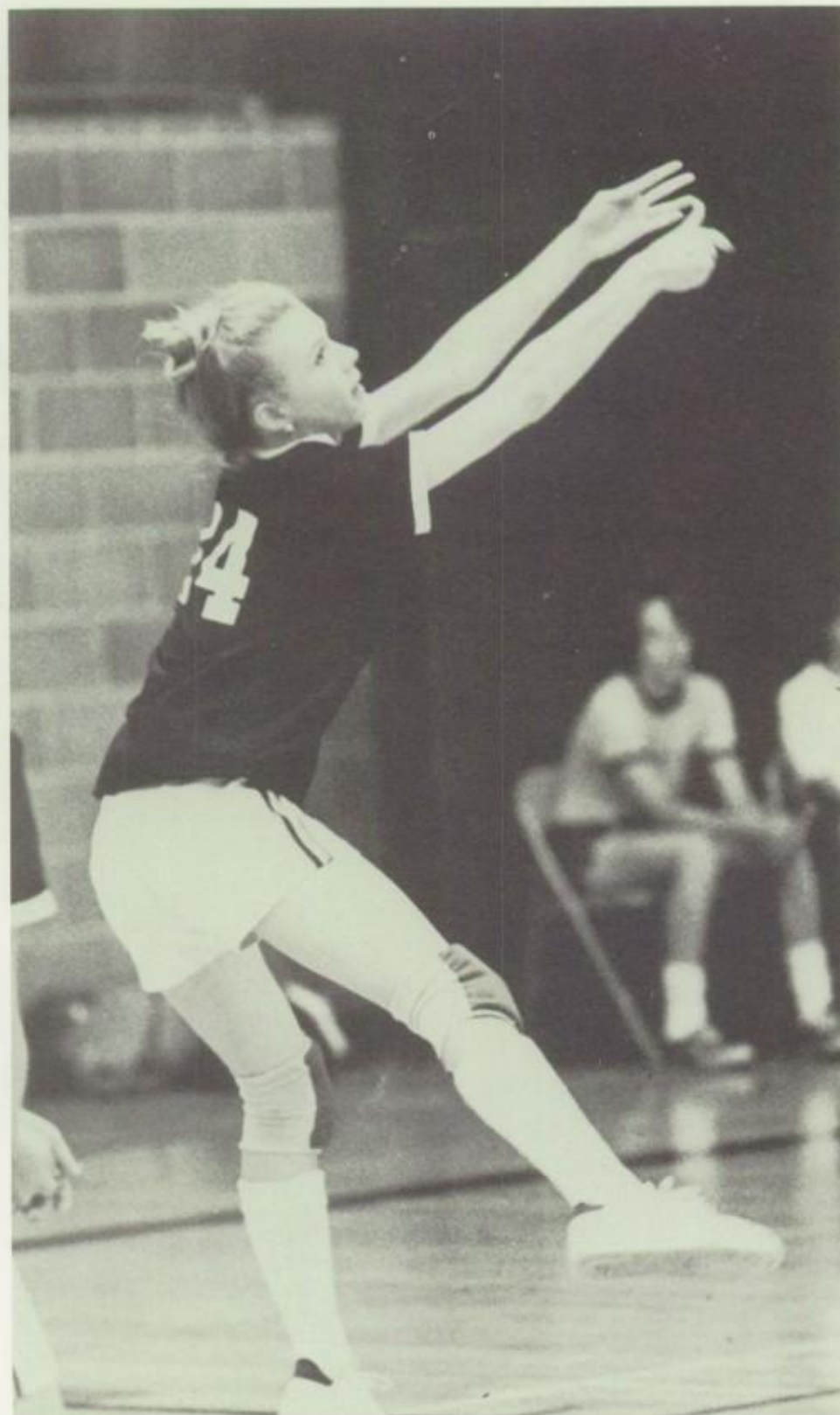




BOUNCING BEAUTIES CUT OFF FOR PRACTICE



Directly Above: Anticipating the direction of the serve, Sarah Wright yells out, "Who's got it?" **Above: First Row:** Susan Paddock, Leslie Ringold, Kelley McCune, Lauren Buttery. **Second Row:** Barbie Edwards, Cathy Crockett, Sarah Wright, Cip Patterson, Dene Bullard. **Right:** Con-tortionizing in strange positions, Dene Bullard stretches to set the ball.



Pushing all past miserable defeats behind, we began each practice bouncing down to the courts with our hair in pony tails on top of our heads and dressed in fraternity shirts and raveled cut offs. Serving, warming up, which consisted of twisting ourselves into absolutely impossible positions, and then playing "follow the leader," which was actually a contest to see who would break their neck first, began each practice. Next came spiking and receiving drills which, for some extremely odd reason, we began to enjoy. All the pain soon wore off, and we actually began to win. Now all we need to do is to teach Doult how to play.

SAKAWAS, WANATAS HEAD NEW PROGRAM

Sakawas and Wanatas, better known as the girls P.E. program, lead to diverse athletic development similar to the girls' varsity sports. During field hockey, one could acquire much "sticking" experience — mainly by practicing on the opponent. Speedball was practiced with effort since goalies were usually standing in swamps and players were slipping in mud. With tennis racquets aimed, we fired up our spring program with a volunteer teacher, Mrs. Nelson. Each day we could trot up to the Tulsa Tennis Club to play. After treacherous recruiting, a softball team was formed, playing two games a week in a local league. Whatever sport we played, we had either blue or white shorts, some with nametags, and some without. (Contrary to Mrs. Kaboth's popular belief.)

Sakawas: **First Row:** Brenda Biery, Rendy Keaten, Kathy Barnard, Tracy Lockwood, Pam Nelson, Allison Reid, Sheila Stillings, Amy Bechtel; **Second Row:** Lisa McNight, Sandra Katz, Peggy Dalious, Emily Palik, Linda Jenkins, Mary Nole; **Third Row:** Frances Anderson, Maree Lang, Lisa Pack, Marilyn Jennings, Robin Copeland, Nellie Higginbotham, Elizabeth Jackson, Lynn Connolly.



In squatting to secure the ball, Stephanie Sisler prevents Sakawa run.



Wanatas: **First Row:** Leslie Casey, Susan Strange, Lori Akin, Leslie Droege, Allison Sitrin, Shelley Maskowitz; **Second Row:** Sylvia Dukelow, Dana Harwood, Anne Parker, Vicky Modrak, Linda Seay, Stephanie Sisler, Julie Voth, Janet McCready; **Third Row:** Carol Bush, Lori White, Wendy Ware, Sharon Rumley, Allison Barry, Shanon Benton, Karen Forsythe, Lee Shirkey.



Left: Aggressive play rewards Lynn Connolly the ball while Linda Jenkins anticipates the play. **Below:** Overriding stamina of Vicki Modrak proved not enough as Casady wumped the novice junior varsity speed-ball team.



'Right dress one . . . left, . . .'

Being new, I passed up field hockey for fear I would look like a clutz learning how to play it. Little did I know I would be marching in a P.E. class instead. The first command of the day was always "Left, left, left, right, left . . . ones go one step, twos go two, threes go three steps, and fours go four . . . ready, march." When we were first engaged in this tedious chore, I was afraid I would have to go through it every day for 45 minutes for the rest of the year.



Above: Marilyn Jennings displays a smashing swing to her fearful opponent. **Left:** Lori Akin's sneers at her far-out serve while enjoying the use of the Tulsa Tennis Club courts.



THINGS GO TOGETHER





First Row: President Bob Cox, secretary Cheryl Kunkel, Leslie Hughes, treasurer Peter Jackson, Keith Owens, Debbie Jenkins, Robin Rainey, Susan Paddock, David Nickle, vice-president Steve Camp. **Second Row:** Ron Binding, Mr. Bizjack, Harold Kunkel, Ann Hooker, Keith Cressman, Charlotte Thornton, Pat Hallett, Ward Camp, Julie Shade.

FATE PARALYZES SC's EFFORTS

Your local Student Council . . . the activity generator according to the old tradition. It seemed, though, that people didn't like our activities or else just didn't want to get involved. For those that participated, we did accomplish a few feats. After feeding ping-pong balls to goldfish at Field Day and turning the 81st Street campus into a haunted house for a Halloween Party for the lower school kiddies, we diverted our attention to collecting newspapers. We rang doorbells until our fingers were sore and rummaged through trash until we reeked. Our efforts won 3rd place in the KELI Paper Drive and brought us \$400 in cash. Projects like the X-mas Dance (that never was) and the canned food drive (that got canned) were conquered by evil forces such as winter weather and student apathy. Our most popular activity, though, was the operation of the coke machine. Despite the occasional loss of a quarter, it usually provided dieters with all the D.D.P. they could handle, and kept Dr. Pepper freaks high on carbonation.

Whether Student Council seemed active to you or not, the school would not have been the same without it or its sidekick, the Middle School Student Council. There would have been no moving morning announcements by Bob Cox, and no one to do the traditional work other organizations sneered at such as selling hot dogs and cokes to hungry Tulsa bookworms at The Book & Art Fair. For those Middle Schoolers, there would have been no X-mas Dance with spaghetti, no Valentine's Day Boogie, or no Camp Takatoka. Yet despite bad odds and the students nonconcern, the Student Council seemed effective in its own little way.





Above Left: First Row: Ricky Carpenter, James Fuquay, Randy Nelson, Jeff Hughes. Second Row: Mark McCane, John Freeman, Jeff Harrison, Leslie Watson. Third Row: Greg Owens, Graham Brannin, Charlie Morrow, Tom Deck, Anne Parker, Fran Miller. **Above Right:** Volunteers Roger Thurmond, Chuck Gibbs and Martha Wilson lend helping hands to the Paper Drive.



'Some of you ask, 'Is there a Student Council?'

Well, yes and no. There was a group of representatives and offices with much desired money, but it wasn't a group that was really successful in promoting that real school spirit. It wasn't that they didn't try. There were your few basic dances that finally seemed to appear. There were the basic good will activities such as the paper drive and canned foods drive, but no one seemed too concerned except those lonesome few. No one really seemed to care. Perhaps it was fate that ruined our enthusiasm (such as the snowstorm that hit before our Christmas dance), or maybe it was only our own apathy and unwillingness to help with the various activities. Think about it. Unlimited opportunities were available. It is too bad we didn't take advantage of them.

Far Left: Slowly but surely the canned food drive begins. **Left:** Ann Hooker aids Vice-President Steve Camp with his daily machine filling duty.

DAYS, NIGHTS HATCH FRESH EIGHT ACRES

We are the creators — of the **Eight Acres** that is. We never really knew what we were creating because it had never been done before. "Yearbook copy" meant nothing to us and mosaic was something Mrs. Carmack taught in art, not yearbook. Deadlines gave us purpose though and we literally lived days and nights for them. Yearbook sessions consisted of Charlotte's bitching, (usually at Margaret), a big white dog constantly sitting in the middle of our layouts and pictures, frequent cries of "WRITE THAT DOWN," and watching Hank Aaron hit his 715th homerun. As the clock ticked away and nerves became shorter, our motto became, "Tell me something to do." (Even though we usually knew.) We ate Fritos and cookies to avoid the munchies at 4:00 a.m. and became slap happy trying to avoid delirium. Early morning headlines always seemed our best. (Probably because we HAD reached delirium.) Silent weeping was heard every time we put the carbon in backwards or typed on the pica paper with the elite typewriter or forgot to double space. When we discovered the debate layout was lost all we could do was cry. (Especially when the deadline was only two days away.) But we continued to listen to Craig Smith choke himself on his "realimmature" jokes, and when everything had been proofread and crammed into one 1 x 1 x 1 cardboard mailing box, we smiled.



Above: First Row: Julie Tate, Sheryl Skaggs, Fred Watson, Peter Athens, Cynthia Easton, co-editor Margaret Martin, **Second Row:** co-editor Charlotte Thornton, Amanda McCloud, Julie Shade, Roy Johnson, Gina Schuman, Nancy Jenkins, Craig Smith, Lucia Gary, Sarah Wright, Russell LaCour, **Third Row:** Mr. Kriekhaus, Keith Owens, David Lucas. **Below:** Craig Smith looks to see if confused Nancy Jenkins actually understands what co-editor Margaret Martin is trying to explain.



'It's only 4 a.m. . . .'

When deadlines sneaked upon us, there was only one way out — the all night (and week) extravaganzas. After missing meals, we began to eat coffee and drink cookies. We practically lived at our editors' houses. It was as if we were being held captive by the SLA. But under the Geneva Convention, one is allowed to communicate and ours usually went something like this.

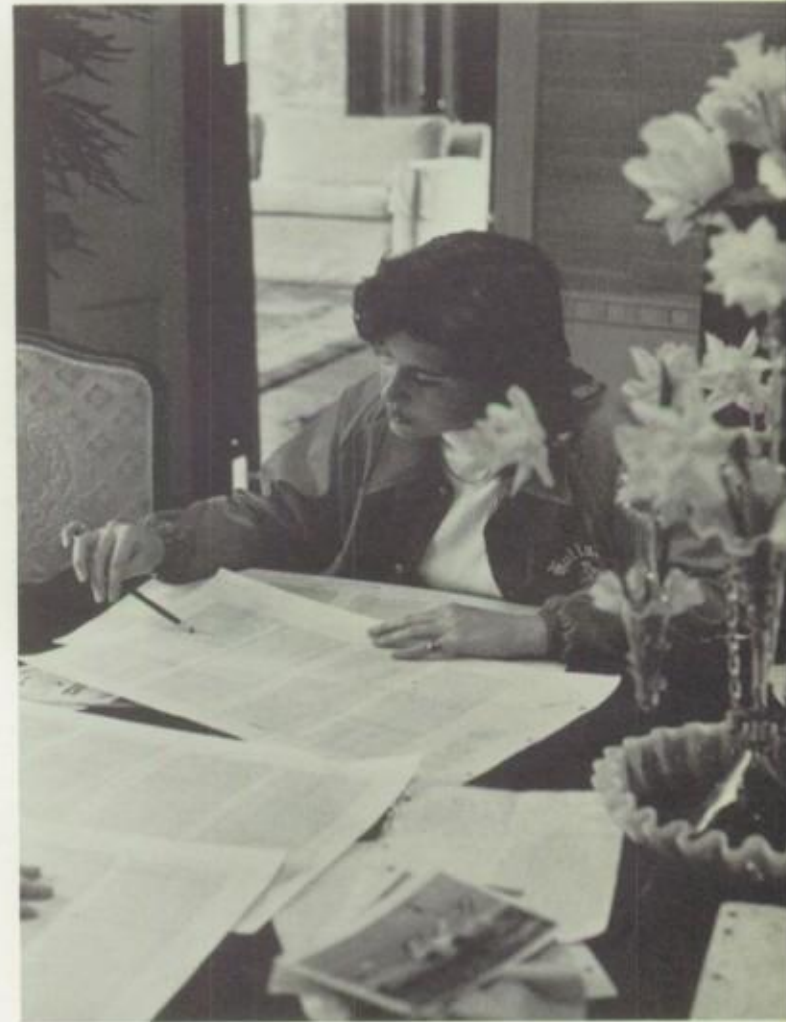
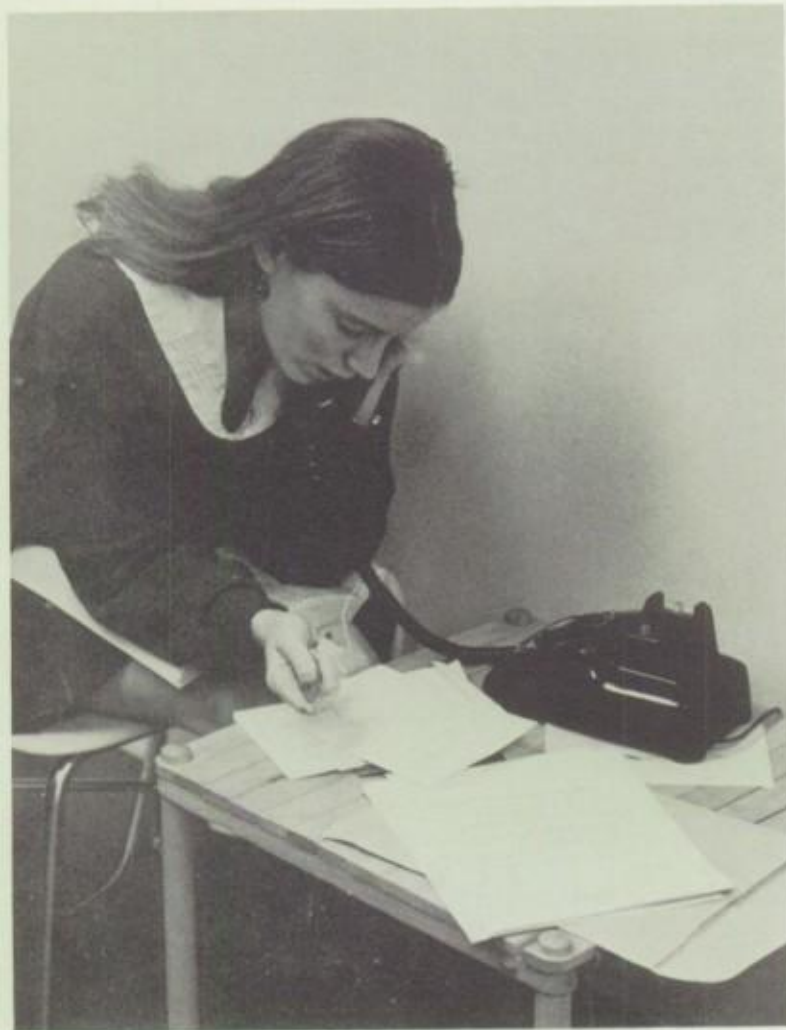
"Aunt Virginia, I'm at Char Thornton's working on yearbook."

"But you were there last night until 4:00 a.m. It seems to me you would have finished by now."

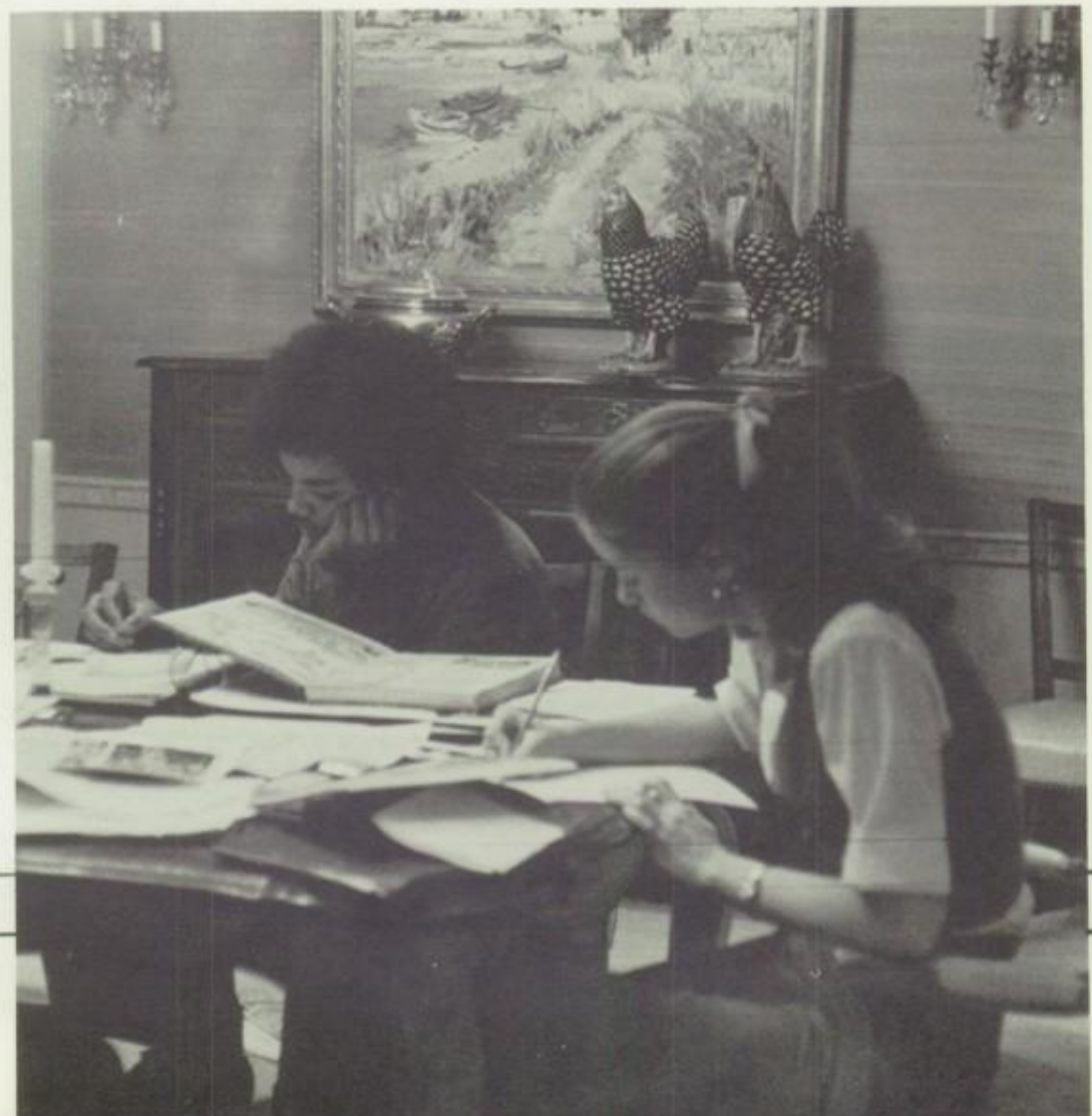
"But we've been working all year and we haven't finished."

"Well that's all the more reason you should have finished. Get home right now!"

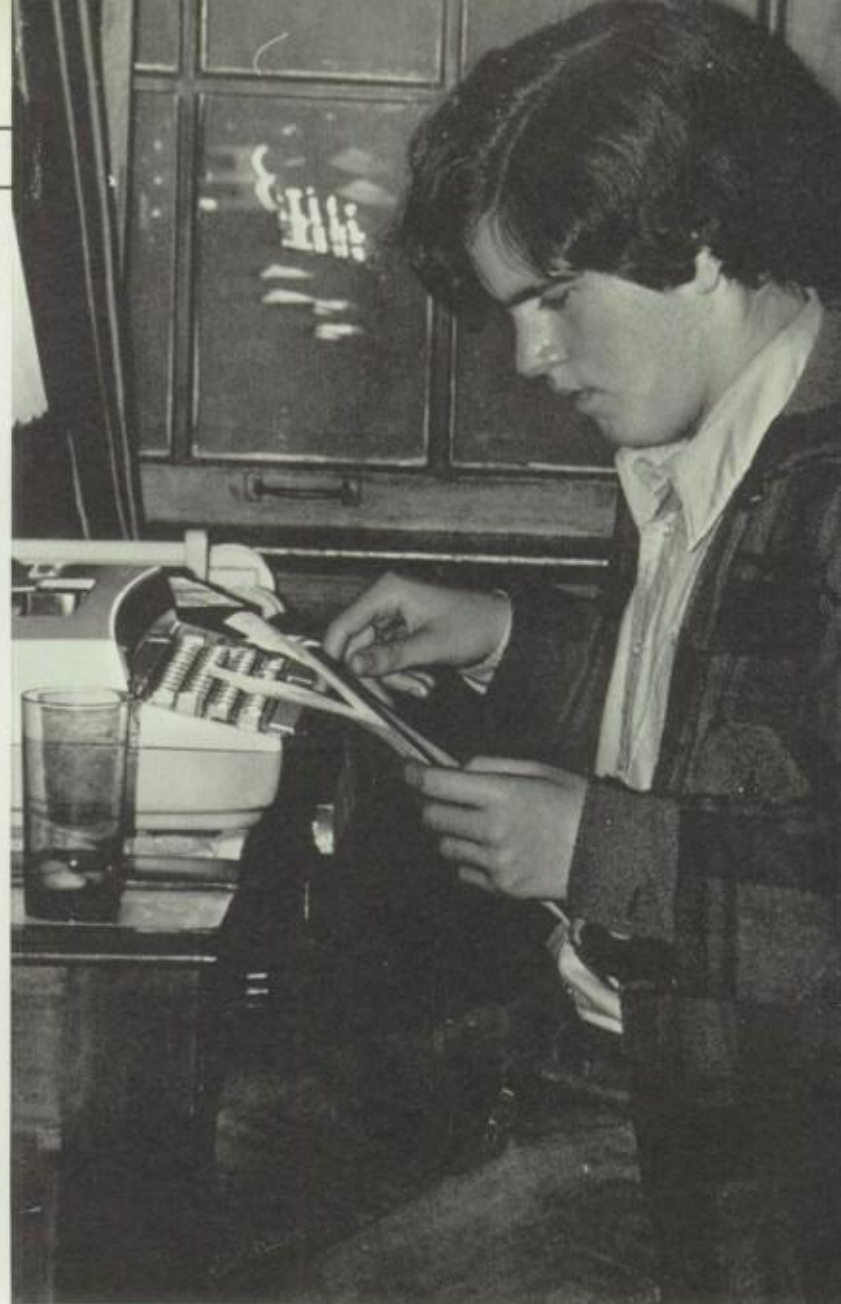
"But I haven't even finished this article, yet."



Above: Workers Sarah Wright, Charlotte Thornton, Amanda McCloud, and David Deller read and reread, consider and reconsider, while Lisa Whitehill finds more interesting material under her fingernails. **Right:** Caught in an unusual quiet moment at a yearbook session, Keith Owens concentrates on his copy while advertising manager Julie Tate tallies her latest totals. **Upper Left:** Julie Tate convinces another businessman that advertising isn't that expensive. **Upper Right:** Sarah Wright ponders her next move while trying to fit a too big picture into a too small space.



HALLWAY EARNs STATE, NATIONAL HONORS



Above Left: Adviser Judy Brazinsky relates proper journalism techniques to an apprehensive group, Ricky Andelman, Diane Davies, and Bob Cox. **Above Right:** Charlie Morrow intensively types, utilizing his hunt-and-peck method. **Below:** **Sitting:** John Coates, Laura Shamas, Ricky Andelman, Leslie Ringold, Kathy Moore, Kathy Beale, editor-in-chief Diane Davies; **Standing:** Lesa Magee, Mr. Paige, Gina Schuman, Michele Holland, Janet Wetzler, Ms. Brazinsky, Leslie Owen, Roy Johnson, Leslie Eaton, Kim Ho, Jeff Thurston, David Lucas, Susan Steinberg, John Ashley, Russell Slack, Laura Harlow, Mat Helmerich.

Everyone kept asking us, "Was it all worth it?" We kept answering, "—!" In what other organization in the school could you stay up till 2:00 A.M. the night before SATs, spend two hours writing a headline for the wrong story, and work your rear off while Mr. Paige watched Barbara Streisand in his office? We even gained state and nation wide honors; An All Oklahoman honor from The Oklahoma Interscholastic Press Association, and first place from The Columbia Press Association. Of course it was worth it!



'The mighty Hallway . . .'

We kept you informed on Mr. Moore's resignation, the boy and girl of the month, ravaging grass fires, and even the percentage of girls who wanted to be in the Letterman's Club. Every three weeks, Diane assigned Roy to assign John to assign . . . Then, "Your articles were due yesterday!" became a familiar cry at announcements. "Brute force will be used if necessary!" Then came the real fun . . . dummy sessions! (What sessions?) At first, we had to start everyone from the beginning because we had a bunch of rookies. Amazingly though, it all fell together after one day (and many long nights.) Each issue seemed progressively better. Our climax — The Gallway. Editor Kidnapped! Acne Invades! were our April fool headlines. It was ours. There was none better in the town or state . . . at least we thought so, anyway. That's what counted.

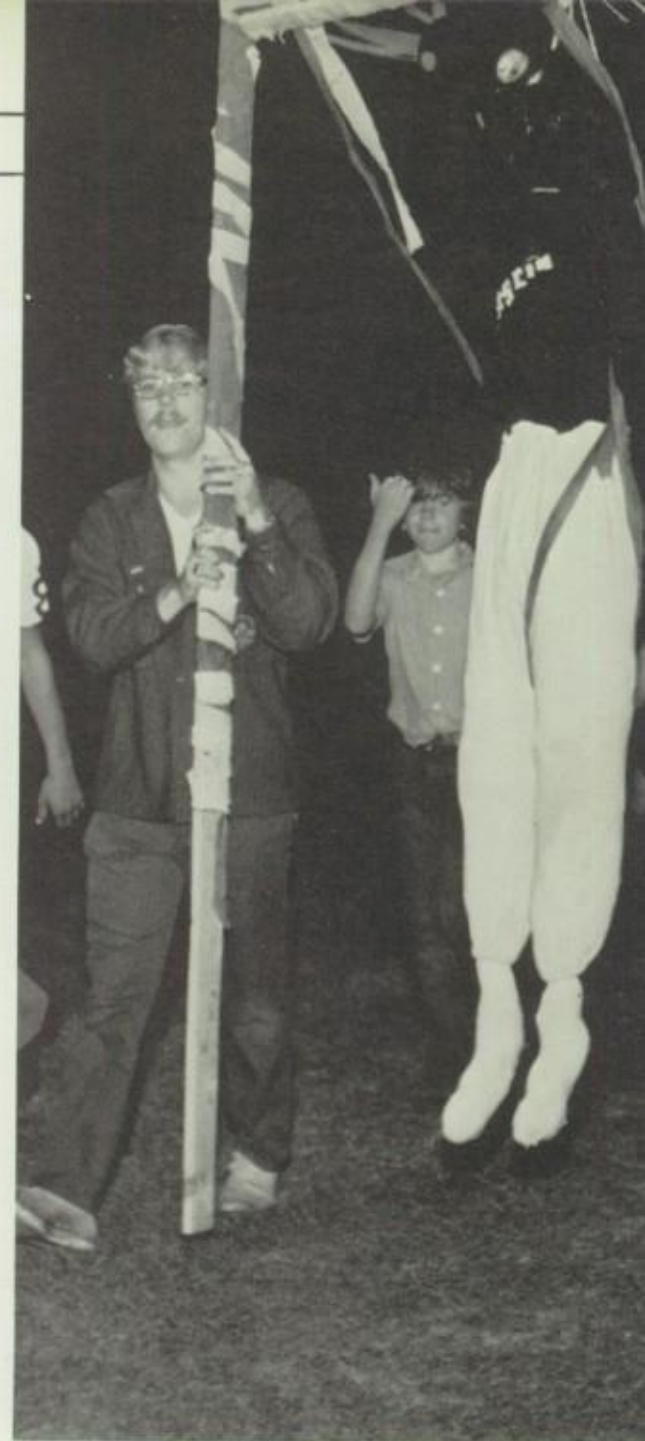


Above: Laura Ferguson, Susan Steinberg, and Glen Kehlmann proofread the March issue as editor Diane Davies becomes infuriated over a badly written headline. **Left:** Mary Sukkar munches on Oreos and her Diet Dr. Pepper while isolating herself in Hallway copy. **Below:** After the joking and chaotic play at a copy session, Susan Paddock, Susan Appleman, Laura Ferguson, and Roy Johnson concentrate on their stories before a deadline.





Right: Cascia, hung in effigy where they belong, is helped into its own stadium by proud Dutchmen Bob Cox and Richard Harrison. **Above:** Cheryl Somers, Allison Bills, Laura Harlow, Ginger Ashley, Candy Terry, Jane Friedrich, Kelly McCune, Margaret Martin, Susan Dunlap, Jennie Davis, Julie Shade, Kathy Exline, Lucia Gary, Rhoda Allen, Ann Hooker, Tammy Laster, Cathy Hughes, Leslie Hughes, Susan Moore, Arlin Pedrick, Jill Jones, Robin Rainey, Betsy Nolan, Connie Lockwood, Cathy Moore, Carolyn Paddock, Debbie Jenkins, Nancy Jenkins, Amy Brechin, Dana Shapiro, Kate Williams, Janet Wetzler, Vicki Bailey, Cathy Crockett, Laura Ferguson, Margaret Barry, Susan Appleman, Susan Wood, Juliet Harrison, Karen Caldwell, Cheryl Anderson, Anne Read, Barbie Edwards, Kathleen Barry, Jane Tyler, Jill Jewell, Sherry Erskine, Nancy Makar, Rebecca Rhodes, Pame Stowell, Craig Smith, Mike Ashworth, Jim Eagleton, Clark Lipotich, John Makar, Cheryl Kunkel, Roy Johnson, David LeRiche, David Jackson, Danna Voth, Ward Camp, Bob Cox, Steve Camp, Hans Helmerick, Ben Wetherill, Gina Schuman, John Ashley, Mark Taylor, Richard Harrison, Kevin Robinson. **Below Right:** Armed with clanging pans and never ending spirited voices, Pep Club out yells Cascia supporters in Commando Stadium. **Below:** Cook Candy Terry considers it just another one of her many hamburgers while hungry Danna Voth cannot wait to sink her teeth into her long awaited lunch.





NEW SPIRIT REVIVES PEP CLUB

Apathy stricken, Pep Club had fallen to pieces the preceding year. Could it ever be put back together again? The few who thought so found a few more who found a few more until . . . alas, a rebirth had ta-

ken place. Not only had Pep Club been put back together, but a new addition had been made during reconstruction. Male names were added to the roster as Pep Club went co-ed.

Pep Club '74 — a great

success. We contributed decorations to the commons, (you could lynch yourself if not careful on the various assorted garlands of crepe paper), plumage on the class cars, (in preparation to KILL CASCIA), and humor to school announcements, (due to Barbie's never failing announcement, 'Girls, put YOUR projects in the activities room and boys, put YOURS in Mr. Elmer's office.) There were always cakes to promote spirit, (some better than others) caravans to the games (to keep us from getting lost on the way) and concessions at the games (so we could feed our poor hungry treasury.) Our pep rallies were loud thanks to Randy Phillips' and Doug Disler's drums (and once even our own HH band). Our membership had soared, (although some never even knew they were members until the yearbook picture was taken), and our spirit had exploded. We were a success because at last, once again, we had pep.

Left: Students at the Pep Rally, backed up by drummer Randy Phillips, let the Sperry Pirates know that the Dutchmen don't mess around.



'Join the pep club, men!'

That was the new cry. I couldn't believe I was there at the first meeting in the summer — eight boys and

over forty girls. What a riot! We (the boys) sure felt funny at first, but we decided to make the most of it. We made cakes and gave pep rallies under the name of The Horny Hooters. It even helped some of us become closer to a lot of people, especially the girls.

It was great . . . we gave valentines, made mittens and T-shirts for the girls, and decorated their locker room. More importantly though, we felt the Pep Club became more effective as a unit with us. It was fun, even though it did look funny on our transcripts.

Cheerleaders

(a game of charades)

A group

one word

three syllables

First syllable: sounds like

Hear: Hear the noise they make, the shouts and screams helping the teams to victory.

Fear: The fear of losing. The feeling that their efforts were in vain but not really.

Tear: The tears that flow whether for victory or defeat, indicative of the sincere emotions behind the shouts and screams.

Cheer: (Definition) A shout of encouragement or congratulation.

Second syllable: sounds like

Read: To read one's emotions and tell whether or not to say good game depending on whether it would have meaning.

Lead: (Definition) One who guides, conducts, influences, or directs.

Third syllable: sounds like

Her: (Definition) The objective case of the third person pronoun she.

Cheerleader: (you got it!) She who combines these qualities and is one of the seven girls known by the above title.

Right: The struggling expressions of Debbie Jenkins and Cip Patterson hint as to why we rarely saw their acrobatic abilities. **Far Right:** Middle School winning is boosted by the enthusiastic spirit of Linda Jenkins and Leni Lundh.



Above: Varsity Cheerleaders: Robin Rainey, Dene Bullard, Cheryl Anderson, Cip Patterson, Debbie Jenkins, head-cheerleader Kathleen Barry. **Below:** Kathleen Barry pauses a moment to catch her breath and study the team's situation on the field.



Directly Below: With friend Allison Bills, ankle injured Robin Rainey must stand by and watch instead of cheer. **Right:** Dutchmen and Casady cheerleaders lend their voices to the Hockaday basketball team in hopes of a Hockaday victory over St. John's. **Center Right:** Middle School Cheerleaders: **First Row:** Linda Seay, Linda Jenkins. **Second Row:** Maree Lang, Sharon Benton, Elizabeth Jackson, Nelly Higginbotham. **Third Row:** Leni Lundh, Janet McCready, Leslie Casey. **Lower Right:** The cheerleaders "Show 'Em" their pep.



Give me a
D! Give me
a U! Give
me a T!

Give me a C! Give me a H!
Give me a break! Every normal
male has his own idea of what
the ideal cheerleader should look
like and cheer like. Of course,
this girl never really exists. But,

here at HH, our girls came pretty
close. You always felt good in-
side when we played teams from
most other schools when you
looked at **their** cheerleaders. Our
group of bouncing beauties fared
well with **any** group we met,
(even though I must admit that
the version at the Capri Drive-in
was much more appealing in its
own way). They provided a nice
view from the stands, as well as
giving a little bit of extra incen-
tive to those on the court or on
the field.

LETTERMEN'S CLUB REGENERATES LOST PRIDE AND UNITY

Letterman's Club — the most misunderstood organization in the school. At first we did nothing. We couldn't even get ten guys to come to the meetings. We all began to wonder what the Letterman's Club was all about or if it should even exist. It seemed though that all at once we needed something else. We decided to work. We met at the school at eight o'clock on Saturday mornings to build fences, pull rakes, and dig ditches. An idea even arose which promoted some degree of pride within the school. We bought food for a needy family at Christmas. We all felt something some of us had never felt before. At Dutchmen Weekend, we were proud to announce our queen and decorate her with a dozen red roses and an amethyst necklace. Pride within the unit became the utmost goal, despite the fact only ten guys still came to meeting.



Above: Ace reporter Peter Morley interviews Coach Chandler (Steve Herrin) as Commandoes Mitch Adwon and Rick Chadsey demonstrate the patty-cake game plan. **Below:** "Battle Cheer" is led by big mouthed Roy Johnson and knee-soxed Mr. Bizjack as Ward Camp and Bobby Lee add smiles and spirit.



Horny Hooters John Ashley, Russell LaCour and Jeff Thurston cheer wildly for the field hockey team while trying to maintain the correct position of their balloons.



'Gimme, gimme a beer . . . '

Whose idea was this anyway? I couldn't believe we were actually about to reveal ourselves in front of the students dressed like cheerleaders, complete with chests and skirts. Eight ravishing, beautiful bodies jumping, yelling, cheering, blushing. What a joke! We hadn't

had much practice but what the hell. Mr. Elmer and Mr. Bizjack looked the worst. Jeff and Russell were real cute with their "48's" and knee socks, and Roy . . . well, he was the only one that had passes made at him. It was great. "Gimme, gimme, gimme a beer, that's the sophomore battle cheer!" We made total fools of ourselves for the benefit of the girls' field hockey team. It worked. They won conference, and we lost friends. Oh well, what's the use if you can't have a little fun.



Above: First Row: Russell LaCour, David Jackson, Blake Spellman, Mitch Adwon, Kyle Terry, Harold Kunkel, Roy Johnson, Chuck Gibbs, Bobby Lee, Ward Camp, Scott Haus, Peter Morley, Box Cox; **Second Row:** Melvin Tennant, Ron Binding, David LeRiche, Darell Christopher, Jim Eagleton, Jimmy Deck, Mike Cavert, Steve Herrin; **Third Row:** Craig Raguse, Kurt Lieben-dorfer, David Armstrong, Clark Lipotich, Keith Cressman, Richard Harrison, Jeff Thurston, David Ware, Jim Yeager, John Ashley; **Below Right:** Blonde bombshell Mr. Elmer demonstrates his unique cheerleading talents as Mr. Bizjack anxiously awaits his chance to show off.

There was a group of fellers
Who turned themselves to yellers.
They jumped and cheered
While people leered . . .
Some thought they were rebellers.

One day they chanced upon a game.
Their yelling gained them instant fame.
A raging buzz shot thru the crowd,
It started softly . . . It ended loud.
People everywhere asked the same,
"Who are these boys; what is their name?"

Alas the group hit the ground,
They stared ahead . . . without a sound.
They had no name . . . what would they do?
They'd just begun and they were through.

But suddenly someone shouted down . . .
The Horny Hooters . . . The best in town.



NEW INTEREST BENEFITS FACULTY AND STUDENTS



Above Left: Beth Nash, Robert Arnold, Vic Peters, Leslie Owen, and Candy Conley haunt Room 218 Halloween night as the Key Club ghost volunteers. **Above Right:** Key Club volunteer, Kevin Robinson, works the lights at Hallmark. **Below:** Key Club **First Row:** Charlotte Thornton, Betsy York, Connie Lockwood, Anne Read, Amy Brechin. **Second Row:** Margaret Martin, Beth Nash, Cheryl Anderson, Julie Shade, Barbie Edwards, Lucia Gary, Jennie Davis. **Third Row:** Cheryl Somers, Nancy Jenkins, Amanda McLoud, Craig Smith, Jeri Bullard, Roger Thurmond. **Fourth Row:** Harold Kunkel, Keith Cressman, Jeff Thurston, Candy Conley, Kevin Robinson, John Ashley.

"The Jack of all trades club" — that should be our name. We were ushers, tutors, errand runners . . . even carpenters. Sometimes we asked ourselves why we ushered at concerts, tutored underclassmen, ran errands for the front desk, and — yes — even poured concrete, but we always knew there had to be a good reason. The study station in Room 219 was always manned (why else would we always "bring our schedules to meetings"?) and new picnic tables (ingeniously engineered by our sponsor Mr. Benton) were built for the creek area. If you would like anything else done — just let us know.





HOT ARGUMENTS RESULT SANS CHANGE

The Student Faculty Senate, Holland Hall's own go-between, handled students' complaints, new proposals, and even re-hashed old ones. After a long filibuster, the Smoke Hole had to remain in the woods as once again a proposal to permit on-campus smoking was ashed. (Smokers — please don't set fire

to the woods yet — it's still being worked on!) Continuing their work, the Senate appeared ironically conservative. The fight to allow sweaters of any color and style to be worn without coats was quietly muffed out, leaving the uniform unchanged and sweaters still in their drawers.



Student Faculty Senate **Seated:** Ann Hooker, Charlotte Thornton, Mrs. Bizjack, Father Cain. **Standing:** Mr. Calkins, Mr. Elmer, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Harrison, Keith Owens, Steve Camp, Ron Binding, Richard Harrison, Mr. Benton.

'Key Club is more than just a name . . .'

For the first time in my high school career, I honestly enjoyed Key Club. It made me memorize my schedule faster — because of all the "Bring-your-schedules-with-you" meetings. It

even got me to the point where I would study during my visits to the study station. Key club introduced many faculty members to me, which normally I wouldn't of known. With the help of the great carpenter, blacksmith, clown and sponsor, Mr. Benton, we built some fine picnic tables and benches to be enjoyed by all. I feel key club made a giant step forward this year and proved to the school that The Key Club was just not a name.



Above: Mr. Benton displays expert carpentry as Lucia Gary studies the procedure. **Below:** Craig Smith knows precision makes the difference between a table that stands and a table that leans.

PUBLISHER LIKES IT — TOO MUCH

"Write something for Windmill!" This became a popular request (order?) after Christmas vacation. We got off to a slow start and by Christmas time we had enough material to fill an entire three page magazine (photographs included). But stories and poetry started coming in and the pace began to speed up. We chose the cover, print and material with ease considering that we had two editors. We finally finished and sent the magazine to the publisher. We were pleased and proud of our work. It seemed the publisher liked it too; he liked it so much that he kept it longer than we expected. When he returns it, we'll send you a copy.

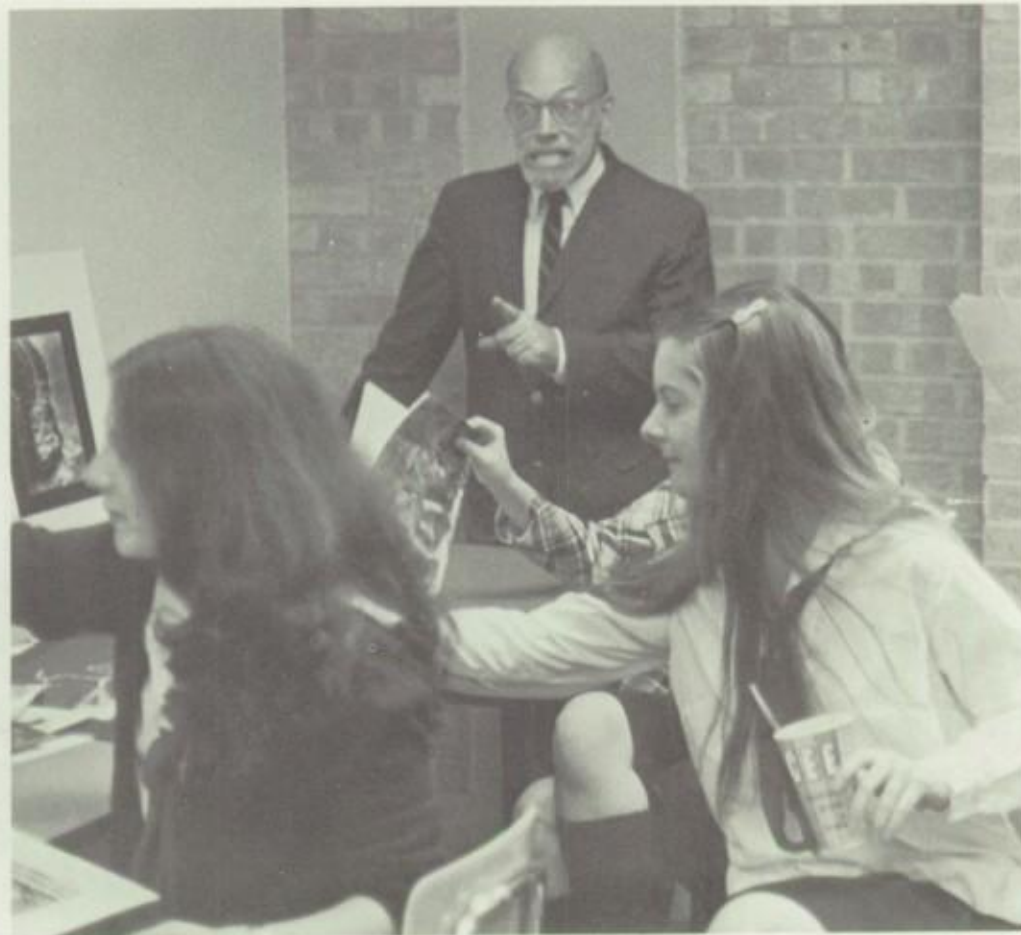


Right: Debate instructor, Mrs. Richards, listens to a case. **Above:** Debate **First Row:** Brett Lantz, Kathy Beale, John Brechin. **Second Row:** Blair Barber, Billy Nole, Ken Low. Not Pictured, John McGrath.

SEVEN SIBLINGS SEEK ANSWERS

'Yes' or 'No' Should the U.S. government provide employment to the unemployed? That's what we debated all year long. Our team had a trace of woman's lib — one girl — but added to six boys, we were actually just one big happy family. Researching our question and filling our quote boxes took almost as long as publishing the yearbook. It was all worth it when the debating began. Overnight tournaments resulted in wins, losses, stolen and waterlogged quote boxes.





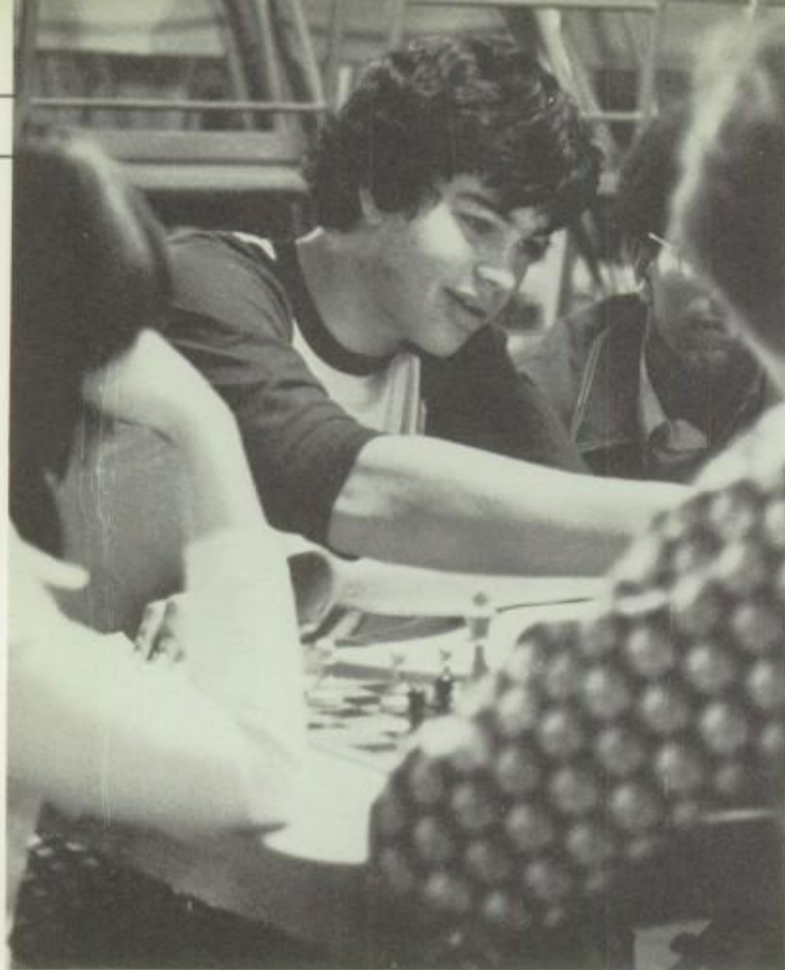
Left: Ted Sloan stresses his point-of-view to Leslie Ringold and Amanda McCloud.

Above: Mrs. Richards presents debate awards to Ken Low. **Below:** Windmill editors, Amanda McCloud and Susan Steinberg, discuss the layout of the literary magazine with Mr. Sloan. **Right:** Windmill **First Row:** Mr. Sloan, Amanda McCloud, Susan Steinberg, Lee Ann Garetson. **Second Row:** Ginger Ashley, Laura Shamas, Leslie Ringold, Cynthia Easton. **Third Row:** Vic Peters, David Deller, Jeff Thurston, Robert Arnold.



'Toto, too . . .'

I used to dread going into dark corners with Mr. Sloan in order to watch poetry and short stories peek out of the over-head projector. The most conducive atmosphere for selection of materials was found the evening we spent with Amanda and read our poetry and short stories to the tune of the cowardly lion's song in the **Wizard of Oz**.



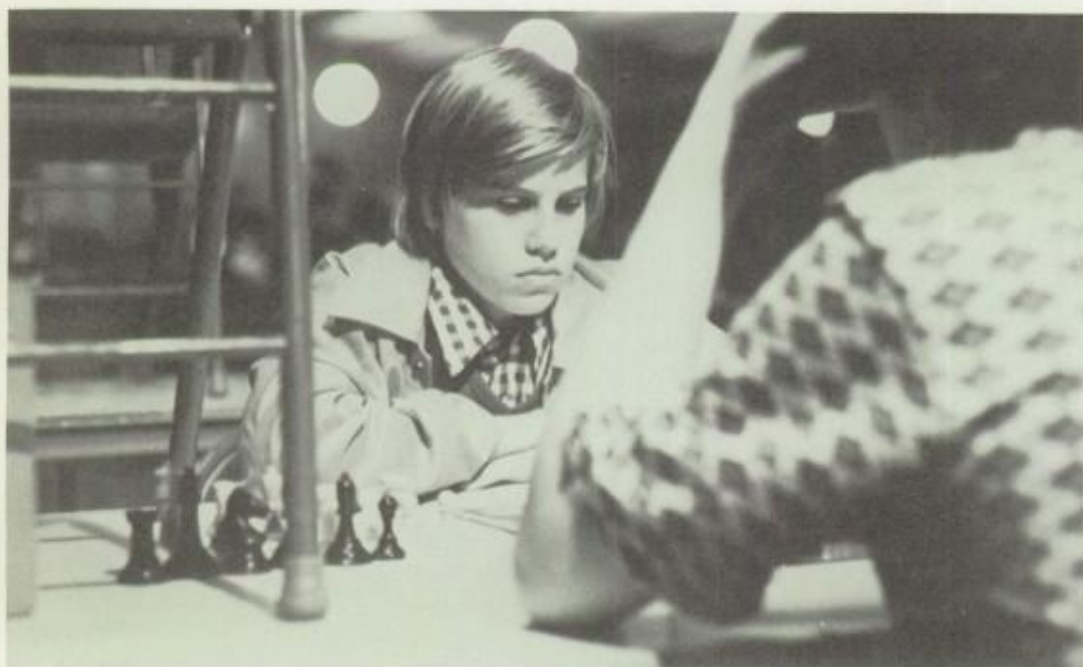
Left: With determined assurance of a good move, Haden Haworth plays his man during the East Central match. **Below:** Art Club, **First Row:** Vic Peters, Margaret Martin, Cindy Easton. **Second Row:** Tim Cobb, Beth Nash, Tammy Laster, Robert Arnold, Keith Owens, Mat Helmerich, Pat Perry, Michelle Holland, Robin Rainey.



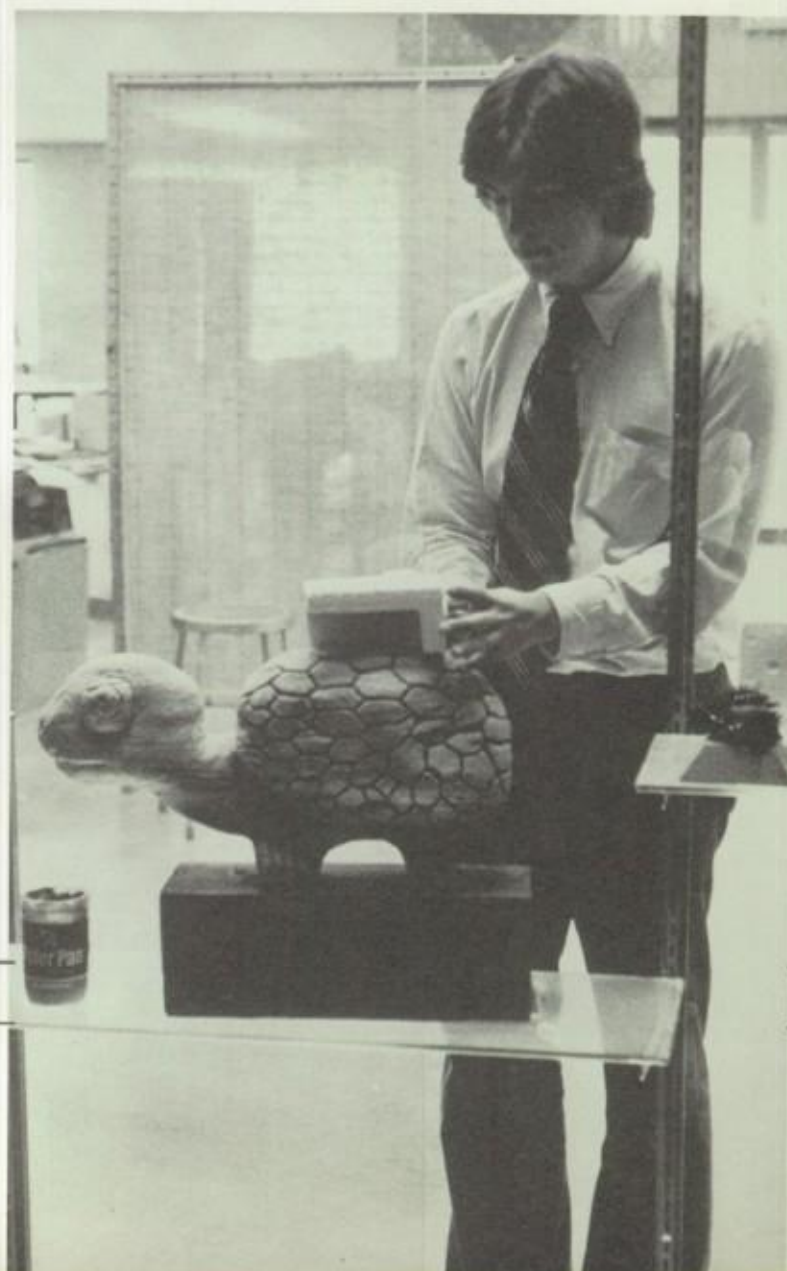
ARTISTS BRUSHED

After finding ourselves always at the bottom of the activities calender, our meetings were few and far between. Most of our fifteen members never really knew they were members. Meetings

consisted of loud noises and wild laughter. Our treasury mysteriously dissappeared and by the end of the year, the purpose of our meetings was to find a purpose for our meetings.



Above: Playing his East Central opponent at the Birmingham campus, instead of at the "81st and boondocks" location, John Brechin plans his strategy. **Right:** The Art Club's pre-fire sale finds Tim Cobb arranging the fantastic savings window.





Above: Chess Club, **First Row:** David Ramsey, Chris Taylor, John Brechin, Scot Harvey, Paul Herman, Peter Jackson, Haden Haworth, Jim Eagleton, Peter Lockwood, David Brown, Wes Miller, Loy Stewart, Tony Yeabower, Bob Cox, Craig Smith, Jim Shamas. **Second Row:** John Ridgeway, Mitch Adwon, Kevin Robinson. **Below Right:** The Art Club's loyal members, Tim Cobb, Vic Peters, and Robert Arnold, scheme what to do with the treasury. **Below:** Peter Lockwood ponders a pawn.



'Queen to King 3 . . .'

King's Bishop to King's Knight 4, check! Queen to Queen's 5, mate! So goes a light conversation of pieces on the first board of the Dutch chess club. To some, chess is a most appealing outlet. Some say you can learn a lot about a person by playing chess with him. I'd

rather talk to him about life, death, the weather, Chinese philosophy . . . But from Chinese philosophy you get into ping pong and from ping pong you get into international sports. From here you get into Spassky and Bobby Fisher, and we all know where that leads. So if you have less than an hour with someone you'd like to get to know, talk to him. If you have more time, play him a game of chess, you'll get there anyway!

CHESS? YES!

One may have noticed the slight increase in flying rooks, maniac fits and even concentration. There is only one explanation — chess arrived at Holland Hall. Slowly progressing from a stalemate, chess club grew to include 25 members and became official as it was accepted to the U.S. Chess Federation. Mr. Palma, assuming the roll as advisor, advised us to elect officers. Our treasury proved that we were not rich kings, (but all we wanted to do was play chess.) Double speed chess quickly transformed and caused the Commons to be filled with bishops and knights. We won match after match to compile an undefeated record. With new freshmen pawns, we hope to compile more.



MIGHTY NUTS SURVIVE 4 YEARS OF NEW SOIL

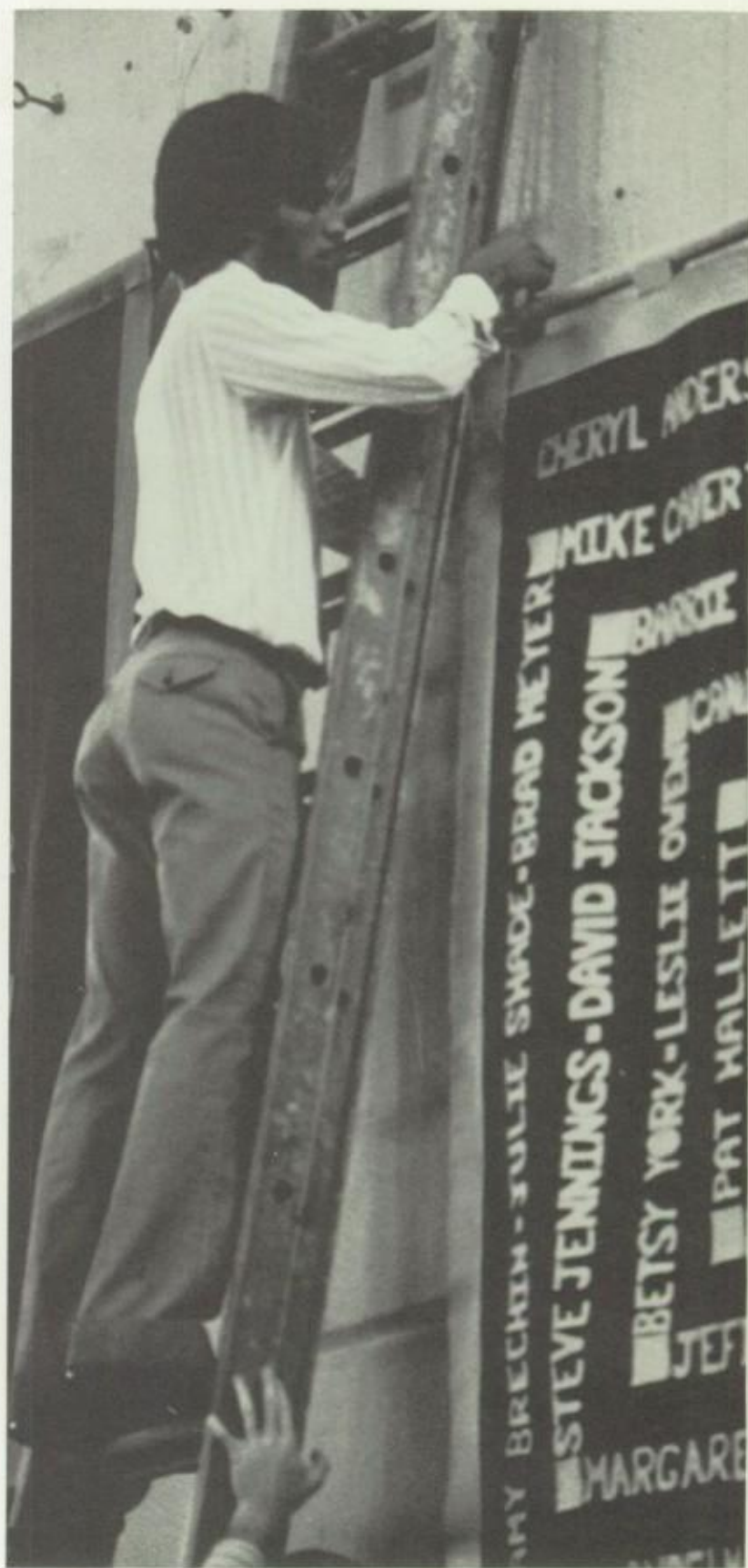
It was hard to believe at first — we were actually the seniors. Now, it was our turn for responsibility . . . leadership . . . It seemed weird not having those older guys around running the place and telling us what to do and where to go.

A nil treasury (Oh! If we had only sold those lightbulbs!) gave us reason to start our year's fund drive with a car wash in the summer. We made a worthwhile profit even though the chances for rain were 70%. Red proved to be the lifeblood of the treasury as we sold sweat-ers and windbreakers. They brought us grief though, because we were hoarded with the question, "When are the windbreakers coming in?" Our treasury was spiced up after sponsoring HH's first Pizza Party. All you could eat pizza for \$2.00 wasn't the real reason everybody came. Most came out of curiosity and disbelief that we could actually pull off such a farce. In making preparations for our Field Day octopus throw, we found ourselves spending our nights in balls of yarn. Our high school football career saw its end with a disheartening 13-12 loss to Cascia. (The only thing that weakened the blow was the unfortunate trimming of the Commando tennis nets.)

We were asked "Where are you going to college?" until we were blue in the face. SATs and ACTs continued to ruin Friday nights and Saturday mornings. We kept telling ourselves it would all be over soon . . . it would all be over soon. First semester ended with the usual exams and headaches plus one last English paper for Mr. Kriekhaus. Most of us swore we would never open another book until college.

January came, books lay unopened, senioritis had struck. Cutting classes became a popular habit as did partying on weeknights. Dutchmen Weekend helped to break the monotony of winter as almost 100% of our classes showed up in tuxes and formals for a joint dinner with the juniors before the dance.

As spring sprung, the end of our high school run-of-the-mill days had as well. The intern projects drew us out of the Holland Hall womb, into the "real" world, and most of us enjoyed it. As graduation approached, we watched a former life melt away, but we anticipated living the several others standing before us. Leaving the Holland Hall cocoon for that beehive beyond, we could take solace in the fact that even the mighty oaks were once mere nuts, like us.



Not to be outdone by the Class of '72, Bobby Lee proudly hangs his class' newly finished banner along the Commons stairwell.



Above: Julie Shade gently applies her make-up with a number two pencil.
Below: At the call of "Start your engines," Chuck Gibbs makes last minute checks before the Great Tricycle Race.



Ross Bennett Andelman
 Cheryl LaLeeta Anderson
 John Robert Ashley

Kathleen Kendall Barry
 Amy Barbara Brechin
 Jeri Lu Bullard



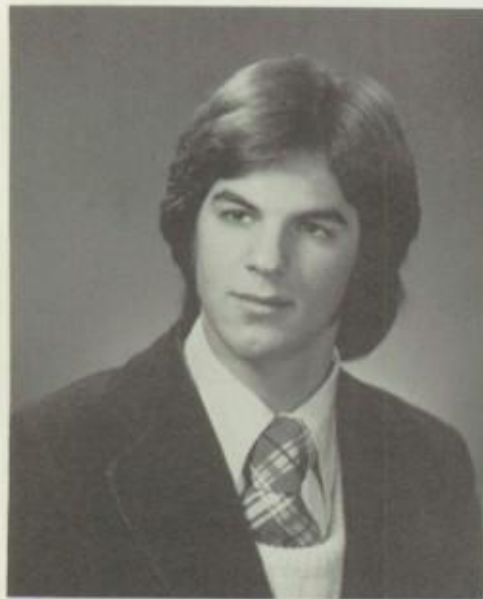
"OK, 4 pi plus 6 squared divided by the square root of 721 equals .

Hiram Ward Camp III
William Michael Cavert

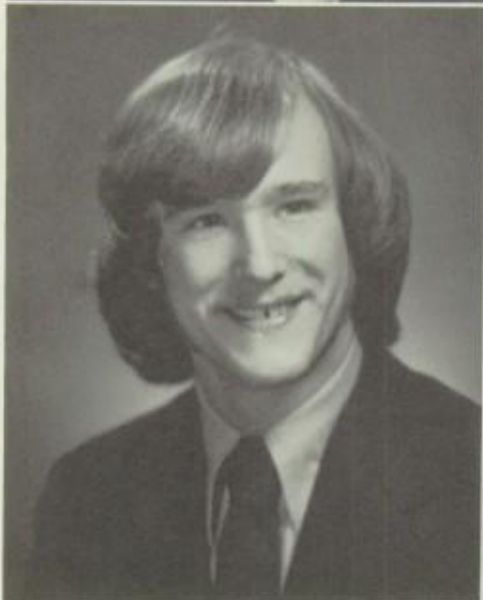
Candace Gene Conley
Robert Lee Cox

Kenneth Keith Cressman

Diane Kathryn Davies

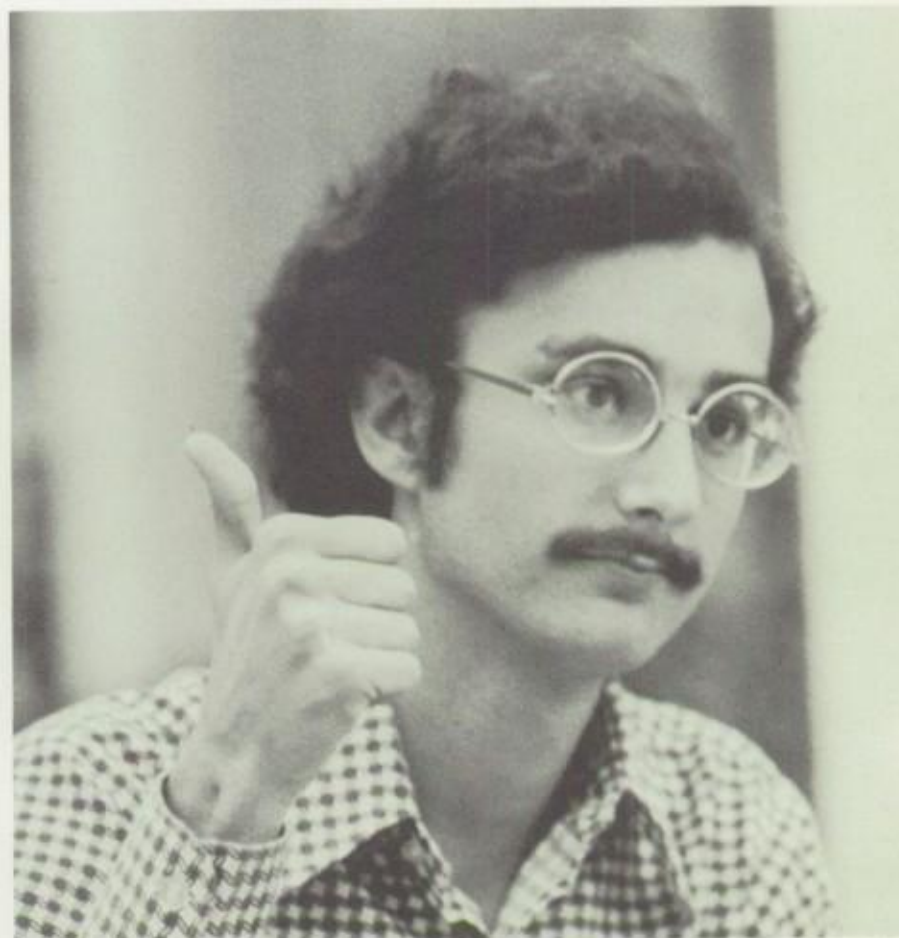
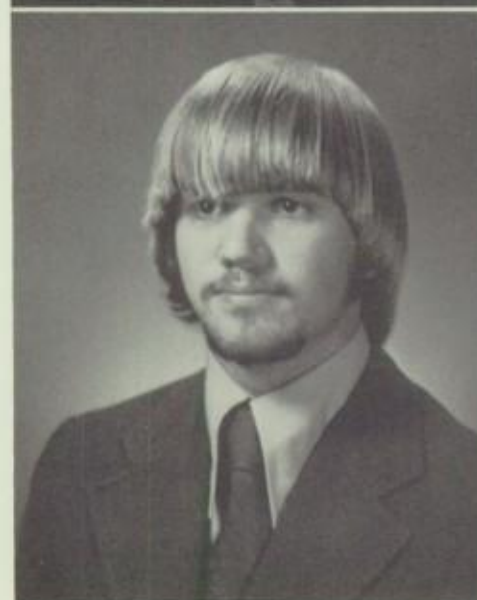


Amanda McLoud awaits the start of the first pep club meeting.



Jennifer Lynne Davis
David Charles Deller
Douglas Lee Disler

Susan Jane Dunlap
Barbara Joan Edwards
Lucia Leigh Gary



Don Wehrs, teacher of **Ulysses**, outlines the basics in his course.

'What has happened is gone . . .'

As a part of the first senior class to pursue all four upper school years in the new campus, I feel like I was part of something different and exciting. Considering the changes that have taken place since September 1970, I feel that what has happened is gone. In September 1974, the class of 1978 will find themselves, again, in a totally new environment. The unifying force that was emanating from our class will be gone. The flavor of the school will change. For our class, more than any since the last class to graduate on the Birmingham campus, visiting HH as alumni will be totally foreign. As the administration and the faculty undergo major change, an era draws to a close. For me, it was an era filled with excitement and tension, but this culminating year has seen the epoc slowly drift into a nebulous state. Though I will always feel part of Holland Hall, that Holland Hall will be lost in the realm of time. It is already fading for me, and since I am a senior, maybe that's for the better.

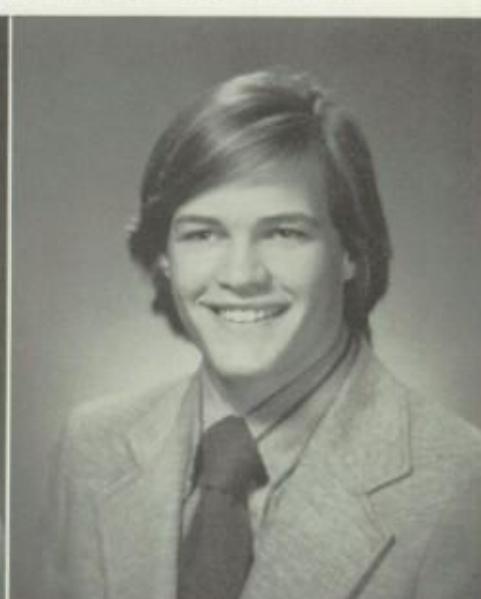
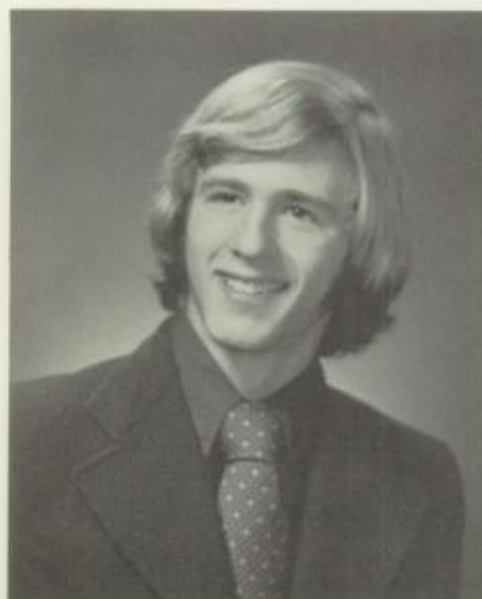
'The drug is known as DDP . . .'

Drug addiction has not been a problem at Holland Hall. Although, ample supplies exist on the campus. Most kids have found it pretty easy to obtain what they need.

There have only been a few extreme cases where the addict has had to have as many as three 'fixes' a day. The most prevalent group of druggies at HH are in phosphoric acid, caffeine, sodium citrate, lactic acid, all dissolved in a liquid base. In this state, the drug is known as DDP. Others can handle the dextrose solution, known as Diet Dr. Pepper.

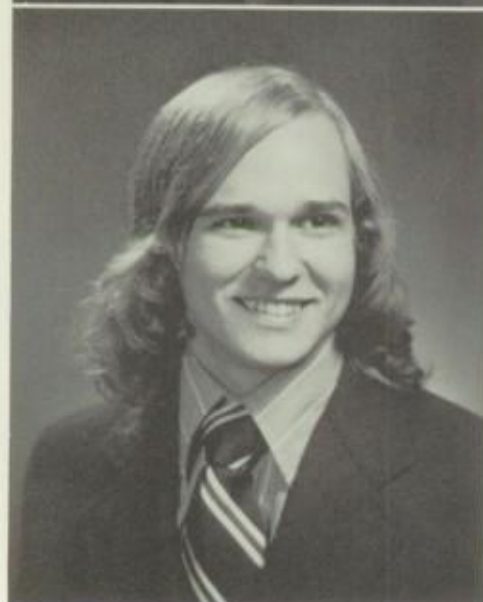


David Jackson rounds the final corner in the Great Bicycle Race.



Patricia Hallett

Laura Warner Harlow



Charles Augustus Gibbs III
William Gregory Green

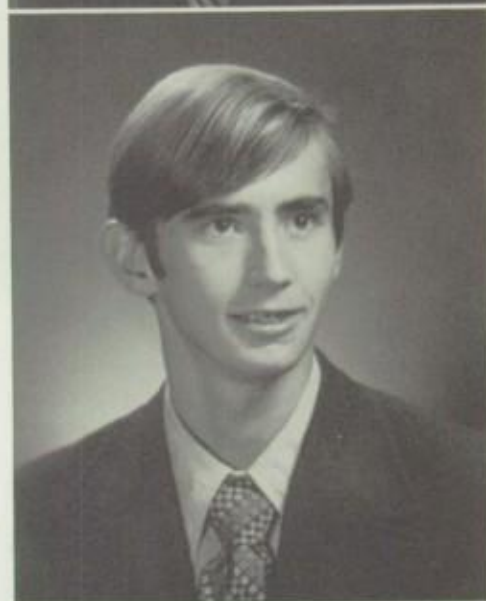
Is that Jim Ryan behind those Foster Grants? Why of course!



David Ernest Jackson
Nancy Lee Jenkins



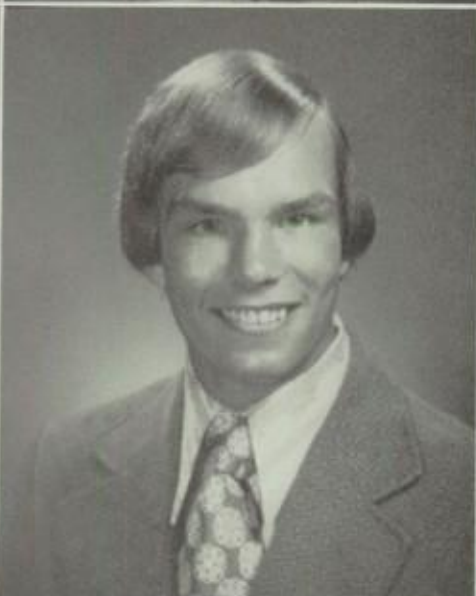
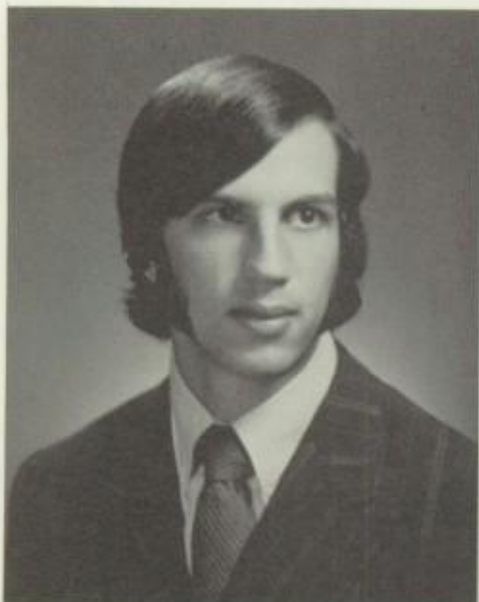
Frustrated and rejected, Pete Morley heads for the locker room after being told field hockey was not co-ed.



Philip Eugene Jones
Harold Eugene Kunkel, Jr.
Peter Edwin Lantz

Robert Clyde Lee
Linda Diane Lowary
Amanda McCloud

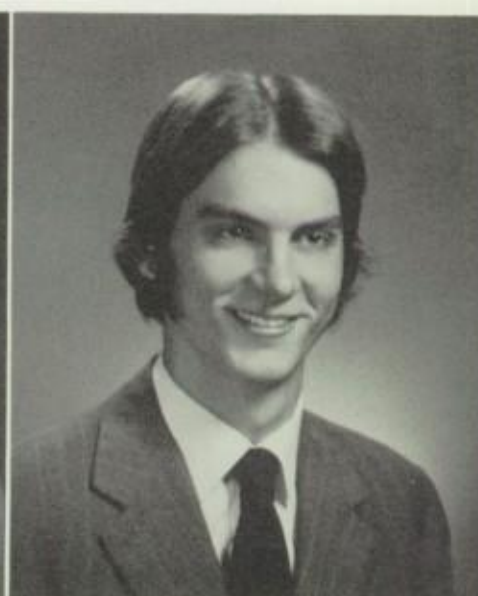
Margaret Byars Martin
Bradford R. Meyer
Peter Hamilton Morley



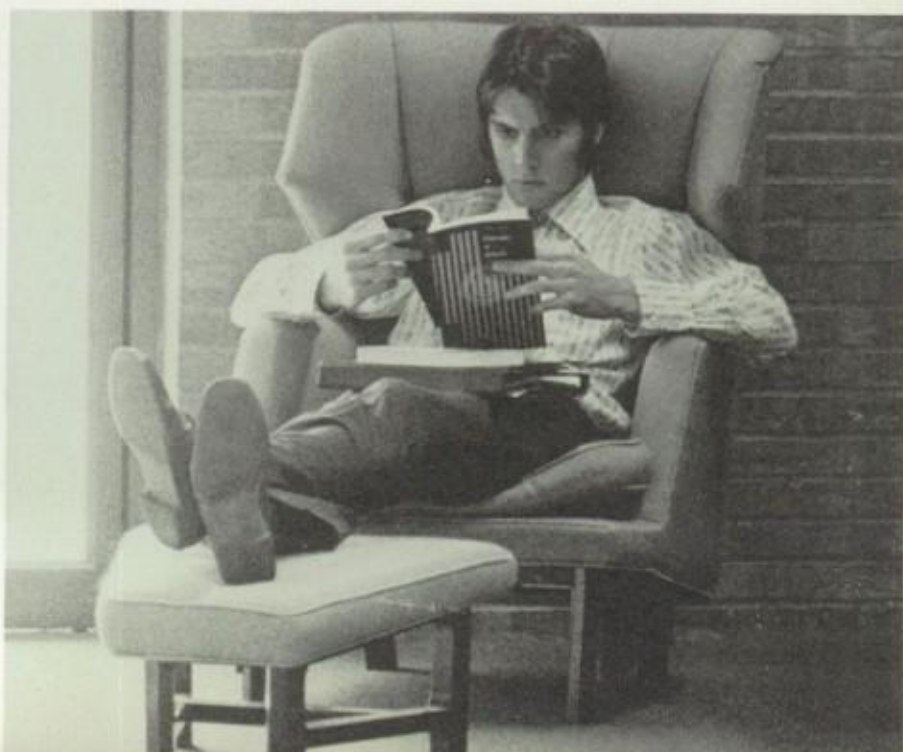
Pete Lantz and Jim Russell gorge at Field Day with Ken Green.

Elizabeth Earle Nash

Jan Kent Nespor



Jan Nespor consumes his philosophy studies.

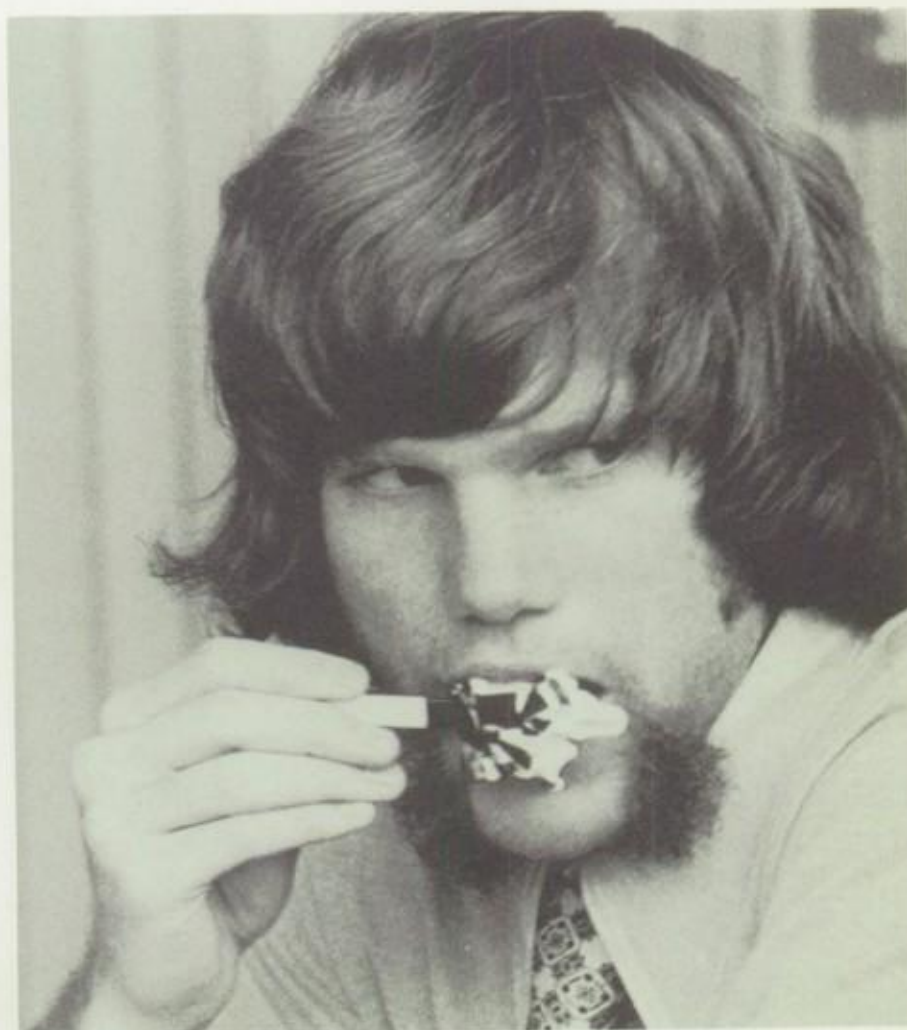
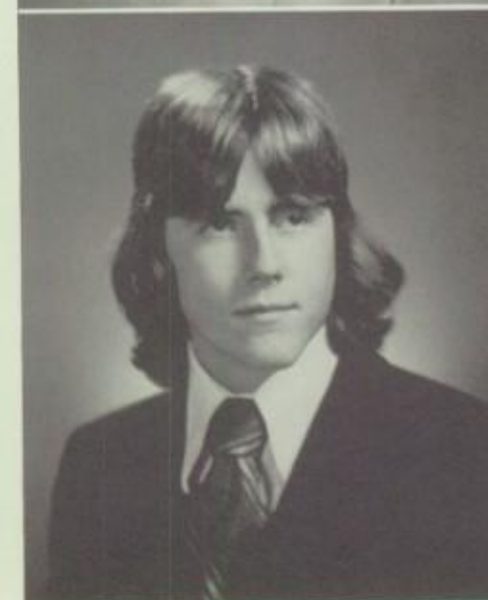
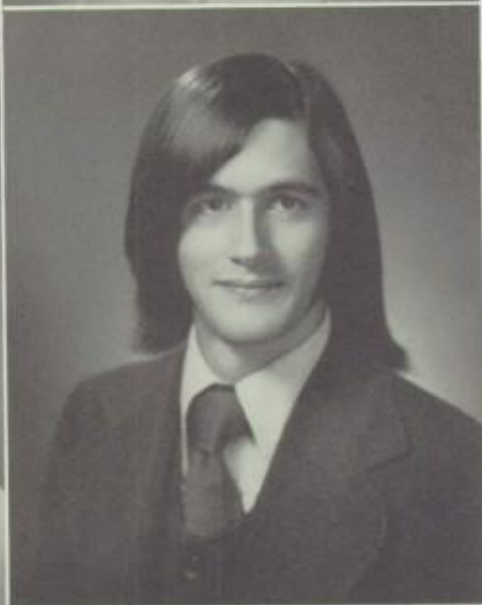




Sarah Louise Rizley
James Alan Russell
James Richard Ryan, Jr.



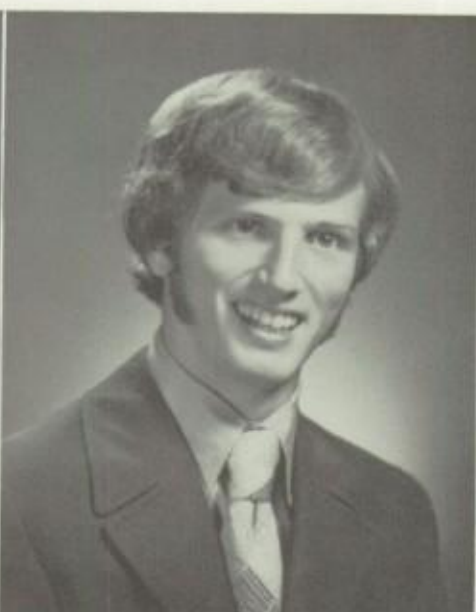
Leslie Marie Owen
Charles Randolph Phillips



John Ashley attempts to eat his Eskimo pie as an unsuspecting female streaks by the lunchroom.

'Our off-campus trips were gassed out . . .'

October, 1973 saw the onset of the greatest single material asset in being a senior at HH: senior off-campus privileges. What this means is that if you've got some extra mods, at least two, a car, most seniors met these requirements somehow, and some gas, wait a minute, some gas!, (I'll come back to that), you can leave campus, sign a sign out sheet with a phony destination (or no destination), and often an alias, and always an approximate time, such as ?, and you're off. Senior privileges, usually, meant sleeping late or leaving early, both hampered by early and late classes. During the day, seniors left for lunch or just to leave. But there was one big problem: gas. This was, not only the year of Watergate and Ford, but the year of the great gas shortage, (great?). Anyway, I and I guess most other seniors, left their means of transport anchored to the pavement in front of the school, and their bodies sautéing in the stream of the Barnard commons.



Stephen Foster Sumrall

Julianne Tate



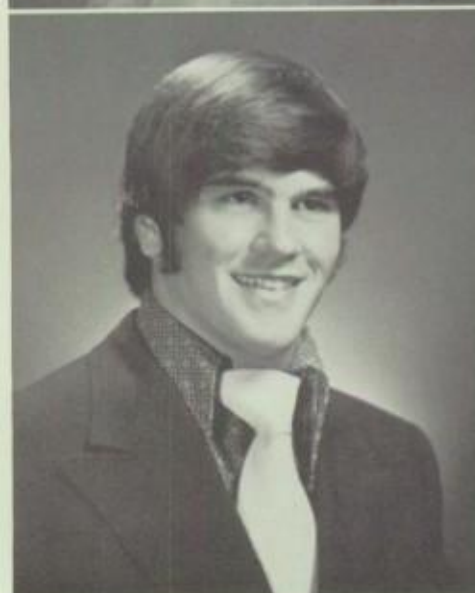
Cheryl Anderson's 'Got Love' in her performance during Hallmark '74.



Gina Helene Schuman
Julianne Shade
Sheryl Kay Skaggs

Craig Busey Smith
Cheryl Somers
Susan Lynn Steinberg





Charlotte Mae Thornton
Roger Dean Thurmond

Jeffrey Miller Thurston
Fred Sommervil Watson



Donald Roger Wehrs
Martha Angela Wilson
Elizabeth Ann York

'Senior intern is fantastic . . '

First, you get to work in the community or some other good place, doing something you like (or something you think you like!) For me, most of the time is spent playing around in the darkroom at the **World** and playing cards with Johnny Walker. A lot of people do less than that, but then there are the ones that do more.

Beyond the obvious part of the program, there are other advantages too. For one, I don't have to play the commons game, running from one group of people to another, trying to find something to talk about. (This usually ends in a conversation about how there is nothing to talk about!) Lunch at the good old HH this spring didn't concern me, as lunch is no longer a required sport. Teachers seem more friendly, but then they don't have to put up with us any more! And finally, when we do return to school, and we find the juniors in our parking lot, we start a new senior parking lot on the drive in front of the school. Appropriately, this space is reserved for 'visitors'!

Margaret Martin is halfway through turning the school upside down.



CHERYL ANDERSON - KATHLEEN BARRY -

MIKE CAVERT - JILL JEWELL - VART

BARBIE EDWARDS - CHAR THORN

ROSS BENNETT ANDELMAN: Letterman's Club 2; Photography Club 4; Soccer 1,2,3,4; Golf 1L,2L; Eight Acres 1,2,3,4; Hallway 1,2,3,4; Edward C. Lawson Memorial Scholarship Award 3; Cum Laude Society 4; Second Place Photography Award 3; First Place Photography Award 4; Intern: Tulsa Daily World; Yale University.

CHERYL LALETTA ANDERSON: Pep Club 2,3,4; Key Club 4; Field Hockey 3L,4L; Basketball 2; Speedball 3; Softball 2L,3L; "Me Nobody Knows" 4; Cheerleader 4; Hallway 2,4; Concert Chorus 3,4; Madrigal 4; Chapel Committee 4; Senior Queen Attendant 4; First Place Spanish Declamation Contest 2; First Place Spanish 5 Declamation Contest 3,4; Intern: Children's Medical Center; Washington University.

JOHN ROBERT ASHLEY: Pep Club 4; Key Club 4; Letterman's Club 2,3,4; President 4; Football 2L,3L; Basketball 2L,4L; Discipline Committee 2; Hallway 3,4; Copy Editor 4; Honor Roll 2,3,4; National Merit Scholar; Athlete of the Issue; Boy of the Month; Intern: Hillcrest, U.S.C.

KATHLEEN KENDALL BARRY: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Field Hockey 2; Basketball 1,2L,3L,4L; Captain 4; Softball 1L,2L; Cheerleader 2,3,4; Head Cheerleader 4; Intern: Little Lighthouse, S.M.U.

AMY BARBARA BRECHIN: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Representative 2; Vice-President 3; Treasurer 4; Glee Club 1; Field Hockey 1,2L,3L,4L; First Team All Conference 3; First Team All Conference; Captain 4; Speedball 1,2L,3L,4L; Second Team All Conference 4; Softball 1L,2L,3L,4L; MIP 2; First Team All Conference 2; Second Team All Conference 3; First Team All Conference; Captain 4; Concert Chorus 3,4; Madrigal 4; Class Treasurer 3,4; Student Conduct Board 2; Cum Laude Society 4; National French Contest 3,4; All Sports Queen 4; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Margaret Kaboth Award 4; Girl of the Month; Intern: Amoco Computer Center; Rice University.

JERI LU BULLARD: Pep Club 1,2,3; Key Club 2,3,4; Field Hockey 1; Basketball 1,2L,3L; MIP 2; Honorable Mention All Conference 3; Softball 2; Mixed Chorus 2; Intern: Children's Medical Center; Drury.

HIRAM WARD CAMP III: Student Council 4; Representative 4; Pep Club 4; Letterman's Club 3,4; Football 3L,4L; Co-Captain 4; Basketball 3; Vice-President 3; National Merit Letter of Commendation; Intern: Welfare Department; Westminster.

WILLIAM MICHAEL CAVERT: Letterman's Club 3,4; Football 3L,4L; Soccer 3L,4L; Intern: Hillcrest; Westminster.

CANDACE GENE CONLEY: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Split Chairman 3; Key Club 3,4; Secretary 4; Holland Hall Players 3,4; Field Hockey 1,2L,3; Speedball 1; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "Edwin Booth" 4; "The Apple Tree" 4; Concert Chorus 1,2,3,4; Madrigal 4; Drama Award 4; National French Contest 2; Intern: Theater Tulsa; Northwestern.

ROBERT LEE COX: Student Council 4; President 4; Letterman's Club 3; Chess Club 4; Cross Country 2,3,4L; Soccer 2,3L,4L; Track 4L; Student-Faculty Senate 4; Chapel Committee 4; Hallway 2,3,4; Eight Acres 2; Honor Roll 2,3,4; Cum Laude Society 4; Intern: Boy of the Month; Boy of the Year; Tulsa County Court House; Washington University.

KENNETH KEITH CRESSMAN: Student Council 4; Key Club 4; Football 3,4; Basketball 3; Boy of the Month; Intern: Hillcrest; University of Oklahoma.

DIANE KATHRYN DAVIES: Volleyball 3,4; Hallway 2,3,4; Copy Editor 3; Editor-in-Chief 4; Orchestra 2,3; High Honors 2,3,4; Cum Laude Society; Valedictorian 4; National Spanish Contest 2 First Place, 3 Third Place, 4 First Place; Class of 1973 Scholarship Award 3; Committee on Studies 4; Mercantile Junior Board of Directors 4; Intern: Hillcrest; John Hopkins University.

JENNIFER LYNNE DAVIS: Pep Club 2,3,4; Key Club 4; Speedball 2,3,4; Softball 2,3,4; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; Mayor's Youth Review Committee 3; Committee of Studies 4; Concert Chorus 4; Cum Laude Society 3,4; National French Contest 3 Third Place; High Honors 3,4; Intern: Hillcrest, O.V.

DAVID CHARLES DELLER: Cross Country 3; Soccer 2; Hallway 3,4; Eight Acres 4; Boy of the Month; Intern: Tulsa Central Library; Stanford University.

DOUGLAS LEE DISLER: Baseball 4; Orchestra 4; Intern: Radio Shack.

SUSAN JANE DUNLAP: Pep Club 2; Secretary-Treasurer 3; Class Representative 4; Speedball 2L,3L,4L; Softball 2L; Hallway 2,3,4; Exchange Editor 4; Eight Acres 4; Girl's Chorus 4; Honor Roll 2,3,4; Cum Laude Society 4; National Merit Finalist 4; Intern: Tribune and Day Care Center; College of Wooster.

BARBARA JOAN EDWARDS: Pep Club 2,3,4; Class Representative 3; President 4; Key Club 2,3,4; Field Hockey 3L,4L; Speedball 2L,3L,4L; MIP 2; Second Team All-Conference 3; First Team All-Conference; Captain 4; Volleyball 2L,3L,4L; Co-Captain 3; Captain 4; All Sports Queen Attendant 2; Intern: Amoco Research Center; OSU.

LUCIA LEIGH GARY: Pep Club 2,3,4; Key Club 3,4; Field Hockey 2,3L,4L; All-Conference 4; Speedball 2L,3L,4L; Softball 2; Eight Acres 4; Third Place in Pottery Show 3; Intern: High Challenge Project; Knox College.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS GIBBS, III: Letterman's Club 1,2,3,4; Football 1; Soccer 1L,2L,3L,4L; MVP 3; All-Conference 3; Captain 4; All-Conference 4; Baseball 1L,2; Hallway; Intern: Radio Shack; Westminster.

WILLIAM GREGORY GREEN: Soccer 3; Tennis 2; Orchestra 2,3,4; "The Me Nobody Knows" Student Director 3; Intern: Shields Music and Bass Lessons; TU.

PATRICIA HALLET: Student Council Representative 4; Pep Club 2,3,4; Holland Hall Players 4; Basketball 2; Speedball 3L,4L; Softball 2L; "The Apple Tree" Assistant Director 4; Hallway 3; Eight Acres 4; Cheerleader 3,4; Concert Chorus 4; Chapel Committee 4; Senior-Class Social Chairman 4; Honor Roll 2,3; Intern: Little Lighthouse; OSU.

LAURA WARNER HARLOW: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Speedball 1; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "Edwin Booth" 4; Hallway 3,4; Circulation Manager 4; Chapel Committee 4; Intern: Mary Murray's Flowers; Sullins College.

DAVID ERNEST JACKSON: Letterman's Club 2,3; Cross Country 3, 4L; Soccer 1,2L,3L,4L; Student Conduct Board 3; Student Faculty Senate 3; Honor Roll 3,4; Intern: Cabinet Making; University of the South.

NANCY LEE JENKINS: Pep Club 2,4; Key Club 3,4; Photography Club 4; Spanish Club 2; Field Hockey 4L; Basketball 2; Speedball 3L,4L; Softball 2L,3L,4L; Girl's Chorus 4; Eight Acres 4; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "A Christmas Carol" 3; Honor Roll 3; Intern: Hillcrest; Vanderbilt.

STEVEN JAMES JENNINGS: Cross Country 3L,4L; MVP 3; Captain 4; Science Award; Mathematics Award; Intern: Amoco Computer Center; SMU.

JILL JEWELL: Pep Club 1,2,3; Speedball 1L,2L,3L,4L; Honorable Mention All-Conference 3; Softball 1L; Class Secretary 3,4; Concert Chorus 1,2,3,4; Madrigal 1; "Little Mary Sunshine" 1; "The Long Journey" 2; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; Intern: Children's Medical Center; OSU.

ROY STEVEN JOHNSON: Student Council Secretary 1; Pep Club 4; Letterman's Club 1,2,3,4; Vice-President 4; Holland Hall Players 3,4; Football 1, 2,3; Soccer 1,2,3L,4L; Baseball 1L,2L,3L,4L; Co-Captain 4; Class Vice-President 4; Student Conduct Board 1,2; Concert Chorus 2,3,4; Madrigal 4; Art Show 1; Hallmark Selection Committee 1; Hallmark Master of Ceremonies 4; Hallway 1,2,3,4; Sports Editor 3; Associate Editor 4; Mayor's Youth Council 3; Mercantile Bank Jr. Board of Directors 4; Tulsa Youth Forum 4; "Summertime" 2; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; National French Contest 2 Fifth Place Regionally; National Achievement Scholar; Boy of the Month; Senior Award; Intern: KTEW-TV; Stanford University.

PHILIP EUGENE JONES: Basketball 1,2,3; Tennis 1,2,3L,4L; Intern: Tulsa Public Schools; Northeastern Oklahoma University.

HAROLD EUGENE KUNKEL, JR.: Student Council Representative 1,2,4; Key Club 4; Letterman's Club 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3L,4; Tennis 1L,2L,3L,4L; Captain 3,4; Class President 1; Student Faculty Senate 1; Debate 1; Honor Roll 1,3; National Honor Society 3; Boy of the Month 4; Intern: Early Development Center; Knox College.

PETER EDWIN LANTZ: Basketball 1; Soccer 2,3L,4L; Honor Roll 3,4; Intern: KTBA-FM Radio; University of the South.

AMY BRECHIN - TULL TE SHADE - BRAD MEYER - JEFF THURSTON - GINA SCH -
STEVEN JAMES JENNINGS - DIANE KATHRYN DAVIES - CHUCK
MARGARET MARTIN - JERI BULL -
RICK ANDELMAN - AMANDA MCLOUD - JI

BOB LEE - BETH NASH - ROY JOHNSON

CAMP - PETE MORLEY - LUCIA GARY

N - JAN NESPOR - PHIL JONES

ROBERT CLYDE LEE: Letterman's Club 2,3,4; Football 2L,3L,4L; Captain 4; Basketball 2L,3L,4L; Captain 4; Baseball 2L,3L,4L; Captain 4; MIP 2; Student Conduct Board 4; Intern: Tulsa Public Schools; Austin College.

LINDA DIANE LOWARY: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Eight Acres 3,4; Hallway 3; "Little Mary Sunshine" 1; "All My Sins" 1; "Edwin Booth" 4; Hallmark 4; Honor Roll 1; Intern: Crabtree Farms; Louisville, Kentucky; University of Louisville.

AMANDA MCLOUD: Pep Club 1,2,3; Key Club 2,3,4; Field Hockey 1; Basketball 1,2L; Tennis 1L,2L,3L; Windmill 3,4; Co-Editor 4; Eight Acres 4; Copy Editor 4; Cum Laude 4; Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Intern: Research; Tulsa Architecture; Vanderbilt.

MARGARET BYARS MARTIN: Student Council Treasurer 2; Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Class Representative 4; Key Club 4; Art Club 4; Holland Hall Players 4; Field Hockey 2L; MIP 2; Speedball 1L,2L,3L,4L; Honorable Mention All-Conference 2; Second Team All-Conference 3; First Team All-Conference 4; MVP 4; Tennis 1L,2,3L; Hallway 4; Eight Acres 2,3,4; Co-Editor 4; Hallmark Selection Committee 1,2; Student Director 4; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" Student Director 3; Third Place Penel Drawing 2; Third Place Dimensional Art 2; Honor Roll 1,2,3; Gift of the Month; Intern: Tulsa County Courthouse; Randall-Macon Women's College.

BRADFORD R. MEYER: Letterman's Club 4; Football 4L; Basketball 4L; Baseball 4L; MVP 4; Student Discipline Committee 4; Honor Roll 4; Intern: Wildlife Conservation; TCU.

PETER HAMILTON MORLEY: Student Council Representative 2; Letterman's Club 3,4; Basketball 1,4; Soccer 2; Tennis 1,2,3L,4L; MIP 4; Class President 2; Student Faculty Senate 2; Concert Chorus 1,2,3,4; National French Contest 2 Sixth Place; Honor Roll 1,3; Intern: Hillcrest; Washington and Lee University.

ELIZABETH EARLE NASH: Pep Club 2,3; Key Club 3,4; Vice-President 4; Holland Hall Players 4; Hallway 2,3; Eight Acres 2,3,4; Student Conduct Board 3,4; Chapel Committee 4; Concert Chorus 2,3,4; Madrigal 4; Hallmark 4; "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" 2; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; Spanish Declamation Contest 3,4 First Place; National Spanish Contest 4 Tenth Place; Honor Roll 4; Music Award; Intern: Research; Women in the Religious Life; ORU.

JAN KENT NESPOR: Soccer 2,3L,4L; Captain 4; First Team All-Conference 4; MVP 4; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; National Merit Scholar; Intern: Research; Profile of the American Christian College Student; University of Chicago.

LESLIE MARIE OWEN: Pep Club 1,2; Holland Hall Players 4; Speedball 1; Tennis 1,2,3; Hallway 3,4 Columnist 4; "Little Mary Sunshine" 1; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "Edwin Booth" Student Director 4; Intern: Classical Guitar Lessons in Baltimore, Md.; Lone Mountain College.

CHARLES RANDOLPH PHILLIPS: Cross Country 3; Soccer 1,2,3,4L; Tennis 1,2; Eight Acres 1; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; Intern: Write and Give recital of original compositions; University of Northern Colorado.

ROBIN ANTOINETTE RAINEY: Student Council Representative 3; Pep Club 1,2,3; Key Club 3; Art Club 3; Holland Hall Players 3; Field Hockey 1,2,3; Basketball 1; Speedball 2,3L; Volleyball 1L; All Sports Queen Attendant 2; Cheerleader 2,3; Chapel Committee 3; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 2; "Scrooge" Director 2; "Edwin Booth" 3; Honor Roll 1,2,3; OU.

SARAH LOUISE RIZLEY: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1L,2L,3L; First Team All-Conference 3; MVP 3; Tennis 1,2L,3L,4L; Captain 3; Cheerleader 2,3; Eight Acres 4; Concert Chorus 1,2,3,4; Madrigal 4; Intern: Children's Medical Center; OSU.

JAMES ALAN RUSSELL: Soccer 1,2,3; Hallway 1; Intern: KTBA-FM Radio; OSU.

JAMES RICHARD RYAN, JR.: Audio-Visual Club 2,3; Soccer 2,3,4; Hallway 2; Intern: Radio Shack; Westminster.

GINA HELENE SCHUMAN: Pep Club 2,3,4; Art Club 4; Eight Acres 4; Hallway 4; Assistant Advertising Manager 4; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; Hallmark 4; Intern: Interior Decoration; University of Arizona.

JULIANNE SHADE: Student Council Vice-President 3; Representative 4; Pep Club 2,3,4; Key Club 2,3,4; Field Hockey 2,3L,4L; Speedball 2L; Tennis 2,3; Student Faculty Senate 2,3; All Sports Queen Attendant 3; Hallway 2; Eight Acres 4; Honor Roll 4; Intern: KOTV-TV; University of Texas.

SHERYL KAY SKAGGS: Student Council Representative 3; Pep Club 1,2; Field Hockey 1L,2L,3,4; Basketball 1,2L; Softball 2L; Class President 3; Student Faculty Senate 2,3; All Sports Queen Attendant 1; Eight Acres 4; French Award 3,4; Intern: Greenthumb Nursery; Rice University.

CRAIG BUSEY SMITH: Pep Club 4; Key Club 4; Soccer 4; Baseball 2,3; Eight Acres 3,4; Hallway 3,4; Intern: Tulsa Tribune; SMU.

CHERYL SOMERS: Pep Club 3,4; Key Club 4; Softball 3L,4L; Hallway 4; Intern: Hilton Inn Kitchen and Sewing; TCU.

SUSAN LYNN STEINBERG: Pep Club 3; Speedball 3; Volleyball 4; Windmill 3,4; Assistant Editor 3; Co-Editor 4; Hallway 3,4; Copy Editor 4; Concert Chorus 3,4; Madrigal 4; "The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" 3; "The Me Nobody Knows" 3; "The Apple Tree" 4; Intern: Amoco Research Center; TCU.

STEPHEN FOSTER SUMRALL: Soccer 2,3,4; Hallway 4; French Declamation Contest 2 Second Place; National Merit Letter of Commendation 4; Honor Roll 2,3,4; Intern: KTEW-TV.

JULIANNE TATE: Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Field Hockey 1,2; Speedball 1L,2L,3L,4L; Softball 1L,2L; Eight Acres 3,4; Cheerleader 2; Concert Chorus 1,2,3; Intern: Children's Medical Center; University of Northern Colorado.

CHARLOTTE MAE THORNTON: Student Council 3,4; Representative 3; Pep Club 2,3,4; Key Club 2,3,4; Holland Hall Players 4; Basketball 2L,3L; Speedball 4L; First Team All-Conference; Tennis 2,3L,4L; Captain 4; Class President 4; Student Faculty 4; Hallway 2; Eight Acres 2,3,4; Co-Editor 4; Hallmark Lighting Chairman 4; Cum Laude Society 4; Third Place Painting Award 2; First Place Pen and Ink Award 2; First Place Pottery Award 3; Honor Roll 2,3,4; Gift of the Month; Intern: Public Relations International; University of Texas.

ROGER DEAN THURMOND: Letterman's Club 2,3,4; Football 2L,3L,4L; Soccer 3; Baseball 2,3; Honor Roll 2,3; Intern: Hillcrest; OU.

JEFFREY MILLER THURSTON: Pep Club 4; Key Club 4; Letterman's Club 3,4; Football 3; MIP 3; Basketball 1,2,3L,4L; MIP 1; Tennis 1,2; Student Faculty Senate 2; Windmill 3,4; Hallway 2,3,4; Sports Editor 4; Mainstream 3; Concert Chorus 3,4; Madrigal 4; "Summertime" 2; "Edwin Booth" 4; "The Apple Tree" 4; Hallmark Master of Ceremonies 4; Honor Roll 2; High Honor Roll 1,3,4; Cum Laude Society 4; National Merit Scholar 4; Boy of the Month; Intern: Hillcrest; Rice University.

FRED SOMMERVIL WATSON: Soccer 3,4; Student Faculty Senate 4; National Merit Letter of Commendation 4; Research; The Psychology and Philosophy of H.P. Blavatsky; M. Heindel; A.A. Bailey; G. I. Gurdjieff and a few others; University of Michigan.

DONALD ROGER WEHRS: Soccer 2,3; Debate 1,2,3; Western Civilization Award 3; Brown Book Award 3; American Civilization Award 3; English Award 4; Intern: Tulsa Public Schools; Williams College.

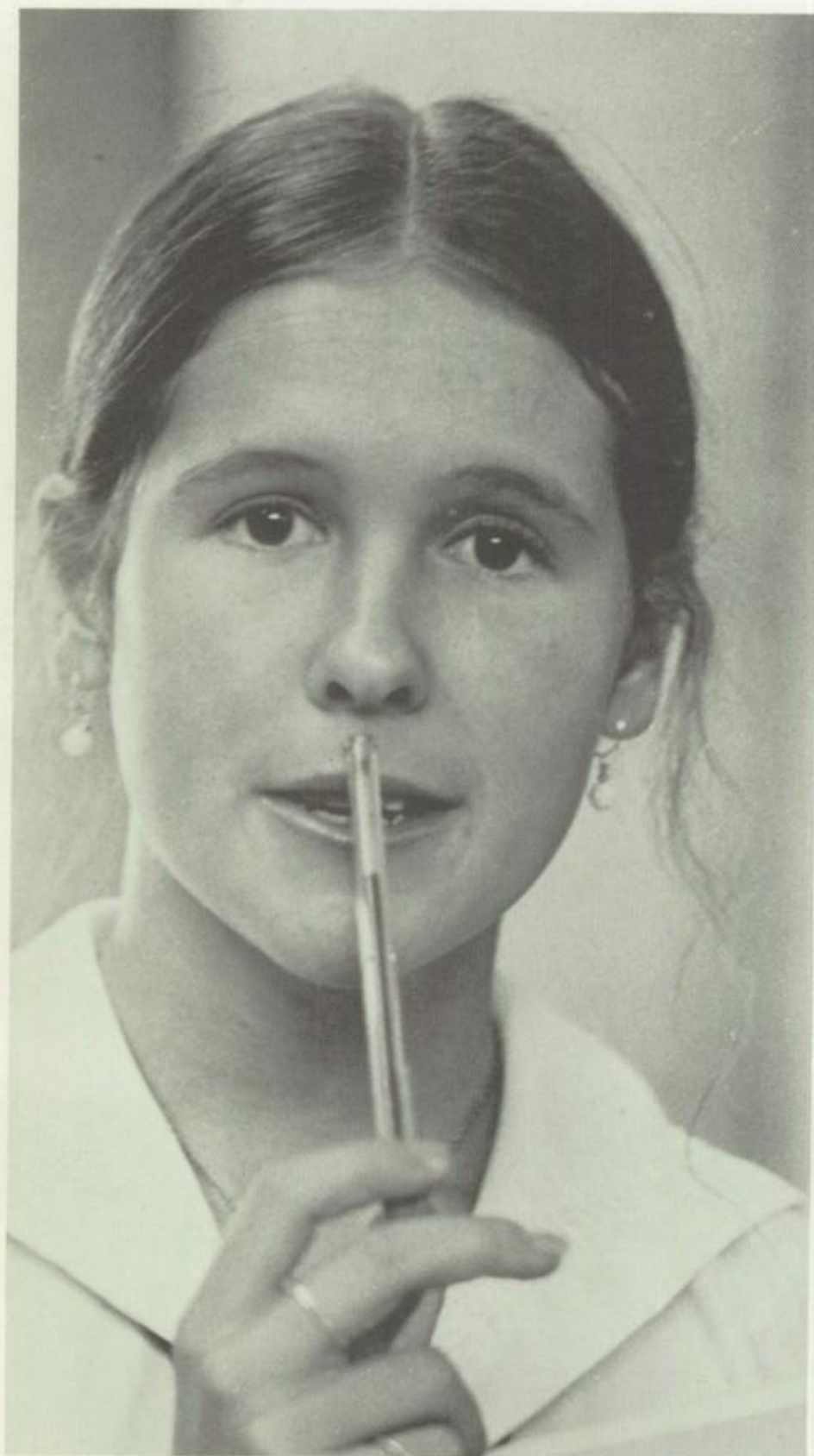
MARTHA ANGELA WILSON: Speedball 1,3; Softball 2; Tennis 3; Arts Festival Honorable Mention Award for Sketch; Intern: Karate, Yoga, Ballet; University of North Carolina.

ELIZABETH ANN YORK: Student Council 1; Representative 1; Pep Club 1,2,3,4; Secretary 2,4; President 3; Key Club 2,3,4; Vice-President 3; President 4; Field Hockey 1,2L,3L,4L; Honorable Mention All-Conference 3; First Team All-Conference 4; Basketball 1; Speedball 2L,3L,4; Honorable Mention All-Conference 3; Tennis 1,2,3; Softball 4L; Hallway 3,4; Concert Chorus 3,4; Athlete of the Issue; Gift of the Month; Intern: Philbrook and Interior Decorating; Mary Baldwin College.

MAN - R WATSON - BILL GREEN

ARD - JULIE TATE - SARAH RIZLEY

RYAN - DON WEHRS - SHERYL SKAGGS



Above: Connie Lockwood displays the correct way to look educated with anything at hand, i.e. Bic pen. **Right:** Steve Herrin imitates his soul brothers.

JUNIORS PUT IT ALL TOGETHER WHEN IT COUNTED

We had our cliques. The room 219 clique, the commons clique, the art room clique, and book worm clique. We were united, though, when we needed to be. We were able to sell light bulbs in one week and candy bars in two. Our junior year rut included the 4:00 A.M. bedtime, the all-night-drink-along-with-Sanka, and the beautiful dreams of Hofstadter. Our libraries grew after stashing \$1.95 paperbacks on our shelves of (among others **Hamlet**, **The Picture of Dorian Gray**, and **Volpone**.) We all seemed to appear nervous as we found ourselves fidgeting with our new class rings. As January slump hit, we had to admit we were envious of the seniors leaving in March. Spirits kept high, though, with the anxiety of taking over the senior parking lot and knowing that this was the last year we had to make all those BS excuses to Mr. Elmer in order to get out of school.



Mitch Adwon
Susan Appleman
David Armstrong

Robert Arnold
Allison Bills
Georgia Brewer

Dene Bullard
Lauren Buttery
Steve Camp

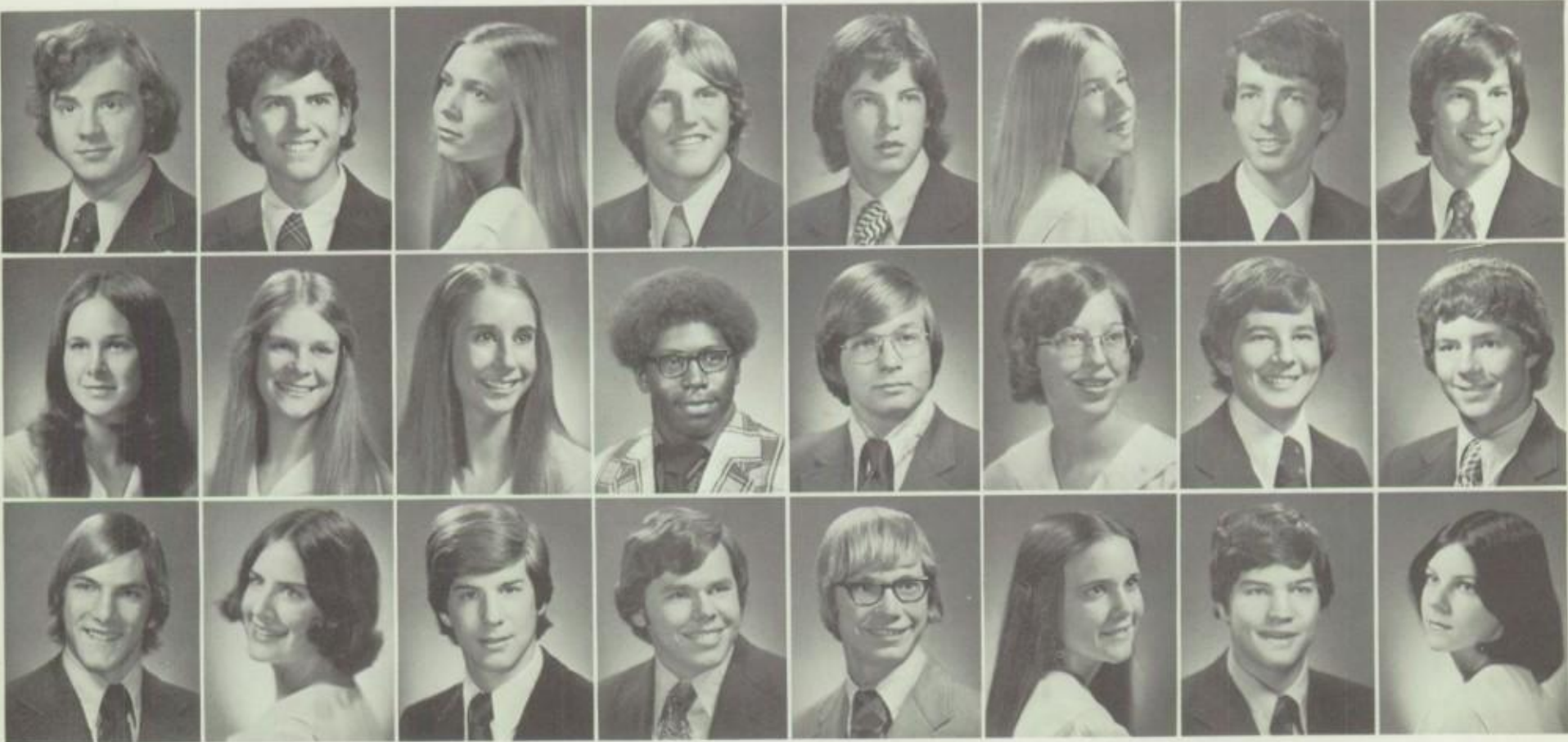
Rick Chadsey
Charles Chaney
Paul Clark

Tim Cobb
Jim Durham
Jim Eogleton

Kathy Exline
Laura Ferguson
Boofy Flint

Eric Freeman
Scott Haus
Haden Haworth

Mat Helmerich
Steve Herrin
Michele Holland



After a long contemplation in the lunch room, Pat Perry plays it safe and eats a peach.



With hoop skirt flying, Marian Saunders practices the best way to sit.



Harriett Hudson

Debbie Jenkins

Glenn Kehlmann

Russell LaCour

Tammy Laster

David LeRiche

Kurt Leibendorfer

Clark Lipotich
Darlene Litton
Connie Lockwood
David Lucas
Wayne MacNaughton
Lesla Magee

Russell LaCour proves that not only ruffles have ridges.



'I can't
believe spring
break finally
came . . . '

Finally, I can go home, lie down, and relax. I only have one more semester of school and I'm out. Good-bye Hofstadter, good-bye homework, good-bye English papers, and good-bye school. Just think — next year . . . senior privileges, senior parking lot, top dogs, big daddies of the school! It will really be different without the senior class I'll have to admit, I really hate to see them go.

At first, I thought junior year was going to be impossible. I croaked at the sight of all those American Civilization books. And those Canterbury Tales — how ridiculous. To tell the truth, now that I look back, it has been impossible. But for some reason, I've made it through. (And still all in one piece.) Freshmen year is all fun and games, Sophomore year is just like the Freshman, but with a lot more books, and junior year is the biggy of them all! You know — that if you can make it through junior year, you can make it through anything. and I've made it — so far.



David Nickle

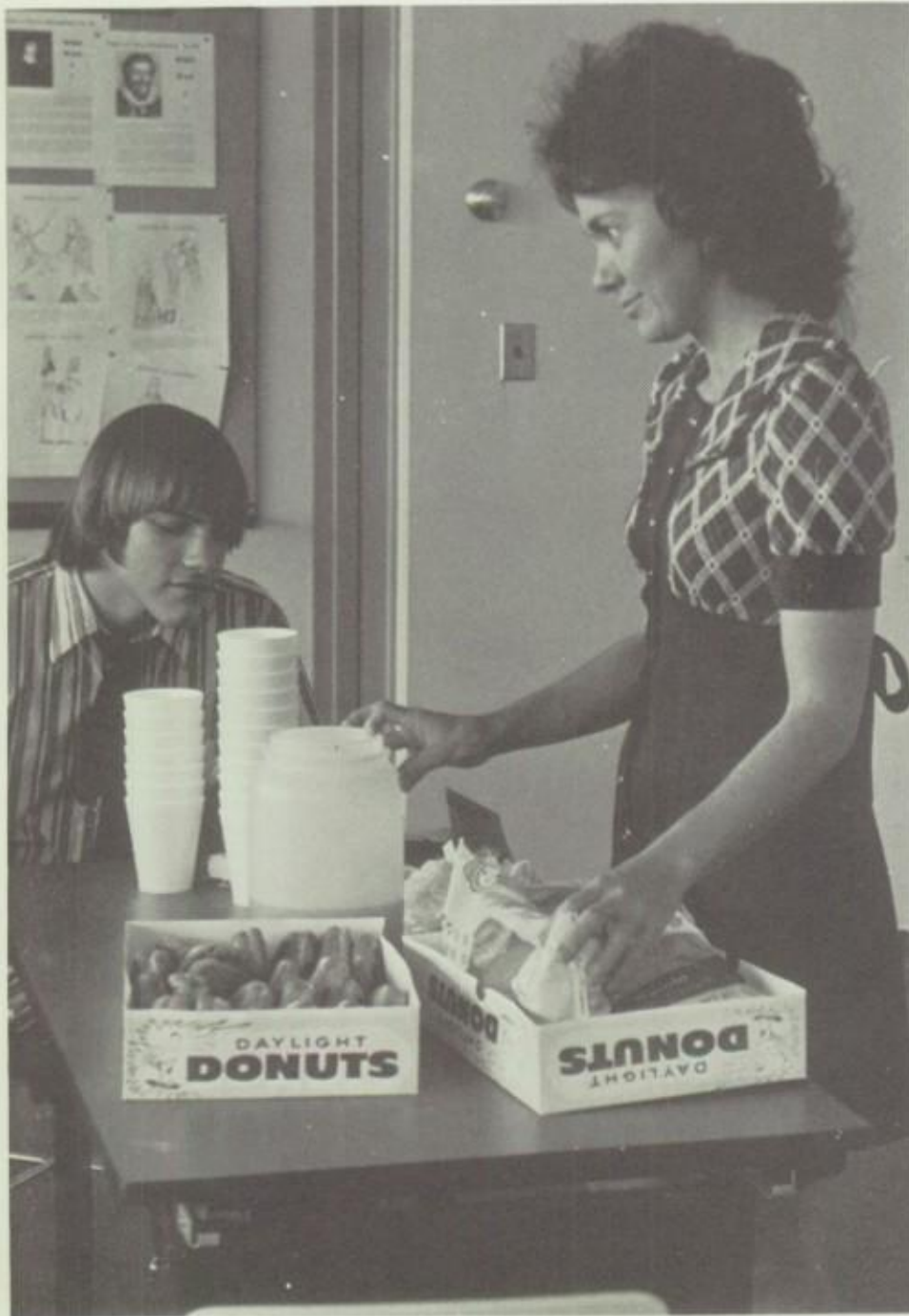
Peggy O'Connor

Keith Owens

Susan Paddock



Suprise! Suprise! Mrs. Harrison gets a B-day party instead of Functions and David Armstrong gets donuts instead of homework.

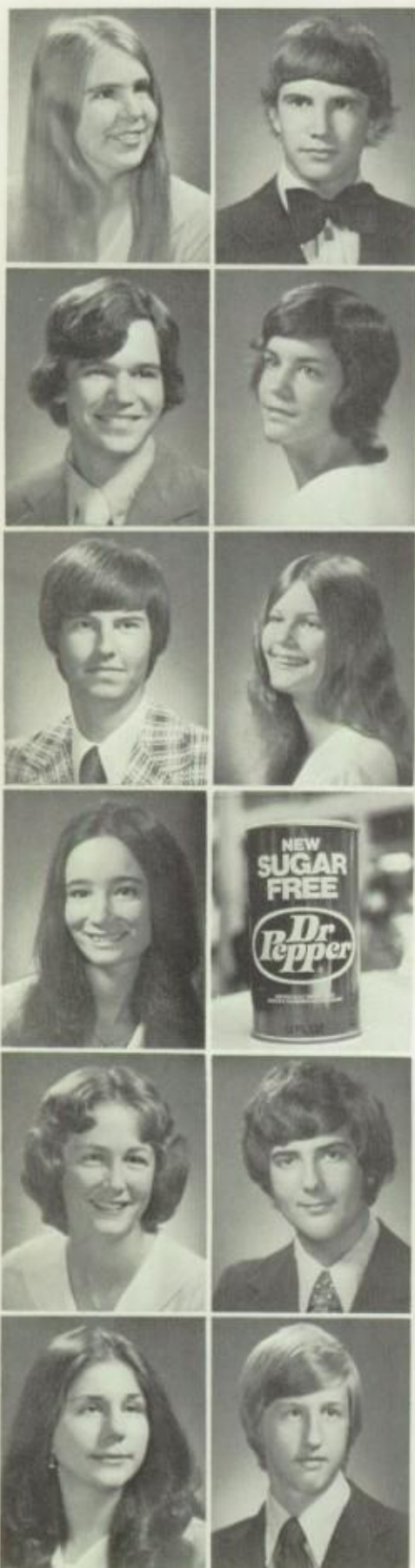


Above: Tammy Laster and Cheryl Somers satisfy customers at Field Day with Pep Club suckers. **Below:** Isolated, Danna Voth studies quietly in preparation for her American Civilization project.



Pat Perry
Vic Peters
Craig Raguse
Robin Rainey
Anne Read
Leslie Ringold

Kevin Robinson
Marian Saunders
Laura Shamas
Russell Slack
Gary Steinberg



'Junioritis?'

Most of us have passed the "cavity prone years" and all of us have passed sweet sixteen, so where do we stand?

Sure school will be over. Soon all the privileges and hurrah that's associated with being a senior will be ours. But I feel indifference is struggling to reach over the feeling that my senior year should be my best. But I also feel a need to accomplish something. I'd like to look back at my high school years and have a special feeling about Holland Hall.

Perhaps, my awareness of these problems is enough for now. Just knowing that something should be done is a start, looking at all the work I've done all these years I owe it to myself to relax just a bit before the big guns begin to fire . . . again.

Above: Checking out on the way things go in the commons is Paul Clark, Lisa Hudson, and Lesa Magee. **Below:** As the festivities of Field Day end, Anne Read scowls at the amount of trash she has to clean up.



Mary Sukkar
Mark Taylor
Kyle Terry
Danna Voth
David Ware
Robyn Watson

Ben Wetherill

Janet Wetzler

Betsy Whalley

Chip Williams

Susan Wood

Sarah Wright

Tony Yeabower



Two members of the swinging crowd, Connie Lockwood and Keith Owens, spin into spring.



Rounding the last curve, Chip Williams races to the finish line in The Great Bicycle Race.



LIMP CARD FINGERS LEARN NEW TRICKS

The year was one of discoveries for us. New interests arose that we had never imagined. Education became important and occupied some (most?) of our time. Cardfingers, limp from less card playing, saw new action when confronted with THE RESEARCH PAPER. Note cards, bibliography, and rough drafts got those fingers back in shape. Biology proved time consuming, but provided us with the necessary physical skills that enabled us to aid the lunch room ladies. (i.e. dissection of pigs for glazed ham, and fruit flies to decorate the salads.) Card playing was fun, but not as much as it used to be. Dances somehow tended to be much more interesting. Instead of playing in the parking lot, our boys noticed their female counterparts. They were somehow more lifelike than pop cans and playing cards; when you talked to them, they could somehow relate to you. Now it finally seemed as though we were in the realm of upperclassmen.



After winning the St. Stephens conference game, Lisa Whitehill displays the thrill of victory.



Vince Adamek

Rhonda van nes Allen

Mike Ashworth

David Askins

Peter Athens

Margaret Barry



David Brown and John White humorously watch the firemen retrieve the flag off the school flagpole.



Kathy Beale
Ron Binding

Robert Bohanon
Clark Brannin

David Brown
Karen Caldwell

Darell Christopher
Lorne Covington

Cathy Crockett
Jim Deck
Cynthia Easton
Leslie Eaton
Kellye Elam
Sharon Erskine

Cathy Beale wheels her cheap tricycle to Detroit and obviously to Ralph Nader.



Lynn Fesperman
Henry Finch
Robb Glendening
Mike Guterman
Tom Harjo
Juliet Harrison



Above: Worn out from cheering, Jane Tyler takes a moment just to think. **Below:** Sleeping all the way, Cindy Easton takes the long Matamoros bus ride the easy way.



Richard Harrison
Scot Harvey
James Irby
Peter Jackson
Jill Jones
Darrel Kunkel



Ann Laster
Richard Lee
Scott Lewis
Ken Low
Kelly McCune
John McGrath



Brent McMurry
Jeff Maher
Nancy Makar
Sarah Mark
Cathy Moore
Elizabeth Nolan

Bill Nole
Wally Nunn
Garth Osborn

'We were too young for unchaperoned parties . . . '

Sophomore year somehow related to the missing link between man and his ape ancestors. You belong yet somehow you don't. Somehow you are a piece of a complex puzzle but getting an exact fit is somehow difficult. You're too young for unchaperoned parties, but too old for daddy's lap; too young for Mitchum Deodorant and too old for Baby Magic. What's a soph to do?

Well, you start out by telling your parents you're going to a chaperoned party when actually you're going to a junior or senior beer blast to which you weren't invited. Beer, that has a nice ring to it. Sophomore year is generally the year for discovering it and we were right in step. Once you walked through the dirty looks and fanned away the cigarette smoke that seems to be only coming in your direction, you probably wouldn't be thrown out. Cigarettes hmmm. We discovered those this year too. It was probably when you were riding in the car with another sophomore which brings us to the fact that the sophomore year is usually the year of THE LICENSE which is really helpful because now your parents don't have to take you to those unchaperoned parties, lessening the chances of being caught.

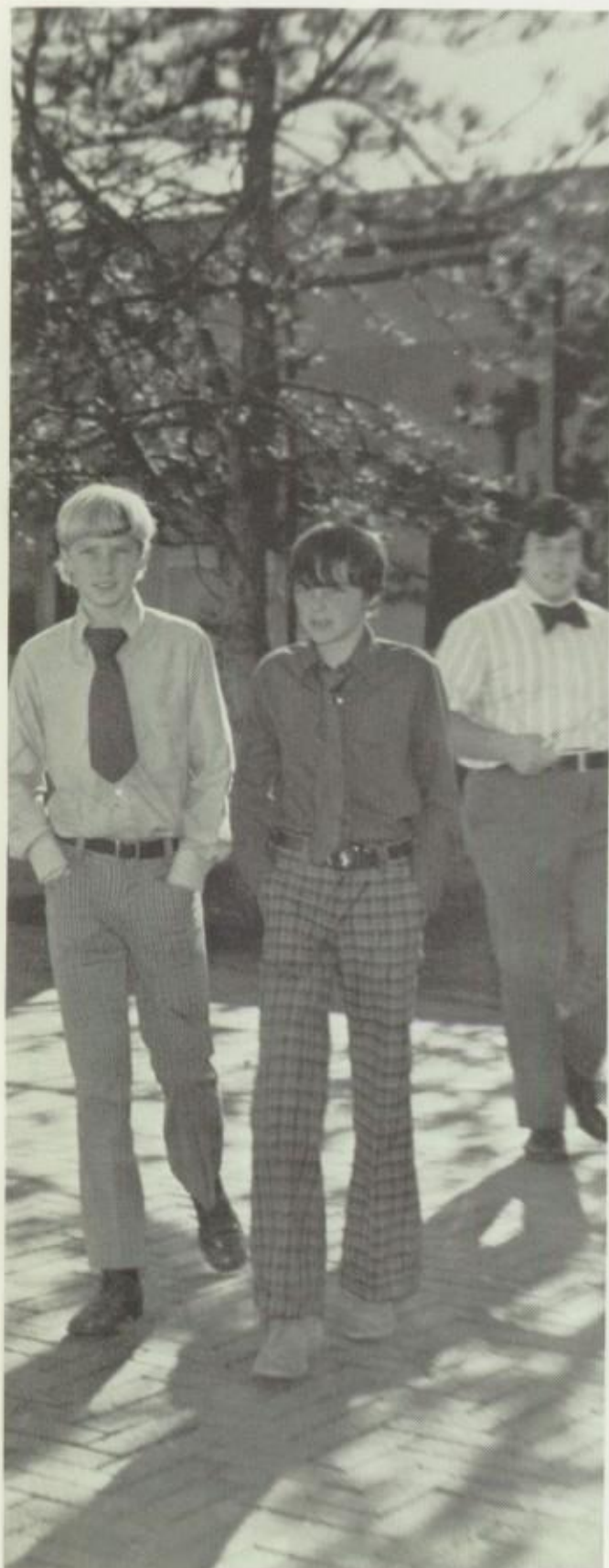


Above: During "The Apple Tree", audio visual student, David Askins zooms in on the players. **Below:** Jeff Maher finds enough silence in the Commons to study.



Cip Patterson
David Ramsey
Rebecca Rhodes
Nancy Rizley
Michael Rushmore
Dana Shapiro

Returning from lunch, Darrel Kunkel, Mike Rushmore and Mike Guterman take time in reaching classes.



Above: Scott Todd finds the thought of returning to class a little hard to swallow. **Below:** With a few friends, some food, and a footrest, Jamie Vander Molen finds relaxation in the library.



Blake Spellman
Robin Springer
Loy Stewart

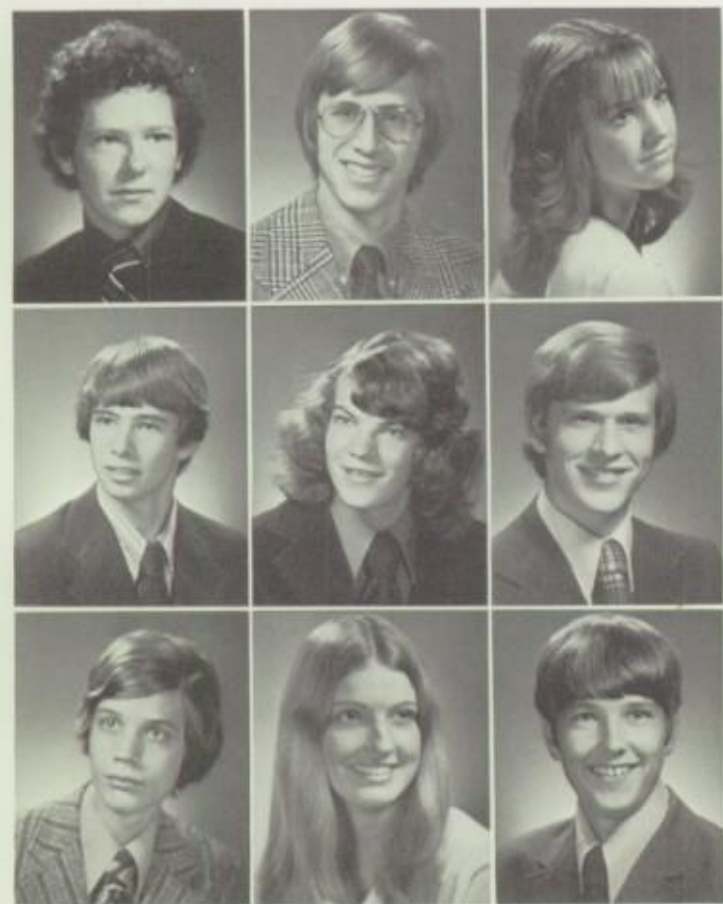
John Taylor
Scott Todd
Jane Tyler

Jamie Vander Molen
Phil West
John White

Lisa Whitehill
Kate Williams
Jim Yeager



Even though there is really not much to laugh at, Rob Glendening, Nancy Makar, and Henry Finch laugh their way through lunch.



'I dreamt of Mrs. Harmon day and night . . .'

The sophomore research was, in general, informative, but a pain. Free mods were spent in the library digging up old moldy authors. (Preferably American.) In preparing our research, Ms. Brazinsky could be compared with a lion. You throw them all kinds of

food, but it is never enough. Students trembling with fear would take their meager papers into Ms.'s office to be rejuvenated daily.

Then came the final day. Everyone crowded into the typing room and typed their fingers off, swearing intermittently whenever their fingers slipped.

The final papers ranged from one and a half pages to twenty-page books. We were exhausted. But of course, we pretended that the entire affair was enjoyable. (Due to writer's cramp we find ourselves unable to continue.)



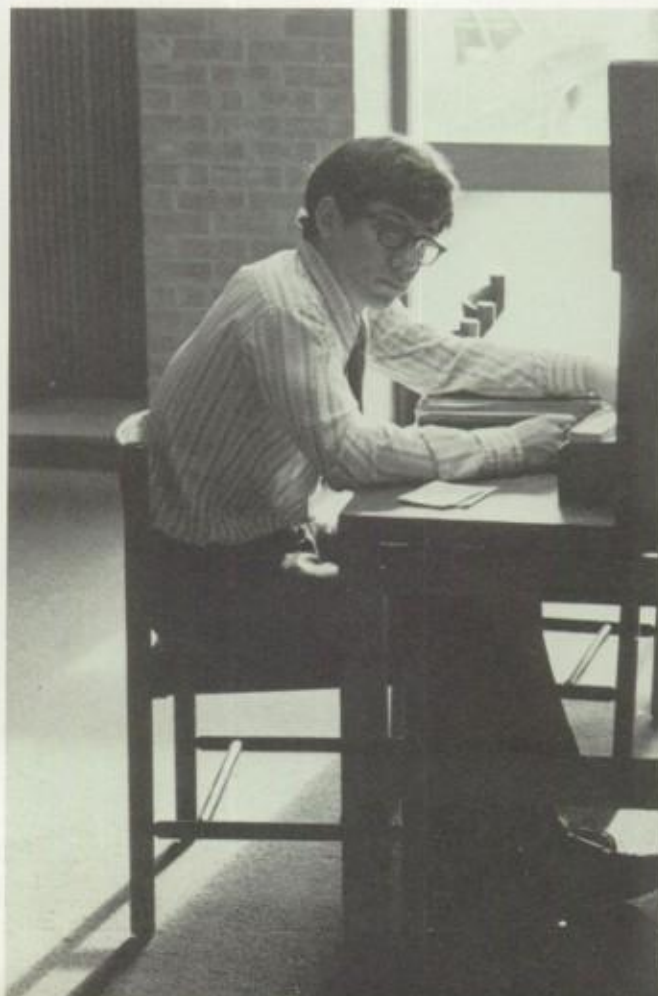
Joking around outside, Vinton Miller lets humor overcome a smile as he breaks into laughter.



ROOKIES TAKE NW CORNER

When we first came rolling into the Commons, we knew we had it made. No more Mr. Ward or Mr. Tunnel — we were home free. Not quite knowing where to position ourselves, we immediately claimed the northwest corner. "Whatta we do?" was an often heard comment. For some, white light meant it was time to play cards, yellow light meant Western Civ was almost over, green light meant a hand delivered detention from Mr. Elmer if you didn't get up and go to class, and red light meant someone had accidentally (?) pulled the fire alarm. Whether you had learned about **A Tale of Two Cities** from Mrs. Chase or how to get two Galaxy Grapes out of the Coke machine for the price of one, the year had been an informative one.

Not exactly excited about the reading material, Alec Hill pauses for a glance.



Andy Allen
Peter Ames
Liz Arrington
Ginger Ashley
Vikki Bailey
Blair Barber

Elizabeth Bloodgood
John Brechin
David Bruce
Cindy Bunn
John Coates
Julie Coppedge



Rhonda Davis
Bobby Duerner
Martha Ewing
Marilou Frates
Andrea Freeman
Jane Friedrich

Julia Garetson
Lee Ann Garetson

Brewster Gary
Loir Goldizen

Kathleen Hares
Todd Harrison

Hans Helmerich
Paul Herman

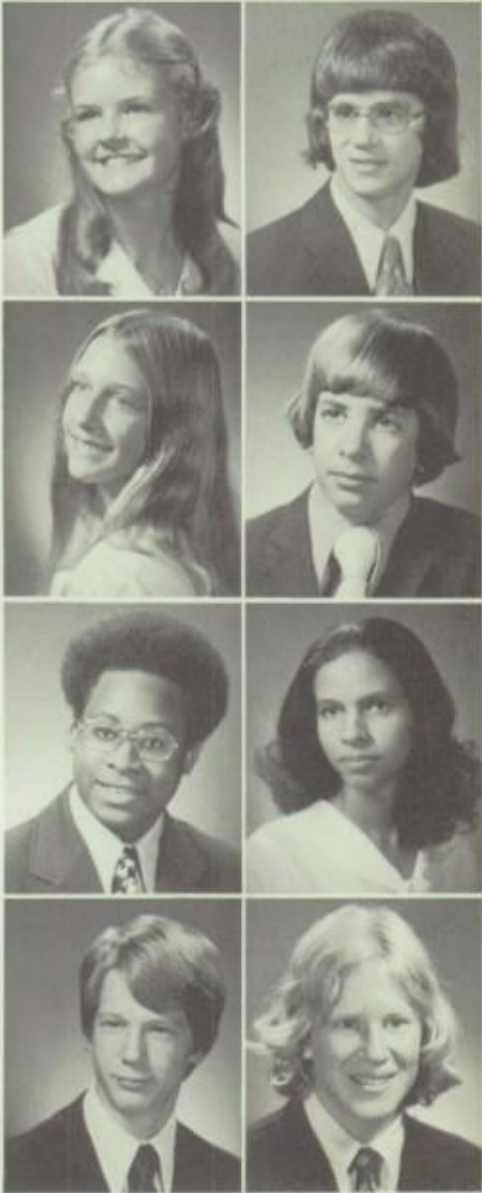
Alec Hill
Kim Ho

Robert Holland
Ann Hooker
Leslie Hughes
Cathy Hughes
Jimmy Johnson
Gary Jones

Al Kasishke
Cheryl Kunkel
Gene Land
Brett Lantz
Phyllis Lewis
Peter Lockwood



After a drink and some concentration, Raul Mendoza finally decides to play a card.





After peddling her way to school in honor of Earth Day, Julie Yeabower enjoys her reward — a free dress day and more studying.



Wesley Miller

Cathy Madrak

Susan Moore

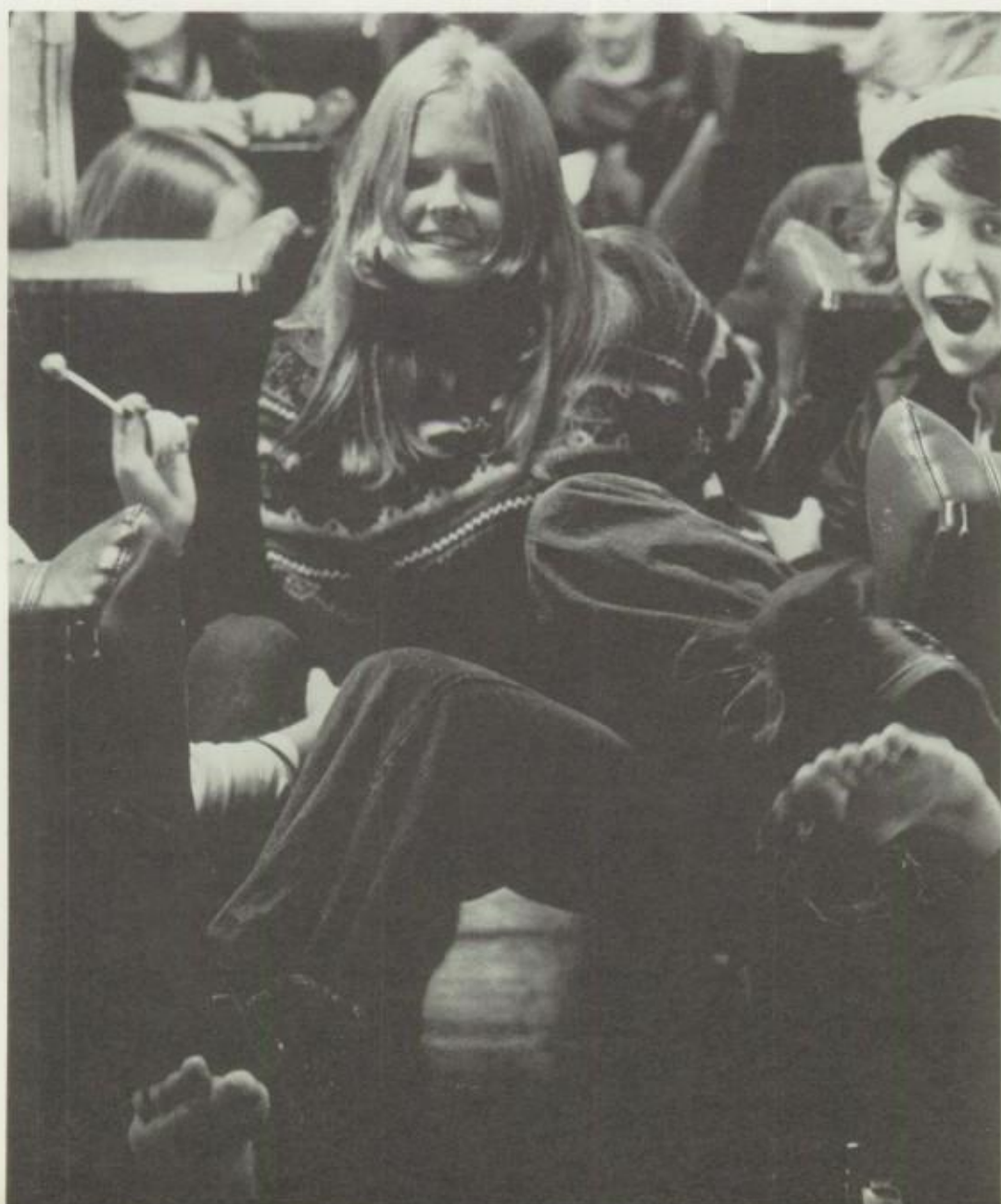
Mitch Moskowitz

David Neal

Fun-loving Leslie Hughes develops an unusual seating position beside Todd Harrison.



Mackey McCarthy
Phil McNeill
John Makar
Henry Mark
Raul Mendoza
Vinton Miller



Marty Newman
Carolyn Paddock
Arlin Pedrick
Mark Pfeifer
Brian Phillips
John Ridgeway

Melanie Rollins
Joel Rutledge



'Those trials ... how could they?'

Guilty or guilty? That is the question. The dreaded feeling of certain upperclassmen rounding the corner with that subtle inquiry in their eyes, "You haven't had yours yet — it's time for an appointment." Then an obvious reply, "Well really, I've got a class." Next step — Lecture Center — lights off. The spotlight hits your average "wimpy" freshman. How can you plead innocent to being a freshman— You just start moving and even though you'll end up hanging from the railing by your wrists, you have to try — it's all part of the game. I can't wait 'til I'm a senior.

Finally Kim Ho and Carolyn Paddock begin to understand as they work and compare homework problems.



Deborah Sanditen
John Scruton

Jimmy Shamas
Wade Sisler

Joel Starr
Pame Stowell

David Sullivan
Chris Taylor

Melvin Tennant
Candy Terry

Nancy Vander Molen
Valerie Voth

Paul Walker
Suzanne Wehrs

Glenn Wood
Julie Yeabower

TOP DOGS LIKE THE TOP

It was nice being the oldest class at the Birmingham Campus. Our year went great for us. We had an undefeated football and soccer team. Movie nights were a huge success and offered an extra activity for the weekend. A new combined course in History and English took us out into the community and IPS gave some an interest in science (but led to frustration for others). In order to get out of our ties and middies, we had free dress days. Z-Day provided us with a break from school. We took field trips around Tulsa, watched a Karate exhibition at school, or just relaxed and played chess. Being "top dogs" at the Middle School had been fun, but now we must return to the bottom of the ladder as we move to the 81st Campus.

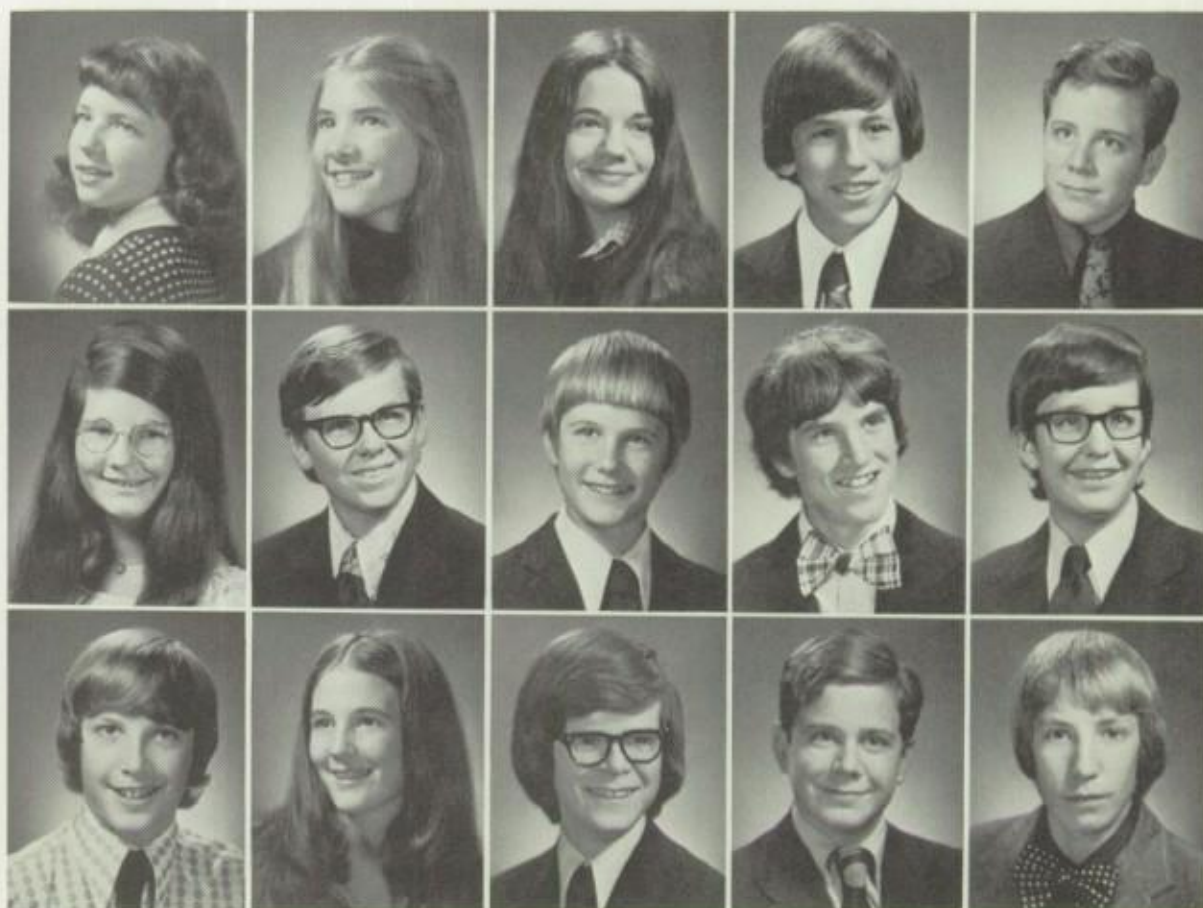
Laurie Akin
Frances Anderson
John Arrington

Alison Barry
David Bell
Shannon Benton

Brenda Biery
Doug Boswell
Mathew Brainerd

Graham Brannin
Flint Breckinridge
Matthew Britt

Mark Britt
Bryan Camp
Chuck Carmack



As spring weather nears, the fresh air makes studying indoors easier, as with Lori Akin.



Leslie Casey
James Coffey
Lynn Connolly
John Daniel
Tom Deck
Jim Decker

John Dingsor
Brenda Dunlap
Mark Eckenwiler
Mike Frank
Jess Gerow
Jono Helmerich

Barry Hensley
Nelly Higginbotham
Jody Ho
Elizabeth Jackson
Linda Jenkins
Marilyn Jennings

Peter Kamp

Sam Kimery

Maree Lang

Bob Langholz

Kristina Legler



Besides doodling, John Daniels corrects a homework assignment during Math class.

'School really
can get
pretty wild. . . !'

Classes are lively; sometimes heated discussions spring up. The teachers care about you as a person, not just from an academic view. The courses are difficult, but usually very interesting. It does not seem that

I have been here eight years.

The big game! We were all so excited we could hardly stand it. Screaming! Yelling! Stomping! Girls' basketball isn't a major event, but we all felt important. Casady didn't stand a chance!

Classes in school are boring. But between classes and after lunch, school becomes worth it — playing, not working, and most of all, not being lonely.

Leni Lundh
Janet McCreedy



Lisa McKnight
Craig MacNaughton



Bob Mason
Chris Merfield
Frances Miller
Charles Morrow
Shelly Moskowitz
Mary Nole



Jim Watkinson watches while John Dingson practices his aim at Field Day.



David Nonweiler
Peter Oven
Greg Owens
Laura Palik
Mark Rober
James Ridgeway

David Rogers
Sharon Rumley

Jerry Rushmore
Linda Seay

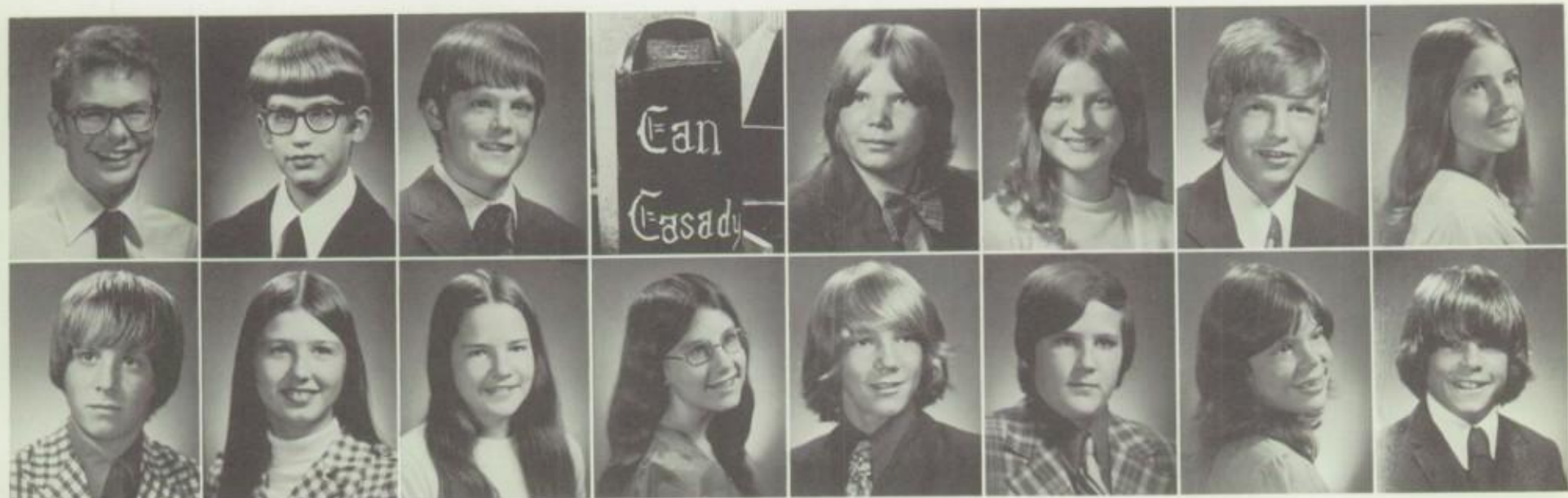
Stephanie Sisler

Mark Smothers
Jason Starr

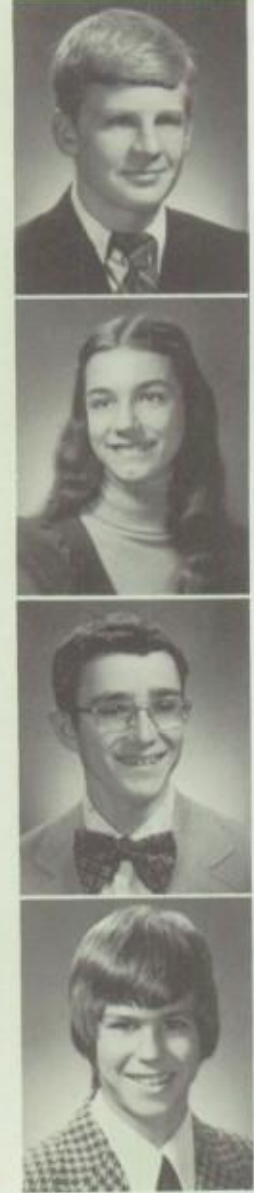
Sheila Stillings
Matt Sutherland

Jim Watkinson
Sherry Weber

Lori White
Peter Williams



Below Left: Maree Lang and Jodee Springer enjoy different personal interests in English class. **Below Right:** Mr. Tunnell assists Doug Boswell and Craig MacNaughton with a tape recording in the IPS lab.



LATIN LINGO BUSIES TROOPS

Being the first class to have team teaching, our seventh grade class was really close. We took our last step towards the 81 street campus by moving into modular scheduling. We took field trips to T.L.Osborn's museum and practiced for our production of **Pippi Longstocking**. If we weren't busy keeping Mr. Bippus busy, we were busy with our Latin American textbook readings from Mr. Ward. "Don't wait for me cats" always rang in our ears; it was the signal for us to start with our current event orals. Student Council intervened with free dress days, movie nights, and retreats. Now that the year has ended, we'll always remember those famous final words from Mr. Ward, "See you around the base, troops."



Tim Hammond and Jeff Harrison listen to a discussion with friends in the library.



Kathy Barnard
Amy Bechtel
Carol Bush

Scott Carlin
Steven Chakeres
Robin Copeland

Peggy Dalious
Blake Dickeson
Leslie Droege

Sylvia Dukelow
Paul Dunlap

Karen Forsythe
Scott Franklin

John Freeman
John Fuquay

Brett Glass
Hugh Graham

Dori Hall
Tim Hammond

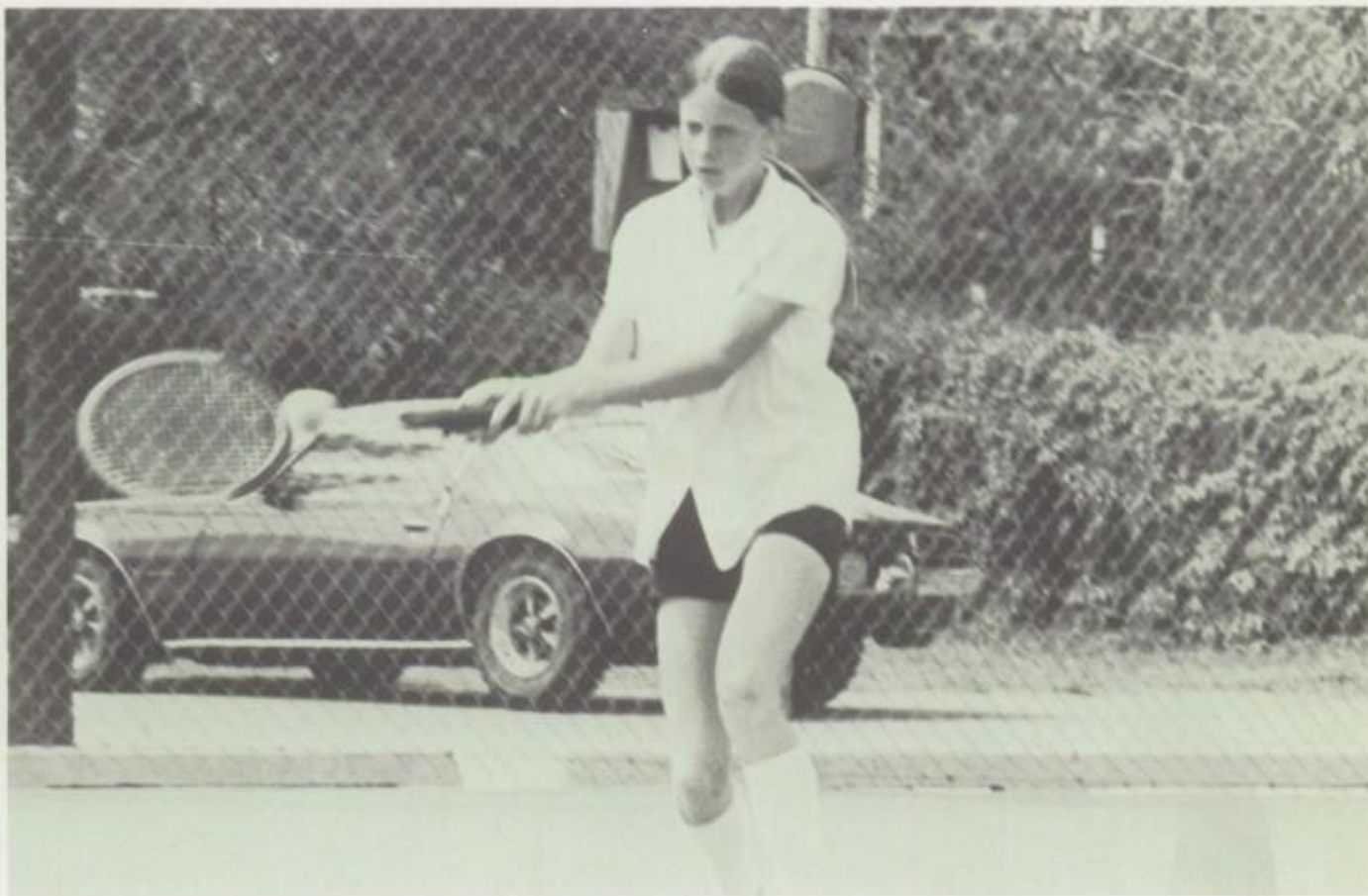


Jeff Harrison
 Tim Hart
 Dana Harwood
 Marquetta Haynes
 Philip Hughes
 Paul Kasishke

Sandra Katz
 Robert Kendall
 Gordon Kuntz
 Tracy Lockwood
 Mark McCane
 Vicky Modrak



Above: During Latin class, Mr. Bippus helps Karen Forsythe translate sentences from her textbook. **Below:** During P.E. class, Kathy Barnard forces a backhand over the net while playing a challenge match at The Tulsa Tennis Club.





Miss Miller checks the students' work while Susan Strange makes a linoleum block, and Anne Parker sketches.



'Slop on . . !

The best time for using the football field is right after a good hard rain. It doesn't make any difference what sport you are playing — that's least important. The fun part is sliding in the mud and landing right in the middle of a nice sloppy puddle. Forget the game — getting sloppy is more fun!



Russell Newman
Peter Noldt

Lisa Pack
Barbara Parker

Scott Rainey

Allison Reid
Dan Richards

Leigh Shirkey
Allison Sitrin

Susan Strange
Julie Voth
Wendy Ware
Andrew Westphal
Tammi White
David Wood

WOMEN'S LIB SHAKES BOYS

Sixth grade went something like fifth, but of course with a few added extras. We took a field trip to the court house only to hear the judge say "court dismissed." There were our unending battles between the Sakawas and Wanatas and Scalpers and Warriors. An unscheduled battle took place in the lunch room as the girls outsmarted the boys by occupying all the tables. Some ate on the floor while others forced themselves to sit with girls. Women's Lib became a major issue as we (the girls) challenged the boys in basketball. (We made up for our loss by doing our sexy "Love Potion No. 9" act in Hallmark.) Once united, we tried our basketball skills against Miss Price. Playing an unorthodox game of Polish basketball, we were able to leave our (pencil) mark on her for a day.



Above: Mrs. Jewell and Brooke Caldwell show Jeff Holden that making terrariums requires painstaking seriousness. **Below:** Laurie Lemons passes the word, as Starley Bullard and Cindy Merifield share funny gossip.



Marjorie Atwood
Belinda Baldwin
Cathy Bashaw
Starley Bullard
Brooke Caldwell
Christopher Coates



Brooke Caldwell masters the blade while assisting Lucy Tuttle in her latest art room endeavors.



David Cooper
Mark Douglas
Signe Featherston
Bradley Frank
Mary Lou Gallagher
Karen Gibson

Melissa Goodman
Margaret Graham
Jeff Holden
Scott Hooker
Leslie Iverson
Margaret Jackson

Lisa Kamp
Kathryn Kincaid

Robert Kohlbacher
Jennifer Lambert

Karen Legler
Laurie Lemons

Kelly McDaniel
Theresa McMichael

Cindy Merfield
Brittany Moore
Betsy Moore
E.C. Mullendore
Eric Neal
Susan Noble

Linda Noldt
Stephen Norvell
Margot Oven
Donald Palik
Shannon Patterson

'Fifties style will return . . '

In keeping with the fad of 1974, we turned to nostalgia and had a fifties dress day. The costumes were super neat with quite a variety. There were bobby socks, ankle length skirts, greased back hair, the class jacket, and last but not least, that very special ring on your grandmothers locket chain that you wear night and day because "he" gave it to you.



Below: Mrs. Thomas congratulates Kathy Kincaid on a well done French assignment.
Above: Deep in concentration, Signe Featherston carves a chunk of clay.



Darrel Paul
Amy Rhodes
Terry Rogers
Andy Sartain
Miles Schuman
Anne Shapiro

Kelly Simpson
Greg Singer
Warren Smith
Robert Sorley
Robert Spraker
Cathy Sukkar

Philip Tripp
Lucie Tuttle
Curtis Ward
Carolyn Warren
Leslie Watson
Mark Wood

CHARLEMAGNE RULES WINNERS

Fifth grade seemed nothing but fun. Break time was an added privilege to our schedules and helped to stave off our mid-morning hunger. For the first time, we were lucky enough to have chapel with the seventh and eighth graders. (Fortunately), Father Cain's programs were quite interesting. We were introduced to (among others) King Tut, the Babylonians, and Charlemagne by Mrs. Walters and her history lectures. Science provided us with interesting experiments, with which we could make messes in the lab. Most were successful (until we put crickets in our terrariums and they unexpectedly ate all the plants.) A field trip to the B'nai Emunah Synagogue widen our knowledge of religions as well as languages when the rabbi tried to teach us Hebrew. Over 5,000 books earned us a first prize in the Book and Art Fair Book Contest. All our hard work and efforts brought us a free pizza party in the end. Despite the fact that we now had to take exams, we enjoyed the up grade from being called lower schoolers to middle schoolers.



Intrigued by the rings of petrified wood, Jill Harnish takes time out of Mrs. Jewell's science class to examine them more closely.



Winifred Arrington
Kathryn Atwood

David Barry
Michael Bates

William Burge
Marta Bush

Ricky Carpenter
Michael Douglas

Kent Dunlap
Ricky Eagleton

Tommy Eurlon
Brett Franklin

James Fuquay
Tiff Gerow

Jill Harnish
John Harris



Above: Having fun in French class are Sara Stone, Genie Barnard, Monica Lollar, David Sneed, Eric Hughes, Anne Lambert, and Ricky Carpenter. **Below:** During their Field Day rummage sale, Willie Burge, Rick Koontz, Brett Franklin, and David Barry sell their goods to William Winter.



Brad Harwood
Jean Horowitz
Eric Hughes
Patricia Jenkins
Fred Koontz
Anne Lambert

Larry Langholz
Phillip Lieberman
Monica Lollar
Chip McElroy
Scott Newbury
Blake Nonweiler

'We were stuck with mothers . . .'

Fifth grade is big for us because we finally got break. Break is at 10:30 a.m. when we can go buy food to eat. This year it is kind of different from others. I heard that students used to run it, but now our mothers come to serve us. They have crummy stuff like orange juice and doughnuts. If I ran break, we would have stuff like cokes and candy and ice cream. But we were stuck with mothers.



Above: Randy Nelson gives his version of the problem to Mr. Sniderman as Tom Eurtion tries to follow. **Below:** Luc Tomasino seeks a grade for his spelling test.



Leanne Nuckolls
Susan Pedrick
Scott Quarterman

James Sanders
Ilyse Schuman
Stacy Schusterman

Jane Simcoe
Tracy Simpson
Sara Stone

Luc Tomasino
Gary Ward
Eric Weber

Pancho Winter
Laura Wood
Philip Wood

FIELD TRIP THRILLS 4th GRADE

Oh boy! When we went to Mrs. Bost's ranch, it was the funnest time. We went on a picnic and I bought some lemon lime soda. On our way to the place where we had the picnic, I rode in the truck. After dinner, we played freeze tag. It was fun, but I got frozen in the middle of the field.

When we got back, some of us played games and someone stepped on a tarantula. After a while, we went to the Indian dances, everybody was singing "Hurry on Down to Hardy's." When we got home, it was 11:00 P.M. I wished we could do it all over again.



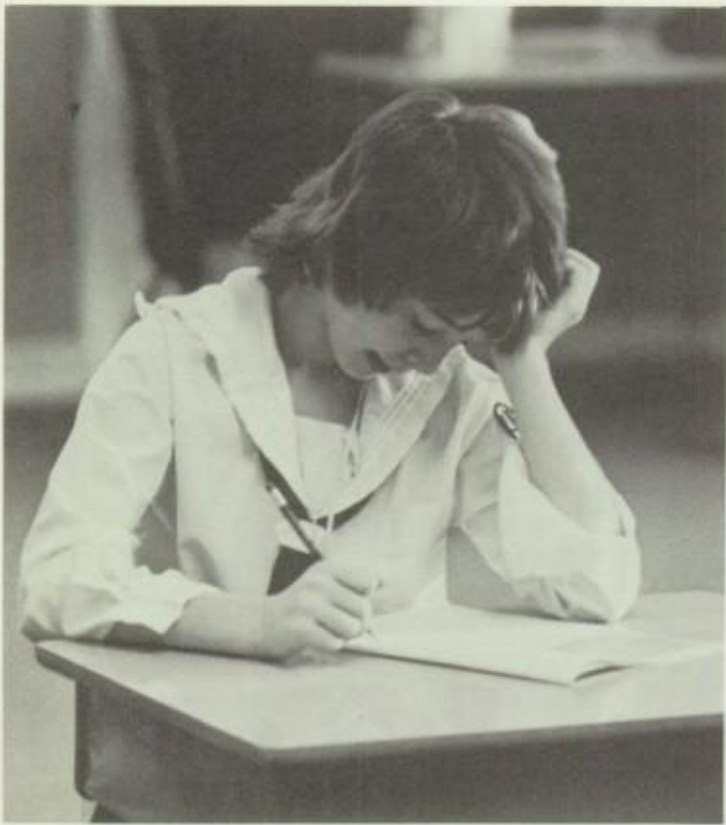
Above: Mrs. Moore helps Anne Wood with her macrame in an art class. **Below:** Lisa Nienhuis, Lisa Nolley, Jennifer Harrison and Kristin Droege show puppets they made for an original Halloween puppet show.



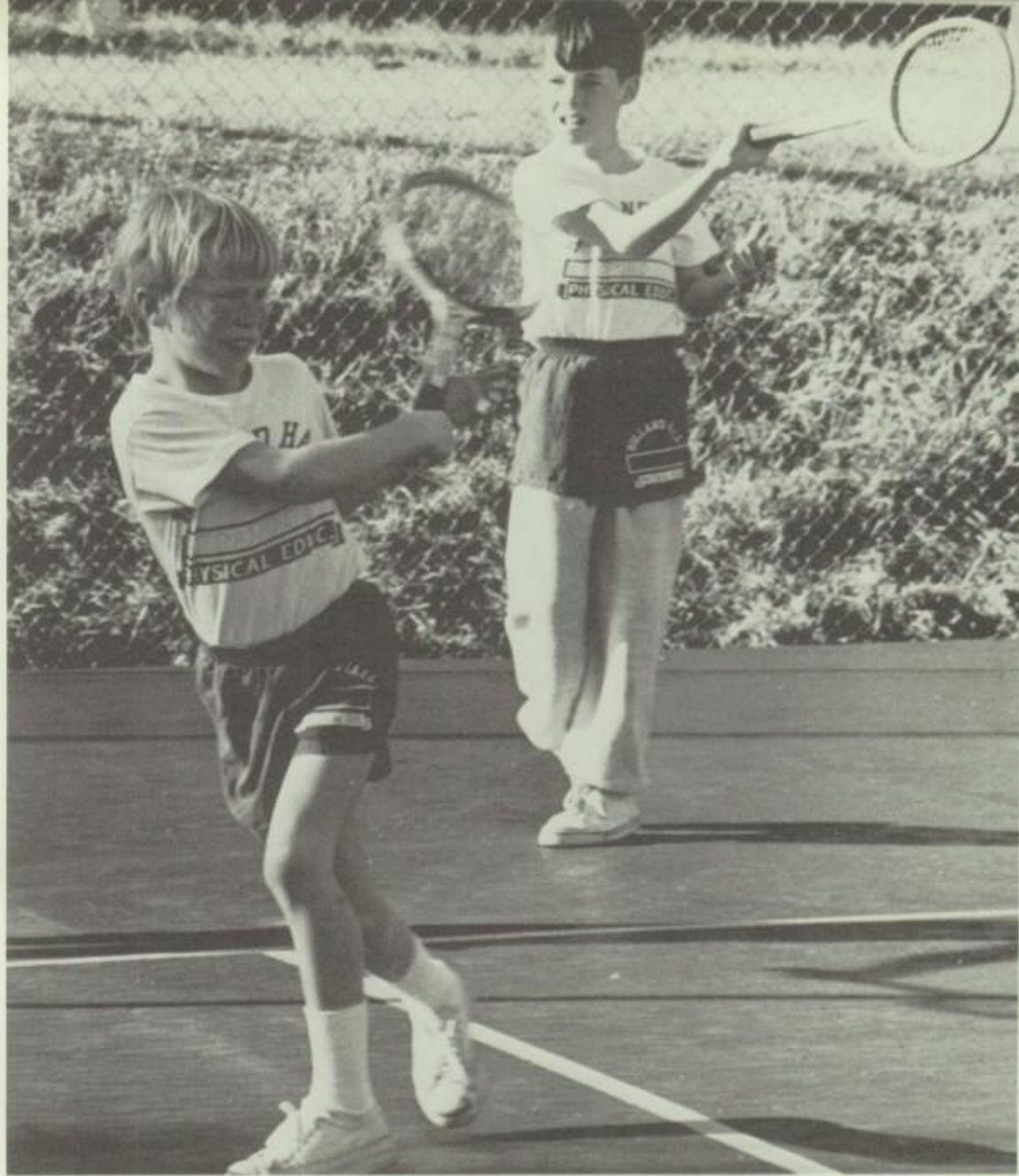
Melodile Adams
Toni Alexander
Anthony Ashley
Phillips Breckinridge
Meri Brock
Leslie Burge

Todd Caldwell
Greg Carmack
Janet Coffey
Kristin Droege
David Edwards
Lauren Ekdahl

Melissa Fell
Philip Gardner



Lisa Nolley works quietly on a Standard Achievement Test.



During P.E. class, Sterling Strange and Steve Buford follow Mr. Ivors' tennis instruction.



Jeri Glass
Sara Goldizen
Dana Graham

Jennifer Harrison
Matthew Higginbotham
Daniele Holland

Pamela Horton
Katherine Kerlin
Tracy Lorton

Carrie McDaniel
Lisa Nienhuis

Diana Nolley
Lisa Nolley

Mark Nutter
David Palik

Joe Patterson
Chris Prichard

Valerie Ryan
Steve Schlunegar



Above: Randy Springer, Jason Singer, and Greg Carmack enjoy playing one of the games in the fourth grade section. **Below:** Pamela Horton molds a Snodopy dog in the art room.



'Our stuck up World is . . .'

What is going to happen in the year 2000? Our giant gas tanks are almost empty. Gas stations are running out of gas. We are also running out of electrical power. City lights are going out. It is cold in our houses. Kids have to walk to school in the dark because of daylight savings time. I have to and I sure know how it feels.

Along with everything else, there is a paper shortage. If there is a paper shortage, there has to be a tree shortage. Trees are very important to everybody. Without trees, people could not live!

How about pollution? It's pretty bad. My teacher went to Los Angeles and she came back and said when they drove into the city, they thought they were driving into fog but it was really thick, black pollution!

Above all, the world is too crowded. Land is priced higher. Even food prices are going up! The price of meat is going up so high that some families are becoming vegetarians, and some people are even eating snake meat.



Gena Shapiro
Graham Shirkey
Jason Singer
Todd Sitrin
Andrea Sorley
Sterling Strange

John Tuttle
John Warren
Anthony Wilcox
Laurie Winslow
Anne Wood
Whitney Woods

3rd GRADE ADDS UP

Today in math we had a fact test. And I got it in seven minutes! But I'm going to practice from now on. I've been forgetful, I haven't been practicing. I'm going to practice and get it in five minutes!

Today I was going to math. When I finally got in there, some teachers were standing in the doorway. Mrs. Cleveland said, "there were too many people there," so I had to go back and do my work, but now I'm going to try again.

Today in math we had a fact test, and I got it in five minutes! But I didn't practice. I just keep forgetting. I bet if I did, I could make it in one minute.

Waiting impatiently, John Southard, Greg Fuller, Clay Horton, Jimmy Kraft, Devin Moore, and Clark Smith listen, for the third time, to the rules of the game.



Katherine Arrington
Kimberly Barnard

Tracy Brickner
Scott Brookes

Corby Carlin
Andrew Dalton

Summer David
Tony Davis
Phillip Davis
Diana Detrick
Sarah Dotson
Christie Dunkin



Ingrid Featherston
Chris Franden
Cythia Fulford
Greg Fuller
Mara Grupp
Clayton Horton

James Kincaid
James Kraft
Pete Lackey
Christi McKinney
Cythia Miller
Charles Moore

Devon Moore
Saxon Moore
Clint Mullendore
Catherine Norman
Mary Lynn Parker
Melissa Pray

Brent Ramsey
Roger Roberts
Gleason Romans
Matthew Short
Steven Simcoe
Clark Smith

William Smith

Dennie Sniderman

John Southard

Jeff Young



The team of Tracy Brickner and Cindy Fulford takes the outfield for what they know will be a short inning.



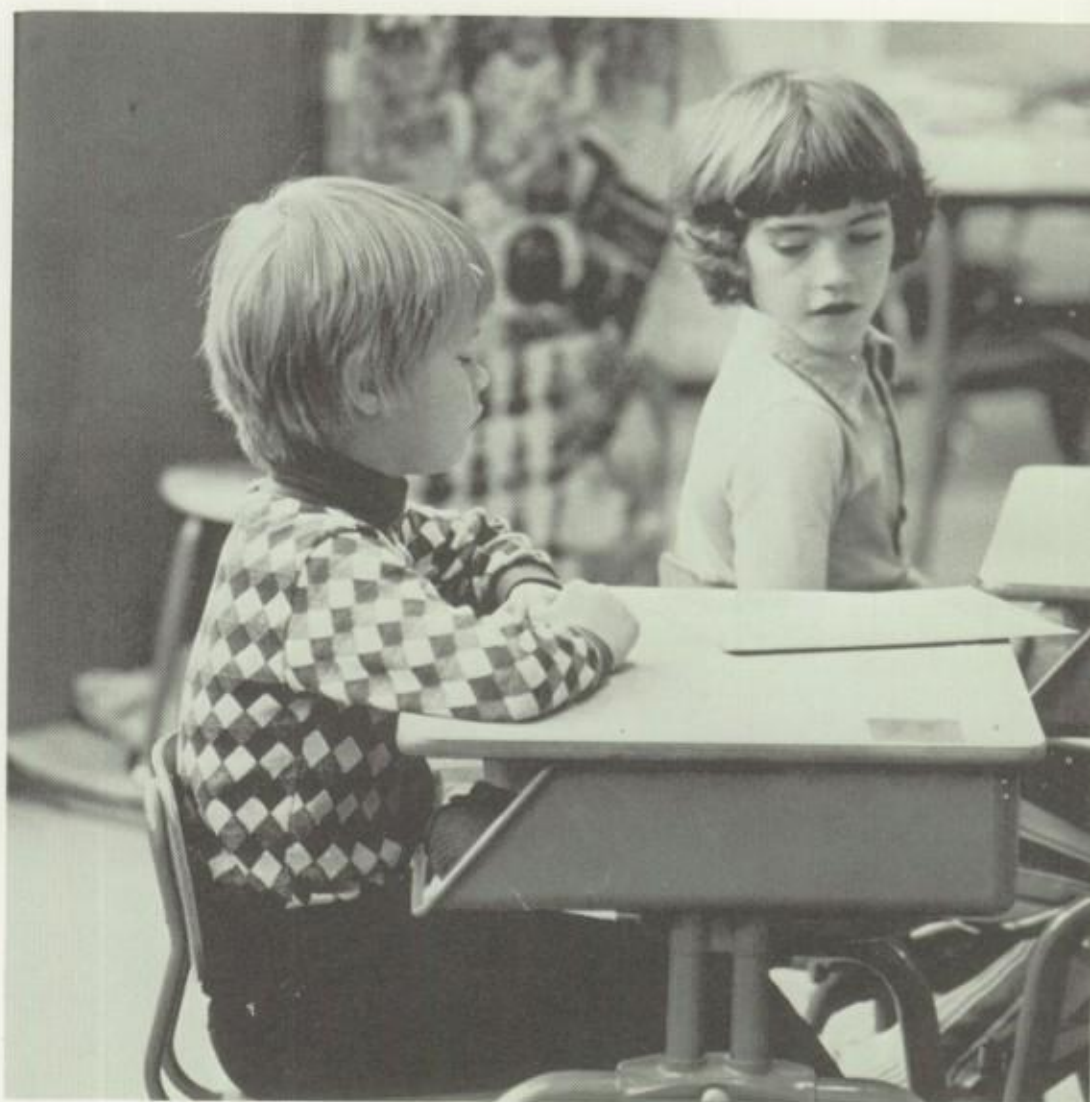
'May I have your
autograph . . . '

Today in math I did a whopper of a problem. This was the answer: 61822886418468468411244632. Then I autographed Charlie's soccer ball.

Spring vacation — I will be in Florida. I will wake up and be so happy because I will be going to my grandma's house. I will get on the plane and have breakfast. And then I may color a picture of below and we will eat lunch on the plane. We will be in Florida and how fun it will be.

BARNEY BOA HIGHLIGHTS YEAR

We were the ones who opened Hallmark with "Ok- lahoma." We never really knew how to spell it at the end, but that didn't really seem important to us. Af- ter visiting the state fair, we decided to have one of our own. We came dressed as farmers and even re- ceived ribbons for home-made goodies which we brought. After learning more reading, writing, and arithmetic, we tried our luck at cooking. We had our mothers to lunch after practicing our manners and writing invitations. Fun was had by all, especially during clean up time when pickles were skidded on the floor, sinks overflowed, and only wet towels could be found to dry dishes. We learned about ani- mals as The Mohawk Zoo visited our classrooms with their "Wildlife on Wheels." They brought sev- eral animals and gave a flannelboard story on the balance of nature. Our favorite was Barney, a pet boa constrictor, especially when he wrapped himself around the teacher's neck. Money became important to us after we accumulated green and white cards worth one and five cents in our own private bank ac- counts. After a little practice, we could make our own change by the time Market Day and the Grand Auction took place. By the end of the year, we had learned so much, we wondered what was left for us to learn in third grade.



Without trying to be too obvious, Will Winter makes a quick comparison with Patrick Coates over their homework.



Ashley Barnard
Amy Bashaw

Brigitte Billings
Jeffrey Byers

Lisa Cabell
Patrick Coates

Andrea Davidson
Karissa Elam

Mary Frazier
Lisa Goddard

Mary Higginbotham
Curtis Hippensteele

Judy Horowitz
Gregory Hughes

Holly Hurst
John Joyce



Greg Hughes, Lynda Vargha, and Francie Lollar eagerly wait for Mrs. Kaboth to take them to gym class.

'I like it when we play pin bombardment . . .'

I like it when we play pin bombardment. It contains a number of pins, (minimum two), and a number of people, (minimum two), and a number of balls, (minimum two). The object of the game is to hit the pin down.

Pin bombardment is one of my favorite. I like to kream peapel with the balls and hit peapel out and ketch peapels balls. And win gamse and play rubgea.

I like it when we play pin bombardment and we have all the good guys, like me.

I like to hit girls in Bome-Brdment. It is fun.

Pinbombardment is a fun game. Once I got hit in the face with a ball and my face turned red as a rose. Once I got Greg Hughes out. I didn't mean to.



Robert Keasler
Jennifer Lane
Kristofer Langholz
Francie Lollar
Anne McFarland
Philip Mason

Nancy Nolley
Robert Patterson

Rachel Rhodes
Jeffrey Roblyer

Jane Romans
Michael Schmidt

Karlyn Schuman
Jerome Schusterman

Shannon Smith
Anne Sturdivant

Nancy Ward
Kurt Wetzel

Jennifer Willard
William Winter



Ken Busby
Pat Casey
Philip Caudle
Kim Davis
Vicki Forbes
Robert Franden

Michelle Gentry
Betsy Glass
Polly Goodman
Keelty Kerlin
Jak King
Maggie Kirkpatrick

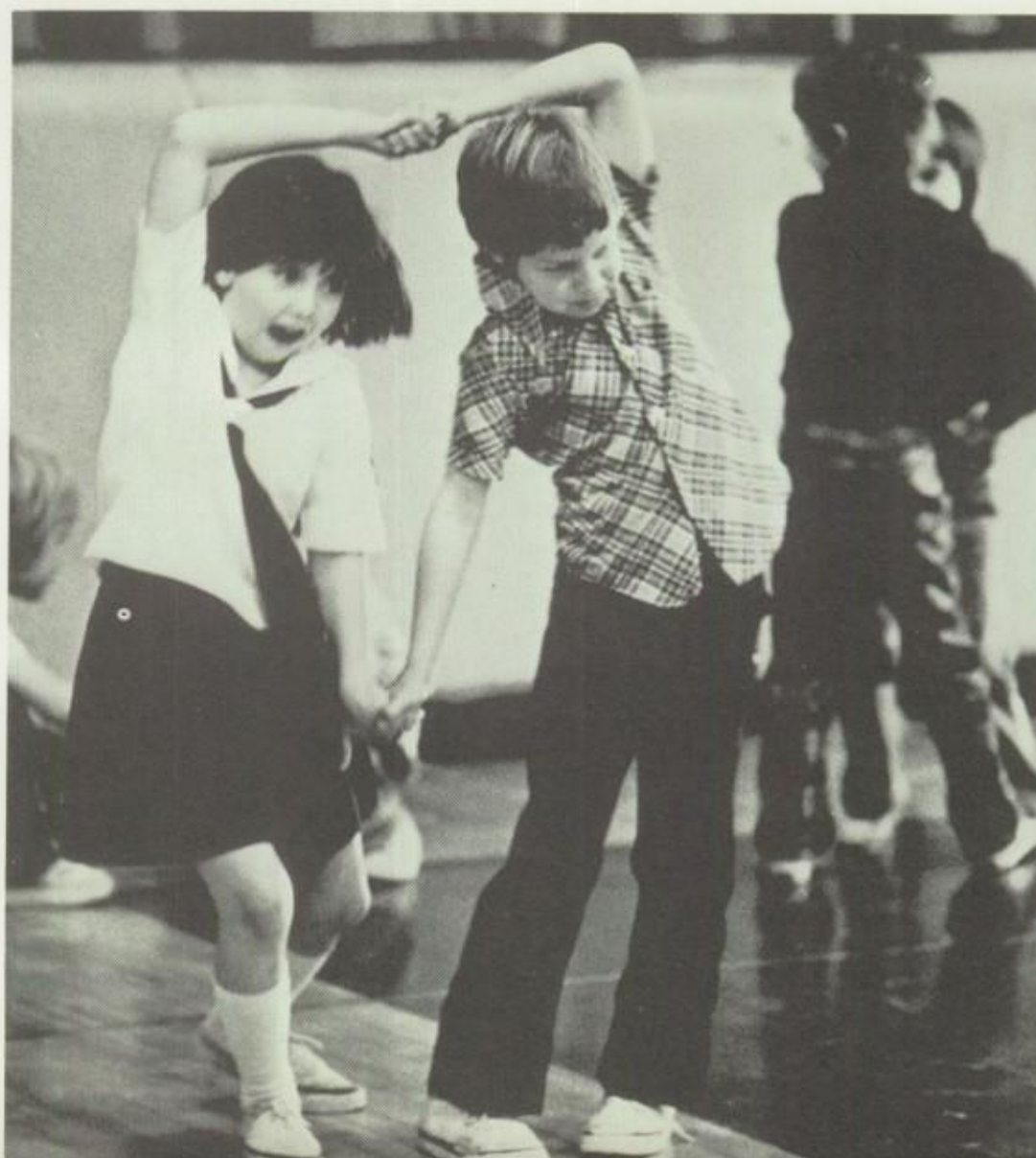
DOOR YIELDS 1st PRIZE

First grade was a brand new experience for us. After studying about the Indians we built models of their houses and baked tortillas and cornbread. We saw native costumes when real Indians came to dance. We learned of nature and our environment and why we

shouldn't pollute. Our greatest accomplishment was winning the Christmas door decorating contest. We had a backwards day for reaching our goal of books in the B & A Fair. We have to admit, we did look rather funny wearing our clothes backwards.



Above: Eric Mills displays his musical genius, but Vicky Forbes doesn't seem to notice.
Below: Young choreographers Polly Goodman and Jeff Sniderman create a dance.



Paul Lhevine
Darin Lile
Chris Lieberman
Lane Lollar
Dawn Longwell
Kim Magowan



'I like 3:00 . . . '

Asking first graders' favorite time of the day was really funny. We mostly got answers like "3:00 because that's when we get out of school." Sometimes they even gave us answers like "7:00 because that's when the 'Brady Bunch' comes on."



Shannon Doenges is deeply involved with her latest reading effort.



Adam Singer

Jeff Sniderman

Kirven Speed

Jim Spivey

Rhea Raptou and Keelty Kerlin waltz their way through gym class.



Dawn Stillwell
Katie Sturdivant
Colin Tucker
Mike Tunnell

Tyson Tuttle
Holly Waska
Julie Wohlgenuth
Clay Woodrum

Greg Maney
Eric Mills
Stephen Modrak
Sydney Morgan
Eric Mullendore
Christy Norton

Mike Nutter
Stephen Paul
Kendall Pitcock
Susan Pray
Rhea Raptou
Michelle Rolley

COOKIES, BLOCKS REPLACE BABY BOTTLES

Where are we going? School? Our feelings were mixed about this new activity called Kindergarten. It had its good and bad moments. Cookie break with Kool-Aid always seemed like a good idea and block building was always fun until some bully knocked them down. We never could figure out who that man was building houses and playing games with us, but Mrs. Wood told us it was Mr. Noldt, our headmaster. Kindergarten was really fun . . . but my gosh!! Do we really have twelve more years to go?



Above: Justin Teenor, Jay Simpson, and Brett McDaniel exercise their creativity during a break in classroom activities.
Below: Chris Edwards and Danny Alexander admire Greg Lambert's Kool-aid pouring skill.



Danny Alexander
Leta Bell
Shannon Brickner

Jamie Butler
Stephen Coates
April Culwell



'Red gush
is my best
color . . .'

The thing I like about kindergarten is throwing my finger paints on people and not getting caught. The red gush running through my fingers reminds me of making mud pies in the rain.

Not wanting to hear the same old song again, Sam Miller stops Jocelyn Parker from playing the piano.



D'Alary Dalton
Chris Edwards
Karl Fomer
Michelle Forbes
Chris Guy
Seth Harbaugh

Tay Janus
Amy Lackey
Greg Lambert

Bobby Locton
Brett McDaniel
Mark McKinney

Willard Mathews
Patricia Medina
Sam Miller

David Modrak
Breck Nolley
Chris Nulf

Laura Palma
Jocelyn Parker
Sabrina Patterson
Stephen Pollard
Carl Porter
Dana Rambo

Heather Seebass
Jay Simpson
Jennifer Slayton
Brad Smith

Laura Smith
Pippa Sorley
Justin Seenor
Jennifer Winslow

'Memories mean Moore to us . . .'

Herbert B. Moore . . . a name that means many different things to many different people. To some, it means nine years of rapid growth and progress for Holland Hall. His leadership helped make the 1970 transition into the new upper school possible. While maintaining the lower and middle schools on Birmingham, Mr. Moore quickly turned the upper school upside down and rebuilt the system, both in actual physical layout on 81st and in educational concept with the modular schedule. Closer student-faculty relations emerged as Mr. Moore himself sought closer student ties.

To others, Mr. Moore means memories of public speaking in which seniors were "taught" to speak as well as gain a generous taste of his witty personality at the same time. Perhaps to most, he means the start of each school day. Morning announcements a la little bell took on a style that cannot be copied, and probably won't be. The "short meeting after announcements, in the corner" will never leave the school. After asking for "anymore?" and earing the absentees, Mr. Moore's comic wit reminded us to have a good "e" day or that it was "a" day.

Sincerity, laughing smiles, morning puns, good (but often bad) jokes, and dedicated service are all separate meanings of Herbert B. Moore. But as Mr. Moore leaves his nine years of accomplishments to move on to new challenges, one meaning is universal. He will always mean a lot to everybody.



Headmaster Herbert B. Moore



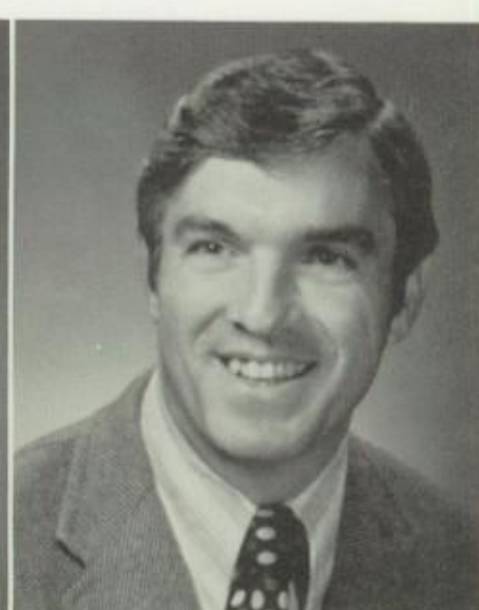
John E. Bachman
Director of Studies



Raymond F. Bizjack
Director of Admissions



Judith C. Brazinsky
Director of Public Relations



Charles H. Brown
Director of Athletics



Left: A rarity among some, but a trait of Mr. Moore is that amazing good-time smile.



J. Thompson Freeman
Head of Middle School



Roger W. Noldt
Head of Lower School

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Charles P. Williams, Pres.
George O. Nolley, Vice Pres.
Mrs. Wm. E. Harrison, Sec.
Gerald D. Bullard, Asst. Sec.
Scott Beesley Jr., Treasurer
Herbert B. Moore, Headmaster
Ralph L. Abercrombie
Robert W. Allen
H.G. Barnard Jr.
Charles W. Flint Jr.
Mrs. Thomas J. Hardman
James M. Hewgley Jr.
Mrs. Wm. G. Lackey III

Robert E. Lorton
Donald H. Newman
Herbert C. Oven
Robert E. Patterson
Michael G. Pedrick
The Right Reverend Chilton Powell
The Right Reverend F.W. Putnam Jr.
Everett S. Salley
Ira E. Sanditen
Mrs. F.C. Sinclair
Mrs. Samuel C. Stone
Mrs. Frederick P. Walter
Mrs. Hays Yandell



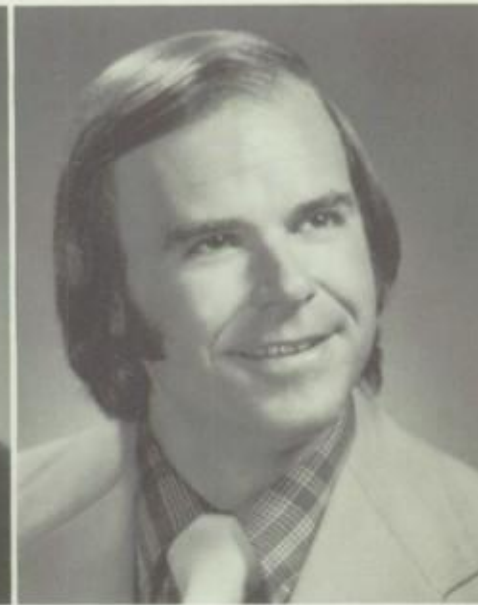
Gerald D. Bullard
Director of Development



Rev. Robert G. Cain
Chaplain



Thomas N. Elmer
Dean of Students



Doyle C. Tunnell
Dean of Middle School Students

'Learning, living . . .'

For what purpose? We will all eventually die. There is not question about that. Most people think that the way one lives will be a determining factor in the way that he dies. But in the end, what difference does it make whether one dies in some twenty room mansion or he dies in the gutter? You're dead no matter how the money counts. What really matters is whether you learn to live. We spend thirteen years of our lives learning about living. Many of us miss some of the hidden meanings that can be drawn from our teachers. At Holland Hall we are fortunate to have the chance to observe our teachers as people rather than just administrators of knowledge. We share experiences on a personal level. We learn through living. It isn't just a job, it's day to day living. There is no better example to learn by than that of a concerned adult who cares about people.

Above Right: Helping Pat Hallet correct a rough draft, Mrs. Chase tries to avoid any future use of her red pen. **Right:** Mrs. Harmon pauses for the unpleasant task of checking for overdue books.



Craig W. Benton

William L. Bippus

Carmen Bizjack

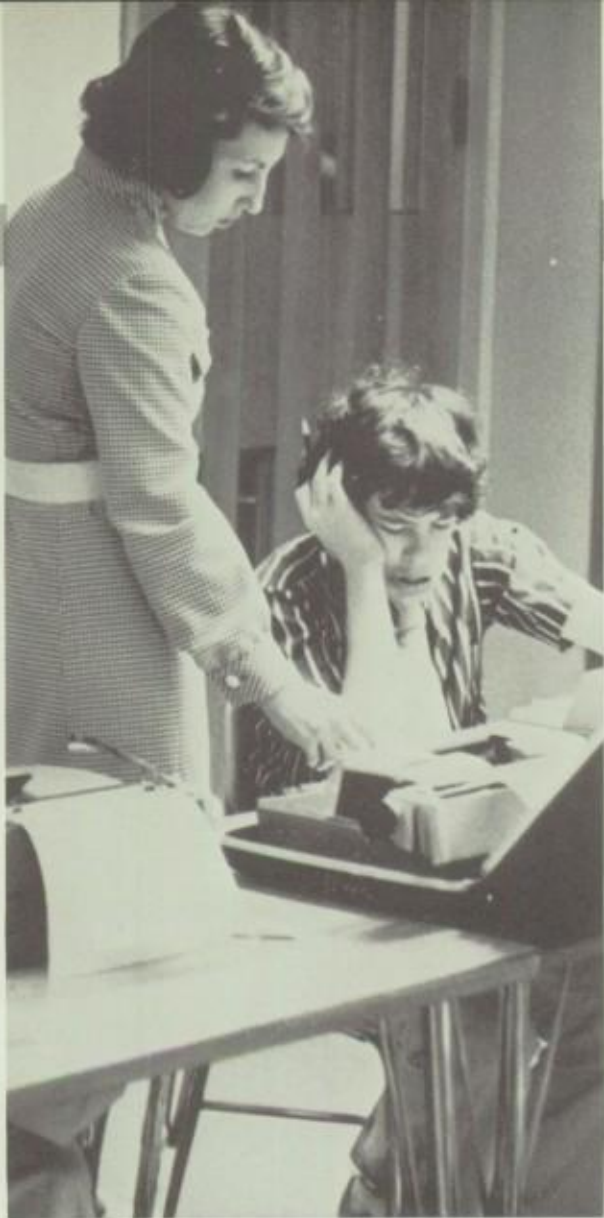
Jane K. Bomba

Mary Lee Bost

Douglas L. Bromley

Claudia L. Brown

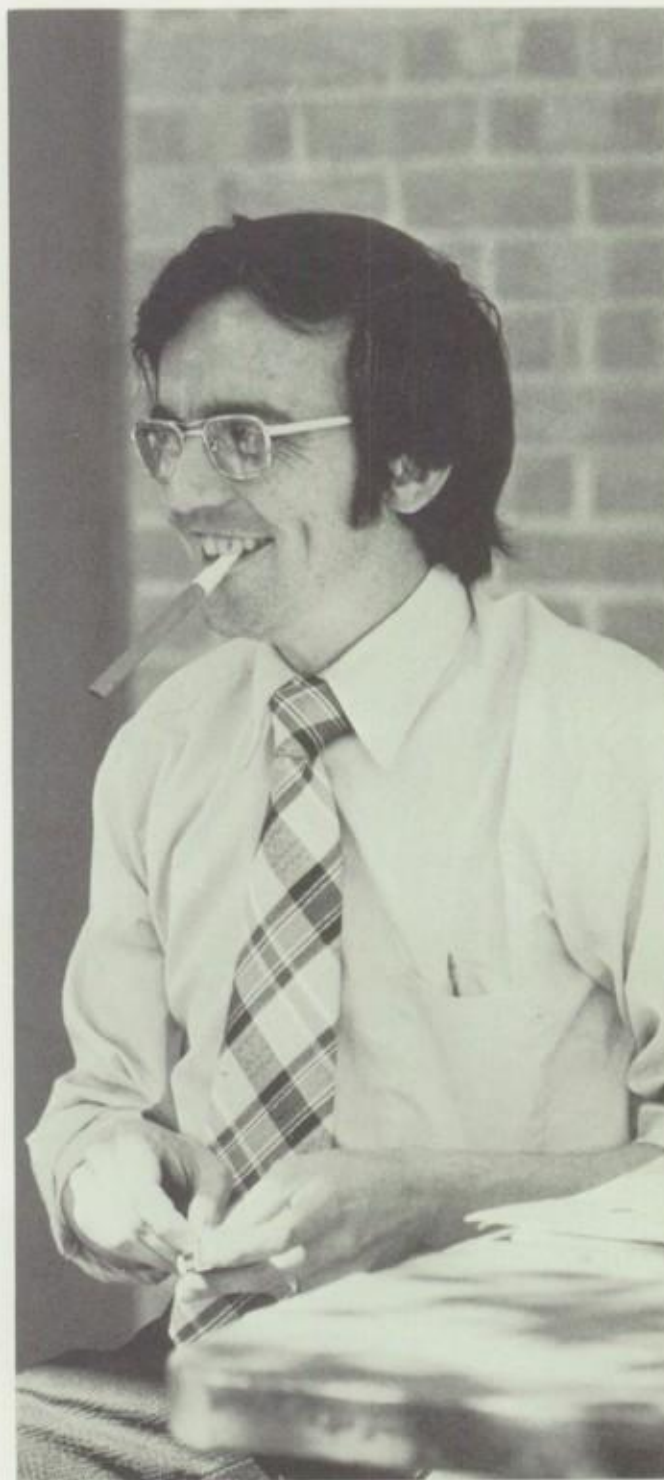
Sandra Kay Brown



Left: During typing class, Mrs. Milligan points out another mistake as Marty Newman begins to cry. **Below:** Relaxing on the patio, Mr. Bizjack escapes from his paper work, but not from his warm "derfish" expression. **Below Left:** Mr. Sloan refreshes his "Jungle Boogie" techniques with Cheryl Anderson.

'He had a smile that shined . . .'

Raymond F. Bizjack (alias Derf) . . . It was a name which represented a listening ear which he so often gave, a smile that shined even through your fears, a mind that gave you a new definition of learning, a closed mouth laugh and side-of-the mouth "cracks," joking threats to beat up everyone, (that never beat anyone down), new office furniture for those who sat on the desk, the floor, and stood at the door, a heart that was never afraid to share itself with anyone, a "have a bad day" that could make anyday better, an undying sense of humor, and a care and involvement that stretched beyond his immediate surrounding. Hey Little Big Man, thanks.



Cynthia Lynn Bryant



Lou Ann Bullard



Linda L. Bunn



Dennis L. Calkins



Eleanor D. Carmack



Nancy A. Caruthers



Rosemary L. Chase



Clifford W. Clark

'Biology a la Hooker . . '

Most everyone has studied his scientific version of the human one time or another at Holland Hall. There were 8:30 a.m. lectures on "The Language of the Bees" and scenic tours

of the DNA molecule guided by that friendly little bald headed man. After dissecting worms, we tried our luck with pigs, which only ended up looking like the worm again. The alphabet could become difficult if you didn't know how to cross AAbb with AbAb, but actually all you really needed to know was the key to the course — A as in able, B as in baker, C as in Charlie, and D as in dog.



Above: In one of his more interesting lectures, Mr. Bromley explains the fundamentals of walking on the earth. **Upper Right:** Mr. Brown listens curiously as Henry Finch explains his Chemistry problems. **Right:** In hopes of discovering a cure, Diane Davies examines a test tube specimen.



Mary Catherine Clark



Christine A. Douth



Mary H. Ekdahl



Nancy Foote



Renee C. Frisco



Mary Jo Gilliland



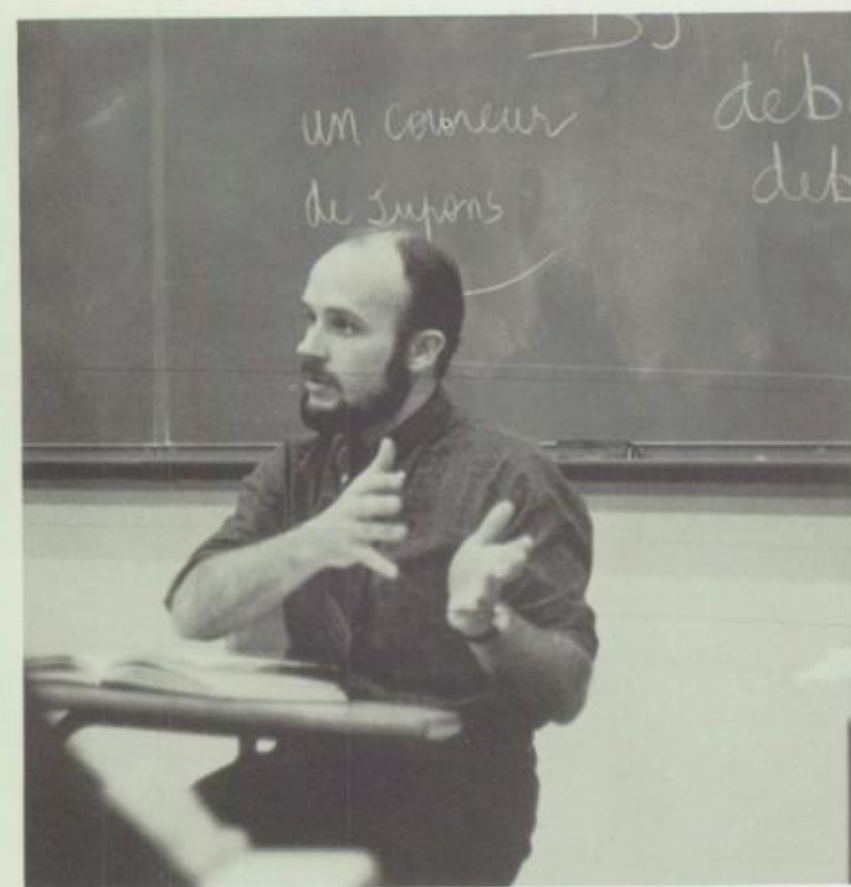
Janice D. Green



Elva A. Harmon



Left: Ward Camp teaches Senora Renosa how to boogie. **Below:** Proving that she's no party pooper, Miss Shirvani joins in the fun. **Below Left:** Mr. Poulet tries to help some of his students overcome their ineptness.



'Language accents . . '

The mastering of a foreign language takes more than a good accent and a large vocabulary. Anyone can buy a **Petite Larousse** or imitate Jose Himenes. But to really master a language, one must understand the

culture of the country. This can be done by reading all those long classics like **The (an) Idiot**, or it can be done by doing weird dances, trying to understand lousy jokes, and playing strange games, all from another culture. This method is my druthers, especially when it gets down to eating foreign food and drinking California wines.



Judy L. Harrison

Josephine H. Higginbotham

Edward W. Hooker

Betty Hudson

John W. Ivors

Betty Jo Jewell

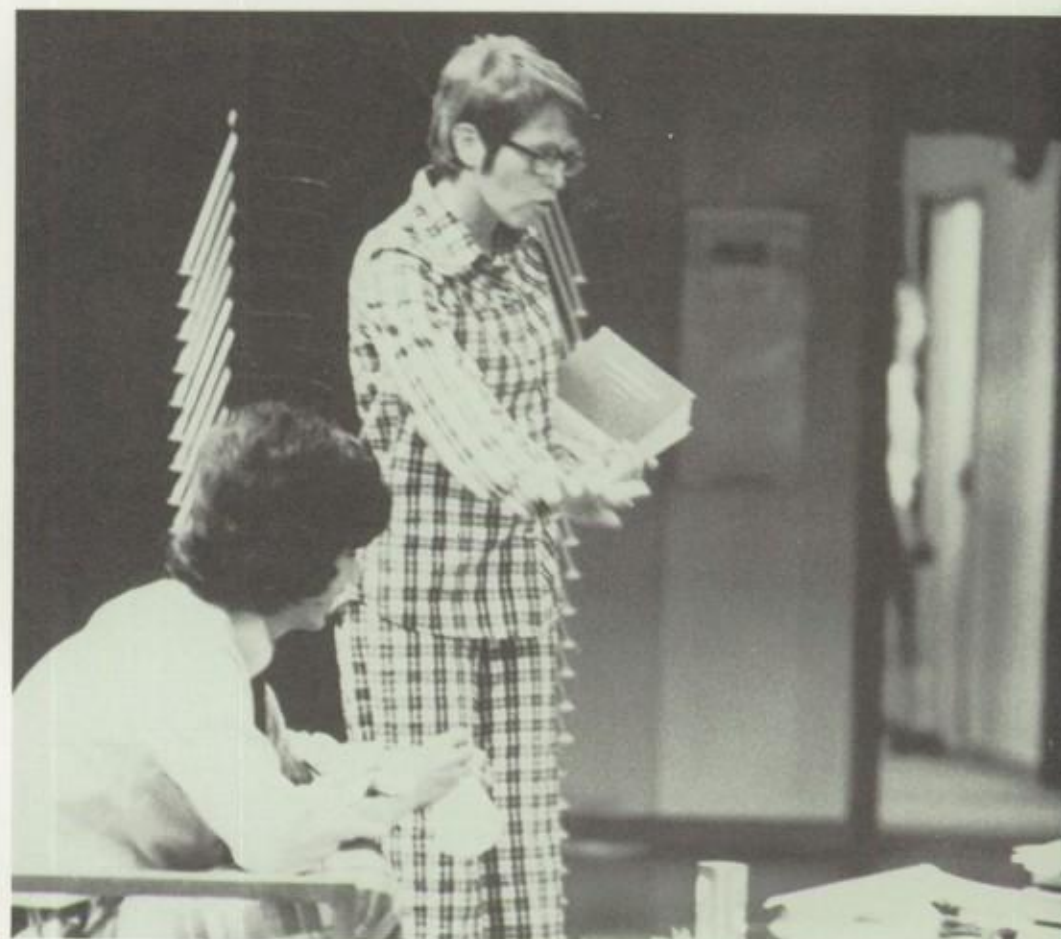
Margaret W. Kaboth

Robert C. Kriekhaus

'The Stranger The Idiot, The harder the course . . .'

Senior English may seem like all the other water under the dam, but while all that knowledge seemed to flow easily into other classes, it just gets stuck in the rut known as creek house. Mr. Kriekhaus, known as our latter day Tolstoy ably (and sometimes aimlessly), led us through our course. Mr. Kriekhaus assumed the job of the novel European as we read the European novel. The amazing color and complexity in **The Red and the Black** left the Prince Valiant cut on Kriek's head waving back and forth continuously. As interpretations of **The Stranger** became stranger and stranger, the class loosely founded attention began to crumble. Fortunately, we weren't alone in our confusion. As Kriekhaus lowered his head, lifted his arms to his forehead, and uttered the ultimate "hold it, let me backtrack," we knew we were safe.

Above Right: The Kriekhaus cut begins to shake again as the class "holds it" to let him "backtrack". **Right Center:** As she tells a thrilling tale, Mrs. Richards captures the attention of Glen Kehlmann and Susan Paddock. **Above** (opposite page): While Diane Davies is distracted to Ms. Brazinsky, Mary Sukkar contemplates the grim fate of writing her English paper. **Right** (opposite page): Teaching the concept of infinity to his Calculus class, Mr. Calkins explains that "when you get far out, you get right on".



Nelda Lane

Sue T. Lawson

Margaret Leach

Barbara J. Manering

Jean C. Maxeiner

Kenneth B. McCullough

Stephanie E. Middleton

Margaret Eva Miller



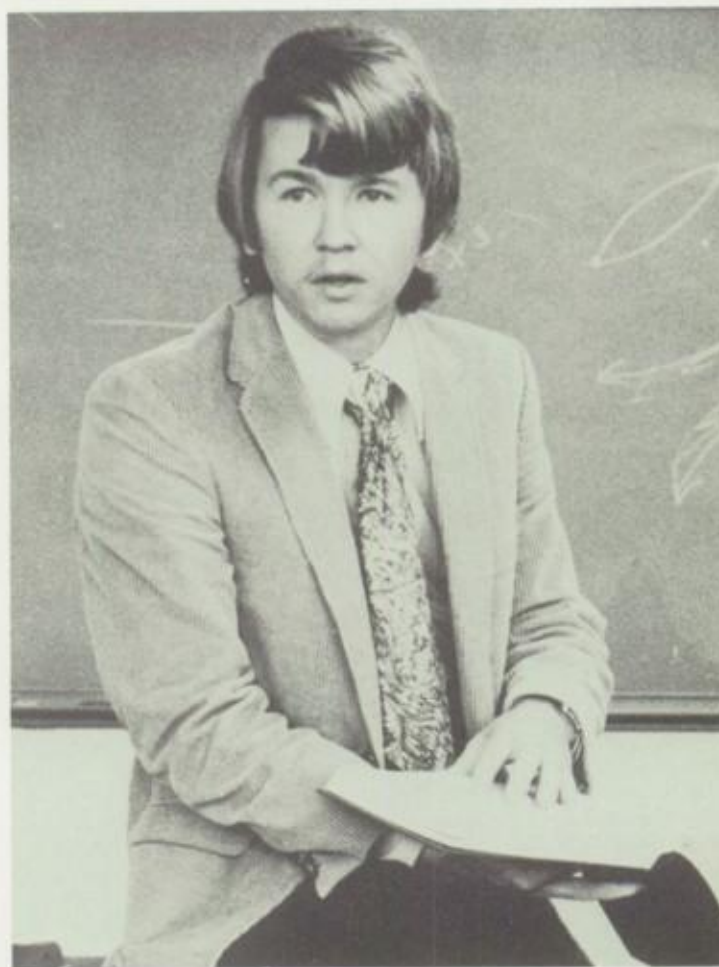
'Some of the sums are simple . . .'

Math is the inverse of the square halfway between the absolute value of what's missing in the rest of the curriculum. The integral part of math is numbers, so as 3-4-5 leads on to 6-7-8, so must the student move on from Algebra to Geometry. If you really know your 1,2,3's, there's always Functions and the mama of them all, Calculus. The Value derived from a rationally complete math course is, of course, the ability to react to the multiples of numbered pages assigned in other courses, of courses!



'Understanding is the name of the game . . .'

You find yourself picking through a book looking for all the deep, dark meanings to incorporate into a paper. When total understanding is reached, the paper finally begins. The thesis is developed, structured, and polished. It is taken to the teacher, handled in white kid gloves, and that is the last time it is seen in a nice clean fashion. It is returned in the form of a modern art in red, with coffee stains as added highlights. It has gone through the input, and rejected with a C++. So what is a C++? Is it better than a B--, or equal to a B---? Why can't it just be a B-? How do you average a C++, and what does it prove? That you are an above average mediocre student?



Anna Milligan



Martha M. Moore



Robert P. Murphy



Jean Oliver



Donald L. Paige



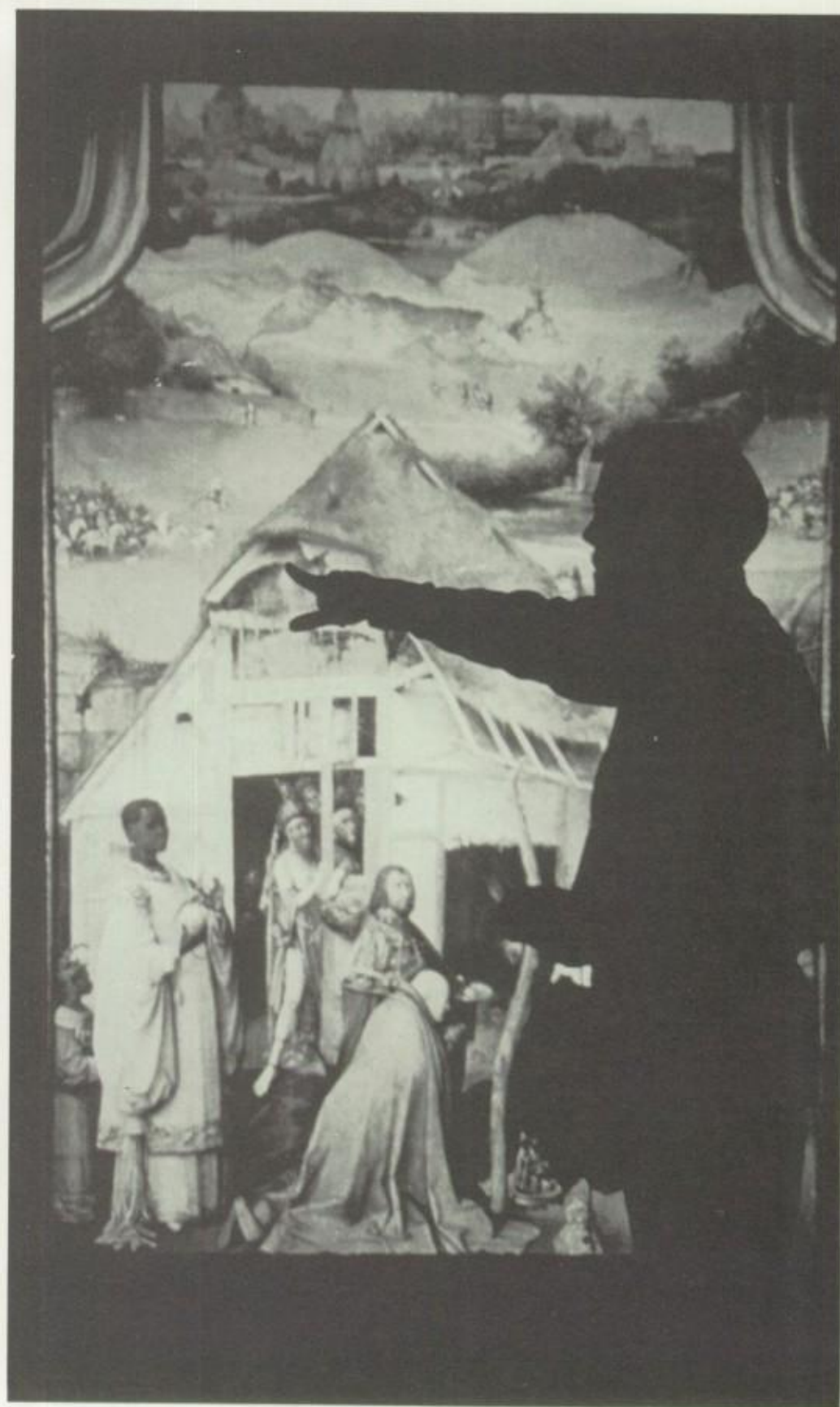
Ronald B. Palma



Didier M. Poulet

'You start with a painting of a bull . . .'

. . . on the side of a cave, drawn by early man, and end with a woman with an eye where her ear should be, drawn by Picasso. This is what Music and Art History is all about. By the time you finish the Renaissance, you think that if you see one more "Madonna and Child" you will surely be sick. When you study Bosch with rats in armor, and strange, surrealistic monsters eating people, you know you will be sick. You find yourself in heaven listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and you don't know where you are listening to Varese's "Poeme Electronique." Through it all though, you leave with a knowledge that will never escape you. It is one of the most worthwhile courses in the school.



Virginia Quarterman

Marcia R. Richards

David M. Rollo

Sallie H. Rushmore

Francine G. Shirvani

Edward C. Sloan

Karl M. Sniderman

Peter H. Stickney



Right: With the help of clay and a jar, John Scrutton creates a piece of pottery.

Above: Jan Nespor and Melvin Tennant try to outwit Coach Tameny and Raul Mendoza in a during-exam basketball game. **Opposite page:** Ted Sloan is found lurking in a scene by Bosch.



'There was a familiar cry . . .'

"Oh darn! It's time for P.E. again." Off we walked, like we were on the way to the dungeon. We got dressed, went to the gym, and stood at attention on the white line for the inspection. If you were not dressed in the correct P.E. uniform, you got a black checkmark. For three mods we listened to the history of physical education. We then burst right into our physical ability test, doing pull ups, push ups, and all sorts of trivia, trying to show our physical prowess. A person never knew how long one semester could last until they were in P.E.

'I finally realize that . . .'

. . . after you work really hard at something, almost to the point of hating it, something clicks and you begin to really like it. It's too bad that pottery is the only thing that's clicked for me.



Cheryl Ann Strozler

Joan N. Sutherland

James B. Thayer

Christiane Thomas

Marjorie P. Walters

Frank B. Ward

Diane D. Wood

'Junk it . . .'

Did you ever wonder what happened to all those paperwads that missed the wastebasket? How about those soda cans that never made it back into the common's trash, or those spills that kind of linger between the cracks in the wood floor, not to mention the mud from the hills that got tracked up the back stairways? Well, I never thought about it until I was knocking through an English paper after school when along came these guys with mops and pails and ev-

everything out of the McDonald's commercial except the song. (Not to say the maintenance men don't enjoy their work, but they don't sing about it.) With closer inspection, the maintenance men's work deserves appreciation. They keep the grass mowed and the furniture together. They handle the temperature of the building and fix the fire alarm. And when they can't recruit students' help, they set up chairs and move tables. For these and other chores, we must give these men a word of praise (or else a raise?)



Above: After four years, James Graham is finally called in to repair the decaying parkay wood floor. **Left:** Lester Herman heaves lumber into the good ole' pick-up. **Directly Above:** There goes Theo — trackin' along. **Right:** Once again, Mrs. Whiteside sorts the mail for a notice of the overdue windbreakers.



James
Graham



Hubert
Wickline



Theodore
Jackson



Louis
Moeller



Sherman
Wickliff



'Tape it . . '

Being that we are in the age of automation, it seems we could in some way help the office staff with their duties. Byonic arms wouldn't help; they would crush the typewriters. However, there are endless possibilities for the advantages of tape recordings.

For Mrs. Whiteside and her middle school counterpart, Mrs. Scott, there could be five tapes under the categories of "Holland Hall School, may I help you?," "Is your son ill today, (or just skipping)?" "Yes, I do have aspirins for mail and stamps for headaches;" "No, the windbreakers have NOT arrived."

Mrs. Morris and her counterpart, Mrs. Smith, require two tapes. "Yes, the headmaster is in, but he is on the phone," and "Have you heard from your college yet?"

For Mrs. Hurst, Mrs. Kohlbacher, and Mrs. Springer, there could be recordings of "No, I don't want to buy a junior candy bar,"; "The infirmary has just been closed,"; and, "The reason you have to pay ten cents for copies is because MY fee is ten cents."



Above: Rumaging through a stack of papers, Mrs. Hurst makes sure that no one has stolen her junior class candy bar. **Directly Above:** Mrs. Smith says, "I want a Whiz Burger, hold the Mayo', don't cry over it, and send it walkin'." **Right:** Elmer Looper examines the wood for termites before loading it in the truck.



Delores
Hurst

Amy Ann
Kohlbacher

Patricia
Morris

Betty
Scott

Eleanor
Smith

Jeanne
Springer

Myldred
Whiteside

Herbert B. Moore Headmaster, Public Speaking
Bowdoin College, A.B.; Boston University, A.M.; Harvard University, Ed.M.

J. Thompson Freeman Head of Middle School, English
Yale University, A.B.; Columbia University, A.M.

Roger W. Noldt Head of Lower School
Brockport State College of Education, B.S., M.S.; Upsala College College, Eastern Michigan
State College; University of Texas

John E. Bachman Director of Studies, History
Johns Hopkins, A.B.; Wesleyan, M.A.; American University Ph.D.

William Belan Middle School Music
University of California at Los Angeles, B.S. Mus.Ed.

Raymond F. Bizjack Director of Admissions, Logic, Philosophy
University of Notre Dame, B.A.

Gerald D. Bullard Director of Development, Physical Education
Oklahoma City University, B.S.; Central State College, M.A.T.

Thomas N. Elmer Dean of Students, English, Theater
University of Michigan, B.A.; University of Colorado, M.A.

Rev. Robert G. Cain Chaplain, Philosophy, World Religions
Middlebury College, A.B.; Episcopal Theological School, M.Div.; Princeton Theological
Seminary, Th.M.

Doyle C. Tunnell Dean of Middle School Students, Science
University of Oklahoma, B.S.

Craig W. Benton History
Southwestern State College, B.A.

William L. Bippus Latin, English
Brown University, B.A.

Carmen Bizjack Spanish
Misericordia College, A.B.

Jane K. Bomba Assistant Librarian
Texas Women's University, B.A., M.L.S.

Mary Lee Bost Fourth Grade
Oklahoma State University, B.S.; Texas Tech College, M. Ed.

Judith C. Brazinsky Director of Public Relations, English
Northeastern State College, B.A.; University of Tulsa, M.A.

Douglas L. Bromley Director of Alumni Science
Harvard College, B.A.

Charles H. Brown Director of Physical Education, Chemistry
Central State College, B.S.; Oklahoma University, M.N.S.

Claudia L. Brown Second Grade
University of Tulsa, B.A., M.T.A.

Sandra Kay Brown Third Grade
Drury College, B.A.

Cynthia L. Bryant Physical Education
University of Oklahoma, B.S.

Lou Ann Bullard Third Grade
Oklahoma City University, B.A.; Central State College, M.A.T.

Urda L. Bunn First Grade
University of Kansas, B.A.

Dennis L. Colkins Mathematics
Oklahoma University, B.S.

Eleanor Carnock Upper School Art
University of Tulsa, B.A.

Nancy A. Caruthers Kindergarten
University of Tulsa, B.S.

Rosemary L. Chase English
St. Cloud State College, B.E.

Clifford W. Clark Third and Fourth Grades
University of Oklahoma, B.S.

Mary Catherine Clark Fourth Grade
University of Oklahoma, B.S.

Christine A. Dourt Physical Education
University of Tulsa, B.S.

Nancy Foote First Grade
Southeastern State College, B.S.; Arizona State University, M.A.

C. Renee Frisco English, Science, Grade 7 Advisor
University of Bristol, B.A.

Mary Jo Gilliland Middle School English
Ohio University, B.S.

Janice D. Green Lower — Middle School Librarian
Oklahoma Baptist University, B.A.; Oklahoma University, M.L.S.

Elva A. Harmon Upper School Librarian
Southwest Missouri State College, A.B.; University of Illinois, M.S.

Judy L. Harrison Mathematics
Northeastern State College, B.S., M.Ed.

Josephine A. Higginbotham Middle School English
North Texas State University, B.S.

Edward H. Hooker Chairman of Science Department, Biology
Texas A. & M. University, B.S.

John W. Ivans Physical Education
Trenton (N.J.) State College, B.A.

Betty Jo Jewell Science, Grade 6 Advisor
Oklahoma University, B.S.; Central State College, M.S.

Margaret W. Roberts Physical Education
Salem College, A.B.

Robert C. Knekhous English, Debate
Illinois Institute of Technology, B.S.; Columbia University, M.A.

Nelda Lane Second Grade
Oklahoma State University, B.S.

Sue T. Lawson First Grade
University of Tulsa, B.A.

Margaret P. Leach Upper School Mathematics
University of Kansas, B.A., M.A.; University of Tulsa, Ed.D.

Barbara J. Manning Lower School Music
University of Tulsa, B.M.E.

Jean C. Maxeliner Third Grade
University of Tulsa, B.M.E., M.E.

Kenneth B. McCullough History, French
University of Texas, B.A.; Johns Hopkins University, M.A.

Margaret E. Miller Middle School Art
University of Tulsa, B.A., M.A.

Anna Milligan Typing
University of Tulsa, B.S., M.A.

Martha M. Moore Lower School Art
University of Tulsa, B.F.A.

Robert P. Murphy Mathematics, Physical Education, Grade 6 Advisor
University of Tulsa, B.S.

Jean S. Oliver Spanish
University of Oklahoma, B.A.

Donald L. Paige History
University of Michigan, B.A., M.A.

Ronald B. Palma Latin, History
Cornell University, A.B.; University of Cincinnati, M.A.; Ph.D. (A.B.D.)

Dider M. Poulet French
Graduate of several universities in France; Northwestern University, M.A.

Virginia Quarterman Fourth Grade
University of Tulsa, B.A.

Marcia R. Richards English, Debate
Ohio University, B.S.

David M. Rollo Music
University of Tulsa, B.M.

Sallie H. Rushmore Second Grade
Culver - Stockton College, B.M.

Francine G. Shirvani French
American University of Beirut, B.A.

Edward C. Sloan English, Music and Art History
University of Wisconsin, B.S.

Karl M. Sniderman Mathematics, Coordinator of Mathematics K-8
University of Michigan, B.A.; San Diego State College, M.S.

Peter H. Stickney Middle School Mathematics
University of Tulsa

Cheryl A. Strozier Middle School French
Oklahoma State University, B.A.

Joan N. Southerland Science, History, Grade 5 Advisor
N.J. State Teachers College, A.B.; Indiana University, M.A.T.

G. Michael Tamony Physical Education
Northeastern State College, B.A.; Graduate work done at Oklahoma State University, Northeastern State College, and Central Missouri State

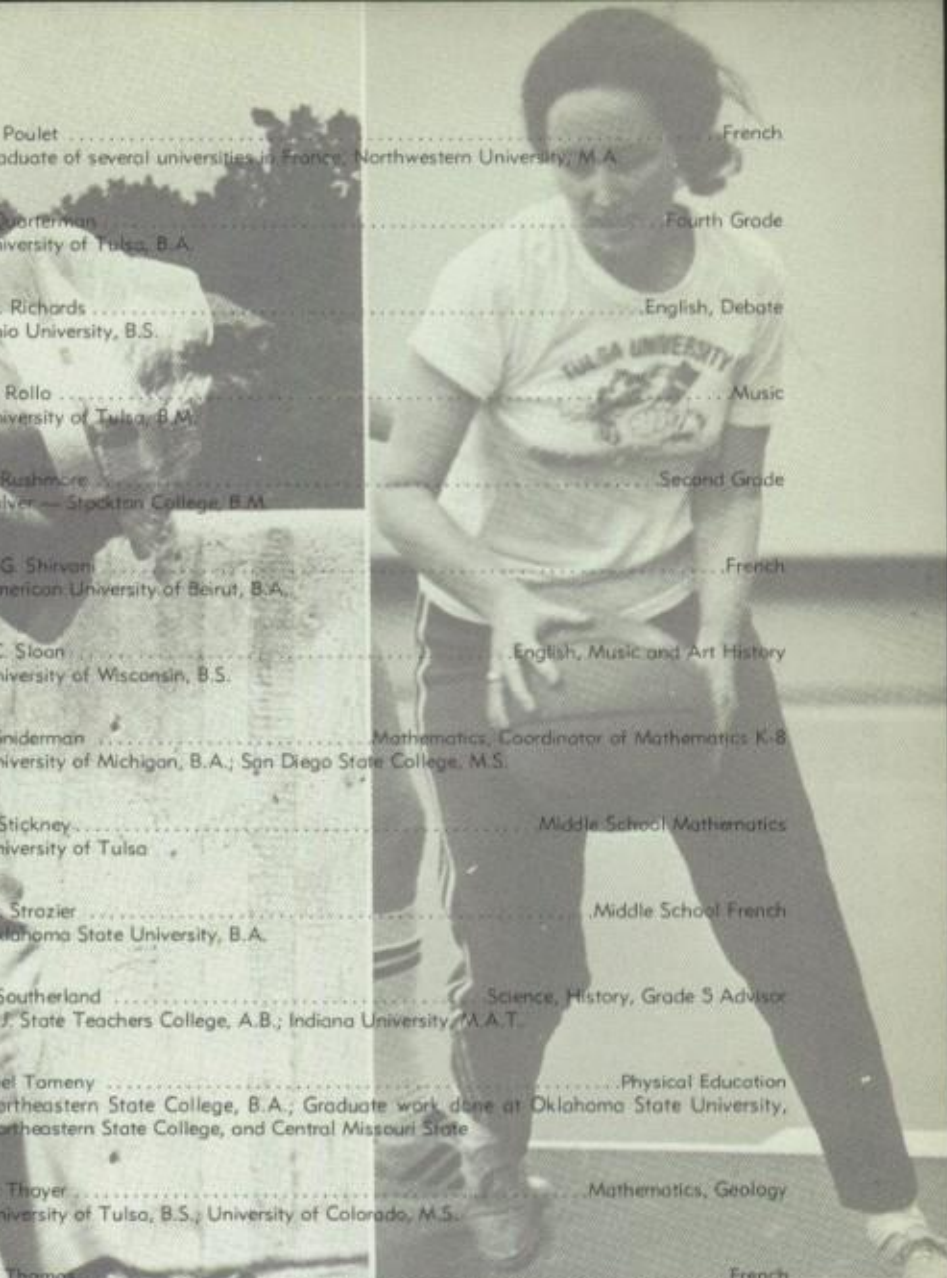
James B. Thayer Mathematics, Geology
University of Tulsa, B.S.; University of Colorado, M.S.

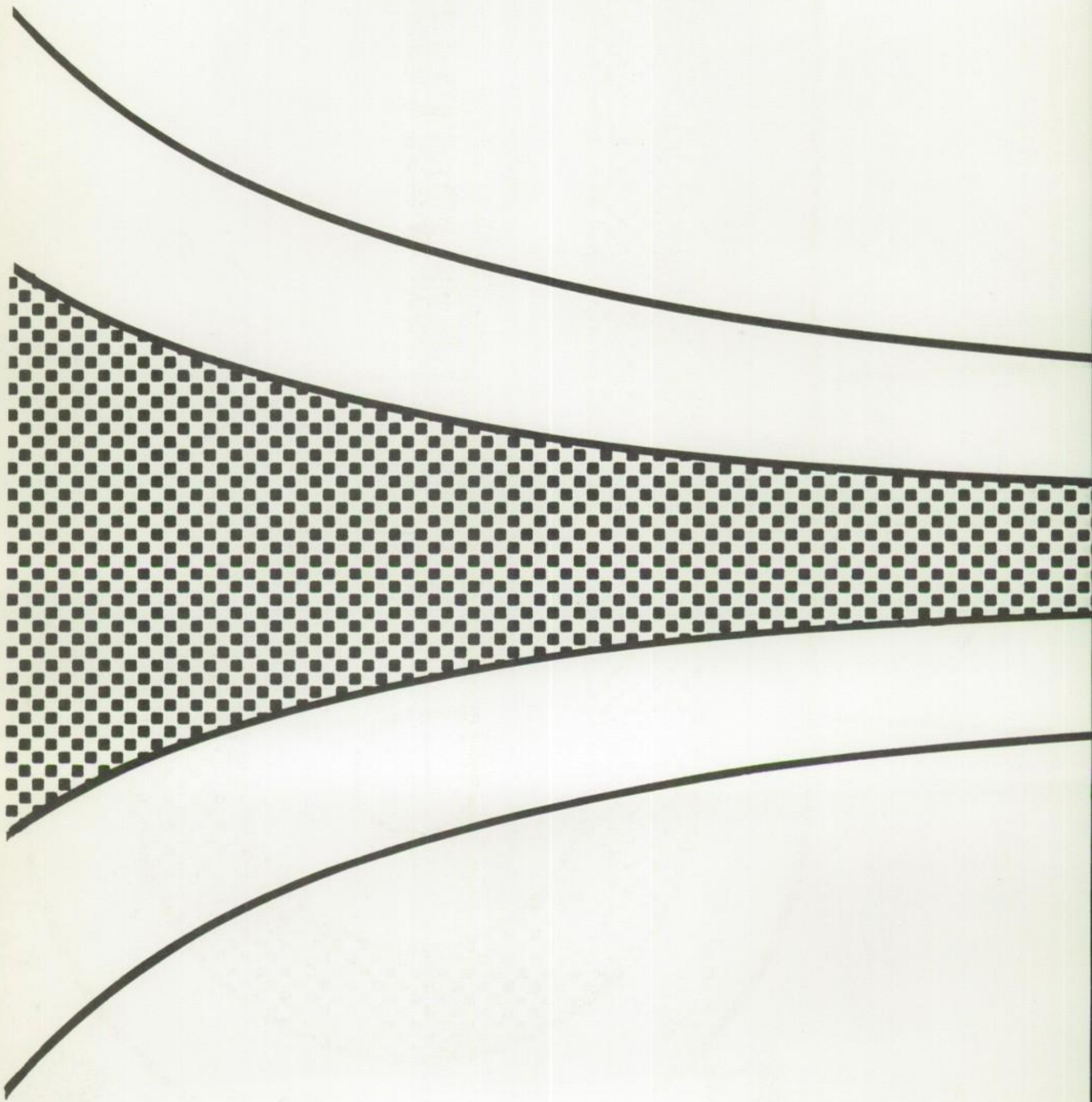
Christine Thomas French
Conservatoire de Nice

Majorie P. Walters History, Reading, Grade 5 Advisor
Sara Lawrence College, B.A.

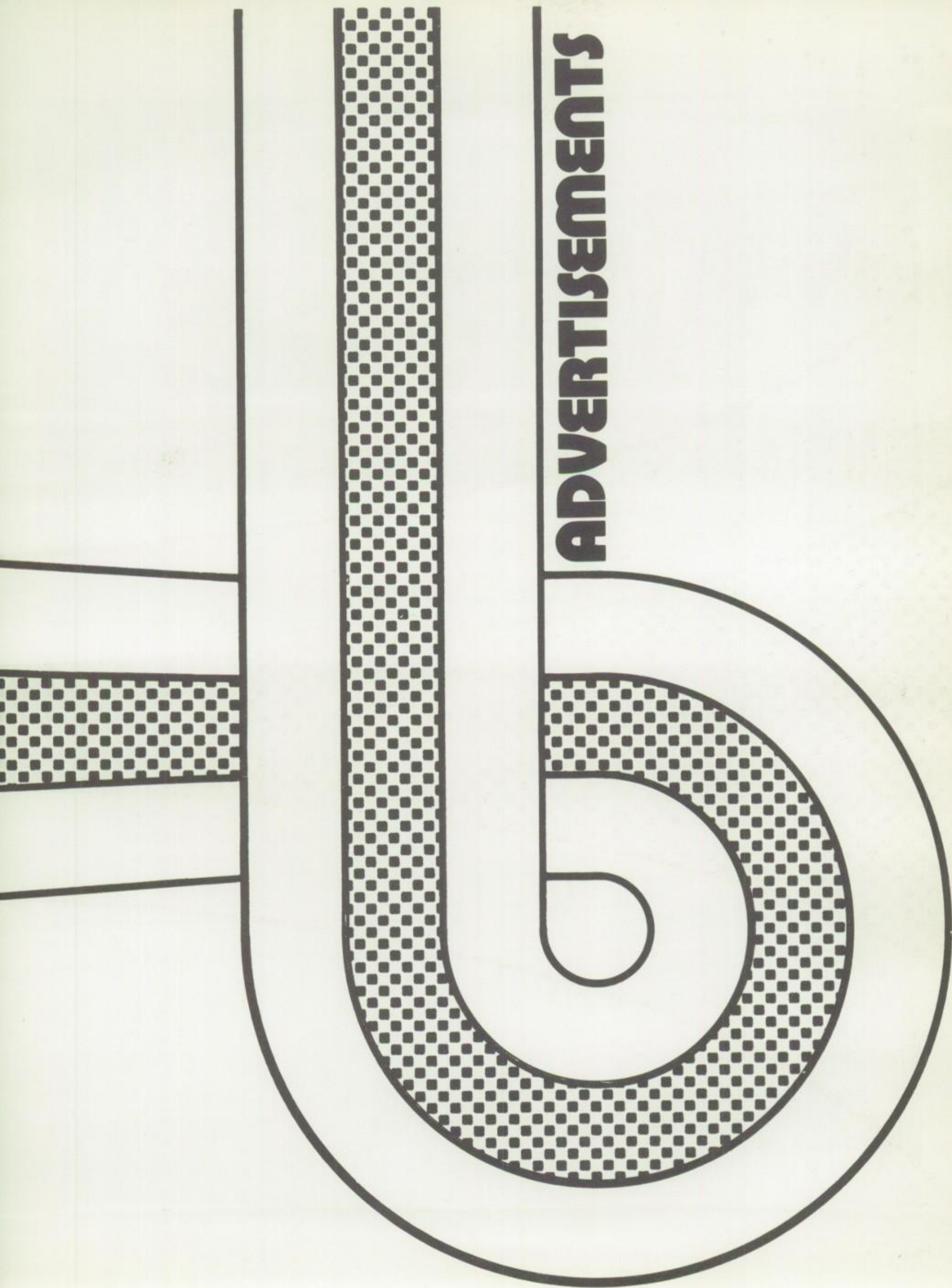
Frank B. Ward History, Physical Education
University of Tulsa, B.A.

Diane D. Wood Kindergarten
University of Tulsa, B.A.





ADVERTISEMENTS



Bye Bye Bertie

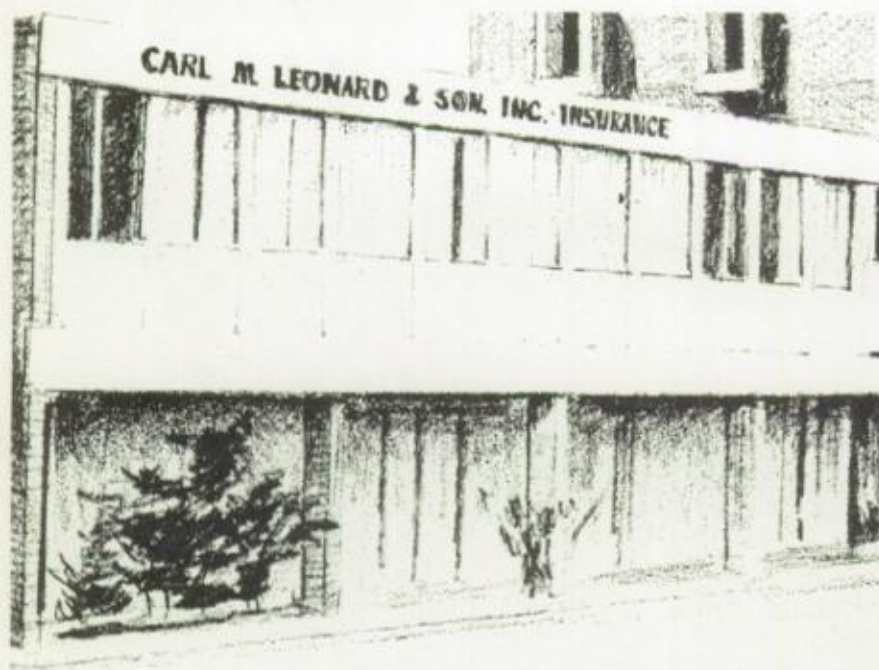


From the Class of '74

"Let us prove our service by providing it"

Carl M. Leonard and Son, Inc.

Insurance
Harvard Center Building
3010 South Harvard
743-4446



THE

PAPER DOLL

2010 UTICA SQUARE • 749-2244

Bunnydee Originals



Imported Clothing
and Toys for Children
from England

Newborn — 10 Years

Phone: 663-3882

22 SOUTHROADS VILLAGE TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74135

It's about time Class of '74.
We thought you would
never make it!

HARLAN *Insurance*
AGENTS • BROKERS, INC.

CONGRATULATIONS

Petty's Fine Foods, Inc.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74105

London Square


5800 SOUTH LEWIS
Phone: 743-6661

Utica Square

1964 UTICA SQUARE
Phone: 747-8616


FRIENDS OF
HOLLAND HALL

The
**Action Bank
of Tulsa**



A FULL
SERVICE
BANK

Member FDIC



215 SOUTH BETHLEHEM
TULSA, OKLA. 74103

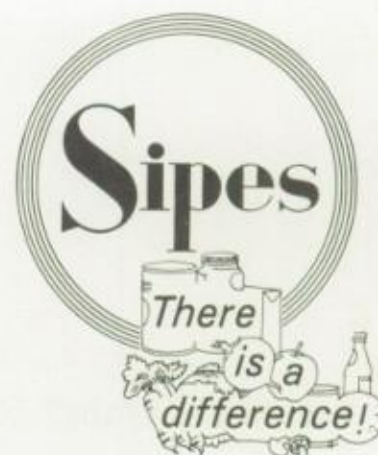


Next Time — Go Together on an
MK&O Charter Coach.

- Air Conditioned
- Rest Room Equipped
- Air Suspension Ride
- One Half Regular Fare



A Good Name in Transportation

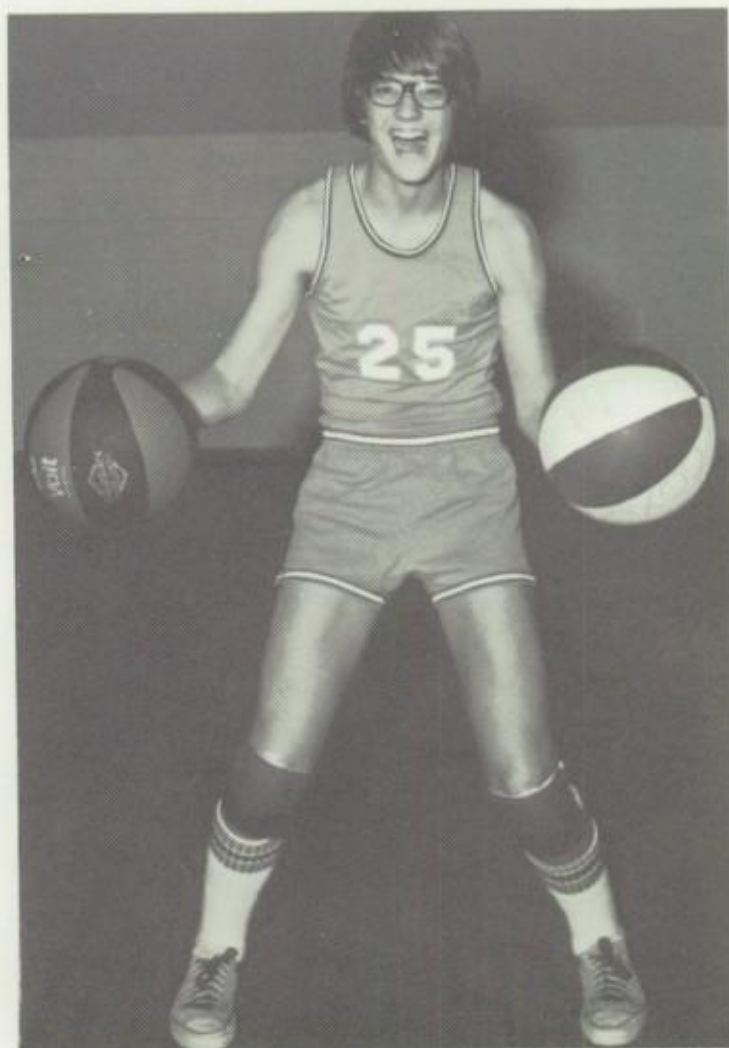


32nd AT MEMORIAL
27th AT HARVARD (on Harvard Village)
ADMIRAL AT MEMORIAL (on Eastgate)
51st AT YALE (on Holiday Hills)

**Hello,
Holland
Hall . . .**

**Raising
Cool Boys
is Good
Public
Relations.**

**PRI Principals
recommend:
David Sims
Eric Graham
Bert McCullar**



PRI **PUBLIC RELATIONS INTERNATIONAL, LTD.**

SUITE 310, LVO ENTERPRISE BLDG., | TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74103

Engler Photo Supply

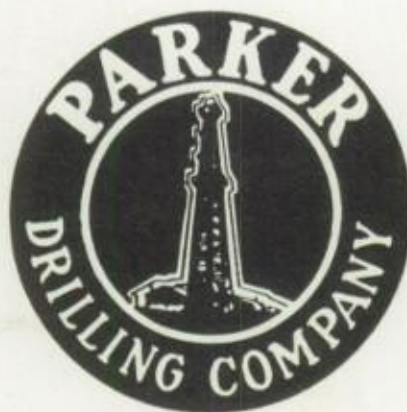
"THE BEST COSTS NO MORE"

1643 South Boston

Tulsa Owned and Operated Since 1924
Professional Supplies for
Photography Lithography Industry

583-4567

Compliments of



**world-wide
drilling**

PARKER DRILLING COMPANY
TULSA, OKLAHOMA



Mrs. Howard Conhaim

Antique furniture and accessories
Linens for table, bed, and bath
Custom-designed bath and closets
Dr. Erno Laszlo preparations
Decorative plumbing and hardware

1579 East 21st Street in the Dowell Building

717 South Main
587-4408

Sales



Rentals

FORMAL WEAR
For All Occasions

41st and Yale
627-0500



**THIS NAME
SURE GETS
AROUND...**

**"ONE OF
THE LVO
COMPANIES"**

You'd expect to see it here because we're a based-in-Oklahoma company. But you'll also see it at the offices of Scott Rice, Ross-Martin Company, and LVO Cable, Inc., in Denver, Dallas, New York City, Wichita, Houston, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis and Oklahoma City.

LVO stands for resources and services.

LVO Corporation
LVO Enterprise Building
6th and Boston
Tulsa, Oklahoma

**GROWTH...
GROWTH...
GROWTH...**

... From a scrappy little pipeline company with \$12 million of revenue in 1962 to a diversified, integrated energy and pollution control company with sales of over \$110 million.

There's more to come. Get a preview. Write for our latest report to investors.

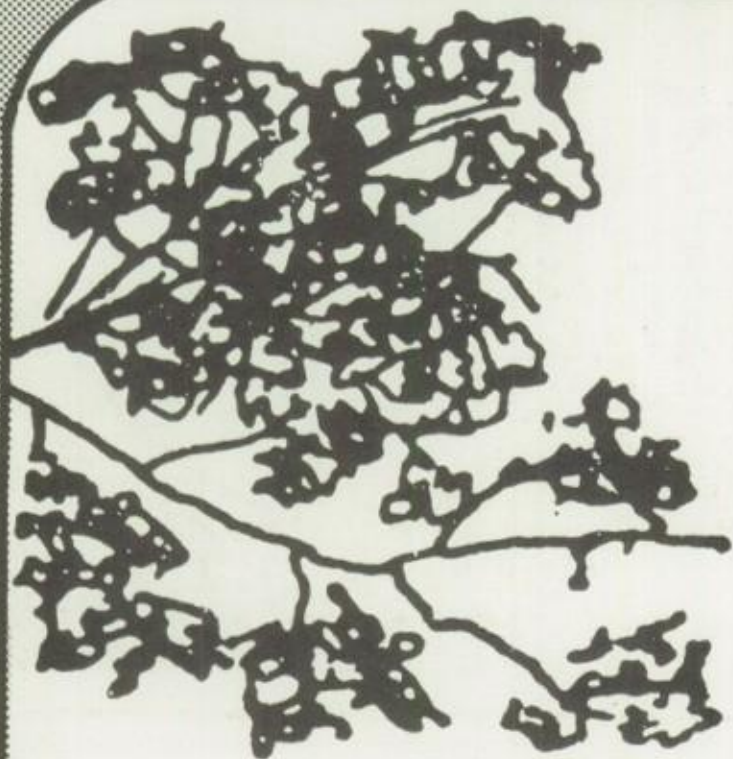


mapco
INC.

1437 S. Boulder • Tulsa, Okla. 74119

COMMON STOCK LISTED
ON NEW YORK STOCK
EXCHANGE • SYMBOL

MDA



1724 S. UTICA

GLEN NELSON

MARVEL NELSON

587-8484



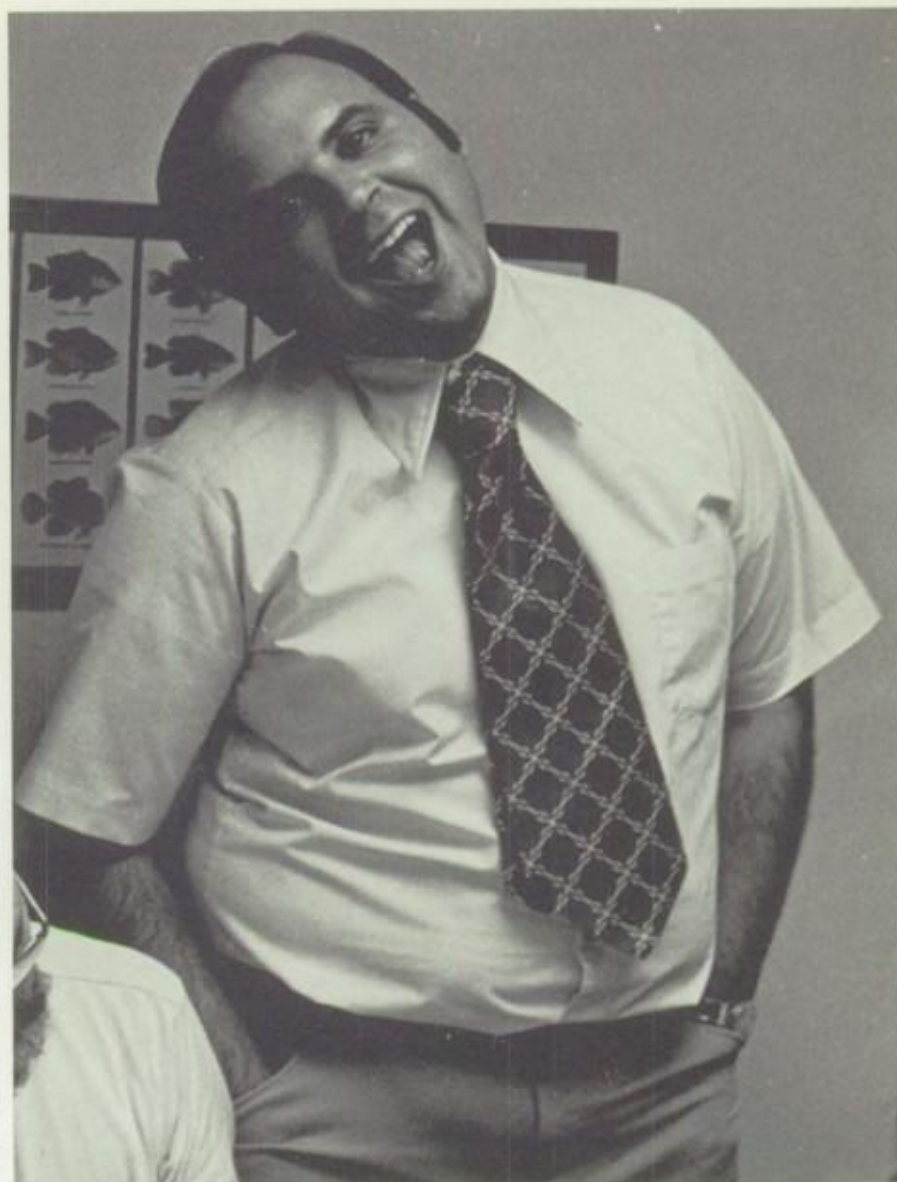
• Quality is the difference . .

Compliments of
TULSA FORGE, INC.
and
ROBERT DUENNER AND CO.

BEN F. WHITEHILL III

DEAN WITTER & Co.
INCORPORATED
MEMBER • NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, INC.

801 FIRST PLACE
TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74103
(918) 582-3211



World Wide Service

Noble F. Smith & Joe R. Thornton Insurance Agency

3400 First National Tower
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918) 585-8271



A better bank for all of Tulsa.

Construction is now underway at Second and Boston for the new 50-story NBT Building, part of the new Williams Center.

This new building not only reflects a pace-setting attitude in management, but is also a reflection of *your* contribution to our success and growth.

Our new building will stand as a visual pledge of continuing service to you. Because you are our most valuable asset.

NATIONAL BANK of TULSA

THE PACESETTER® BANK
MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Compliments of
A

Friend

RAGUSE & CO., INC.

FLUID, GAS AND AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT

Compliments of
MR. & MRS. EDGAR R. SANDITEN





TAKE
A FRIEND
TO THE GARDEN
FOR LUNCH

THE GARDEN

on the Patio
at Utica Square

Compliments of
A FRIEND

Best wishes from your friendly Marantz dealer



6301 EAST 41ST STREET

Phone 622-6111

Joe M. Schuman, President



It's the real thing. Coke.

Trade-mark ®



Vinson Supply Company

Compliments of
a Friend

Judy Berry
H.H. Class of '69
Made Phi Gamma Kappa
at T.U.

by Courtesy
R.W. Berry

Baker's
FLOWERS
For the Finest Cut Flowers, Plants, and Gifts

BankAmericard
and Master Charge

S&H Green Stamps
1829 E. 21st—RI 7-7575





*Those were the days
my friend*

*The glowing world of Mij offers
warm tribute to Holland Hall's
Class of '74. Since her beginning
Mij has been both a friend and
a fashion setter to the world of
Holland Hall. As she has
watched you come and go,
it is kinda nice to turn
back the pages and
remember.*

Mij Shop — Second Floor


Miss Jackson's
IN TULSA'S FASHIONABLE UTICA SQUARE



YOUR **CATERPILLAR** DEALER

7794 E. 42ND. PL. • BOX 45688 • TULSA, OKLA. 74145 • PH. 918-627-4500



Ira and Mary
Sanditen

Join the Pepsi People feelin' free!
Join the Pepsi People feelin' free!



Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs. James
Hewgley



**FIRST, CHOOSE
YOUR DREAM...
THEN SAVE
FOR IT.**

Sooner

Federal Savings and Loan

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

404 SOUTH BOSTON • ADMIRAL PLACE AND MEMORIAL
2027 EAST 21st STREET • 5101 SOUTH SHERIDAN ROAD
11675 EAST 21st STREET • 31st AND SOUTH HARVARD
4847 SOUTH PEORIA • BROKEN ARROW • NORMAN





**READING & BATES
OFFSHORE DRILLING COMPANY**

TULSA — HOUSTON — LONDON — SINGAPORE



GLORIA ANG INTERIORS, LTD.

Consultants to guide you in making the most elegant and functional selections of decor from the inside out, specializing in spacial design, materials and color specifications, and fine furnishings for old home rejuvenation and new home construction.

5157 E. 51st St., Suite 101 * Tulsa, Okla. 74135
918 664-0990



The Kingpin.

If you're tied to a desk eight hours a day and you've got the blahs, then look to Riverlanes, the kingpin of all bowling centers in the Southwest.

After a hard day on the job, you can enjoy the many facilities offered by Riverlanes, including a sports shop, private club, coffee house and supervised playroom for the bowler's children.

The sports shop will cater to tennis, skiing and bowling equipment and sportswear, featuring all the top brand names.

If you would like to start your own bowling team, give us a call and we'll help you start a winner.

If you're searching for bowling luxury and convenience... look to Riverlanes.



Sherman Willsey
Manager, Pro

Brenda Marshall
Assistant Mgr., Pro

Riverlanes, Ltd.

P.O. Box 2864 • 8711 S. Lewis
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101
936-9888 • 583-5774

Rita J. Moskowitz-Raymond A. Miller, Jr., Owners



Congratulations
to the
Graduating
Seniors



FIRST TULSA
YOUR FULL SERVICE BANK

**FIRST PERSON
BANKING**

Offers First Dimension services, for your convenience. See just one person in one place for almost all your banking needs.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF TULSA.

What is
that
Betty?

I don't
really know.



UNITED BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.

**DETRICK
REALTORS'**



SPC
Stillings
PETROLEUM CORPORATION

Tulsa, Oklahoma

COMPLIMENTS
OF A
FRIEND



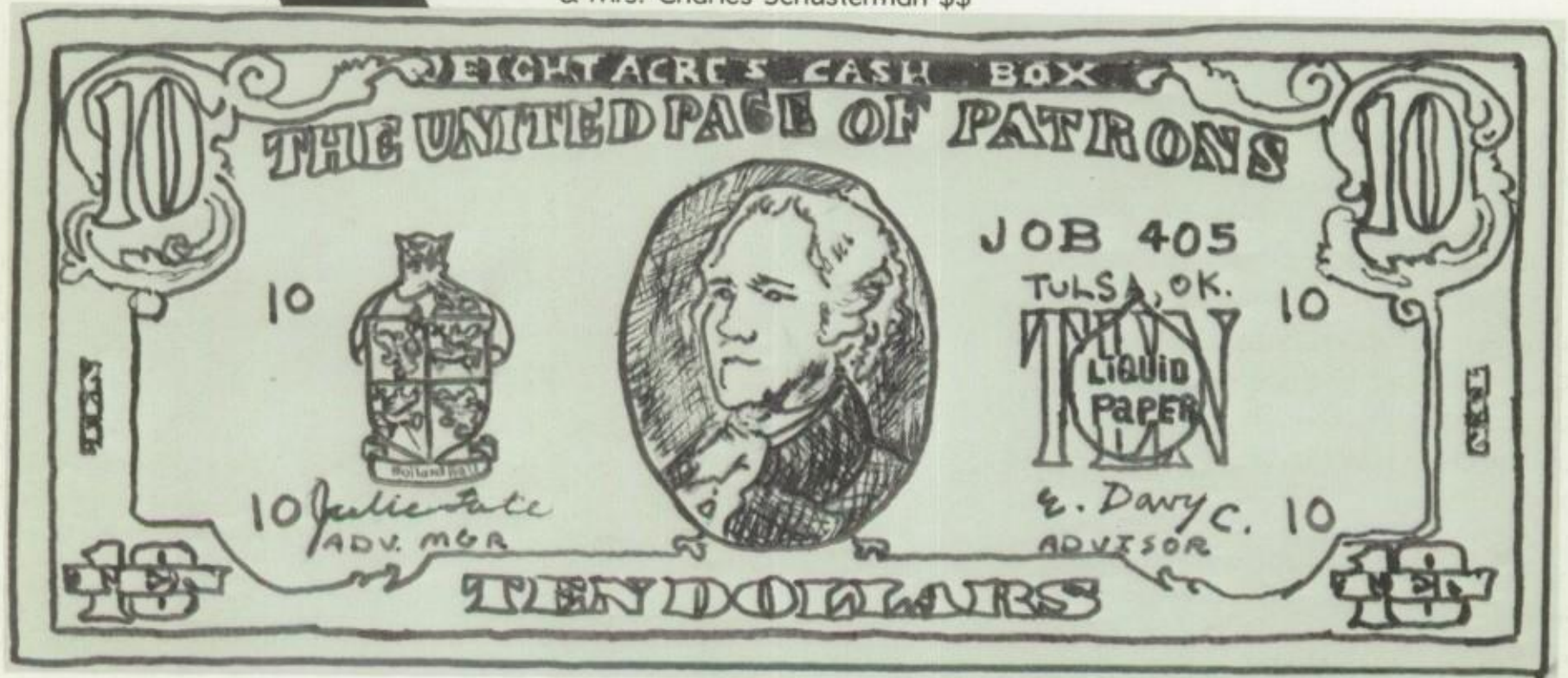
Best wishes from your home of better sound



Phone 622-6111

Joe M. Schuman, President

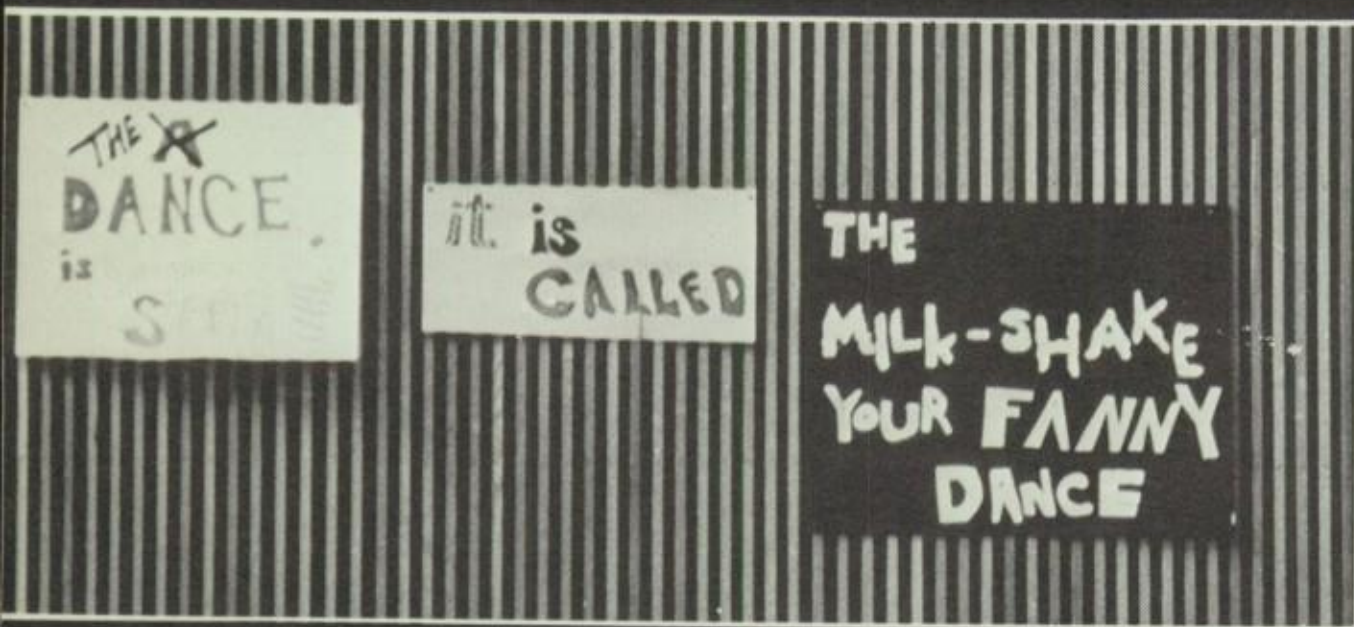
Dr. & Mrs. S.Y. Andelman \$\$\$
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Arnold
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. John S. Athens
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Anthony C. Billings
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. James T. Boswell
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert D. Brock
 \$\$\$ Mrs. James P. Cobb
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. K.S. Cressman
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Davis
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. David L. Edwards, Jr.
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Walter B. Gerard
 \$\$ The Golden Dolphin
 \$\$\$ Knox Cameras \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Joe P. McLoud
 \$\$\$ Margaret Singletary
 \$\$ Design & Interiors
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Charles F. O'Conner
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Oven
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. Emil E. Palik
 \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. William Reid
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Thomas H. Richards
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Frank Riesinger
 \$\$ Mr. & Mrs. James M. Sanders
 \$ Mr. & Mrs. Dan Savage
 \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Charles Schusterman
 \$\$



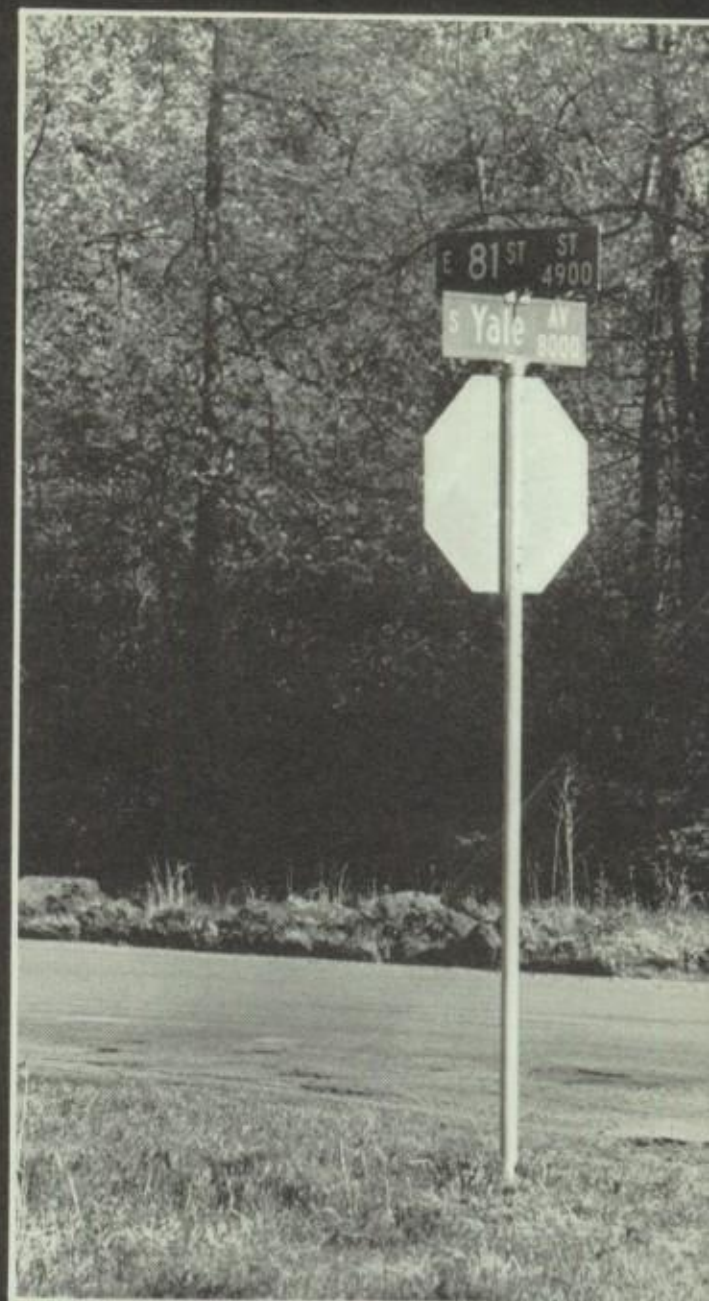
Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Shade \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy M. Shamas \$\$\$
 Dr. & Mrs. David Shapiro \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. James M. Short \$\$\$
 Mrs. Anna Simcoe \$\$\$ Mrs. Linnea Slack \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Graeme Sorley \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Robert Steen Smith \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. James L. Steinberg \$\$\$ Dr. & Mrs. C.P. Stillwell \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Samuel C. Stone \$\$\$ Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Taylor \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Edward Taylor \$\$\$ Mrs. A.J. Tomasino \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. C.E. Thornton \$\$ Mrs. Emily Walker \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. A. Rex Watkinson, Jr. \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Fred S. Watson, Jr. \$\$\$
 Dr. & Mrs. Roger E. Wehrs \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Hugh S. West \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. W.L. Whalley \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Homer F. Wilcox \$\$\$
 Mr. & Mrs. Lauren L. York \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ Anonymous

The tornadoes that threatened to destroy our city left, and the repairmen will take care of the rest. New scandals will replace the old. Elections will come and political rearrangement will take place. World leaders will come and die. Peace will stay for a while longer and then leave in tense warfare. We, high school students, will grow into college students, into accepted adulthood with its hassles and its happinesses. The school will replace its lost leadership and grow to new heights with new courage to face an ever changing new world. "Laughing and crying, you know it's the same release." So the song goes. Tears at losses and despair and laughter at success and joy are to be a part of living. A good life must have both. Too much sorrow leaves a person yearning and paralyzed. Too much happiness leaves a soul incomplete and unappreciative. School allows one to look at life in a microcosm, to experience life's luxuries and heartaches at a level, detached from the permanent pains and memories. The cycle of school begins in kindergarten and takes a break after high school is out. But, this primary mouth fed education keeps going with or without your help. It's not anyone's place to tell you to help. The idle are just part of the way things go as are the over anxious.



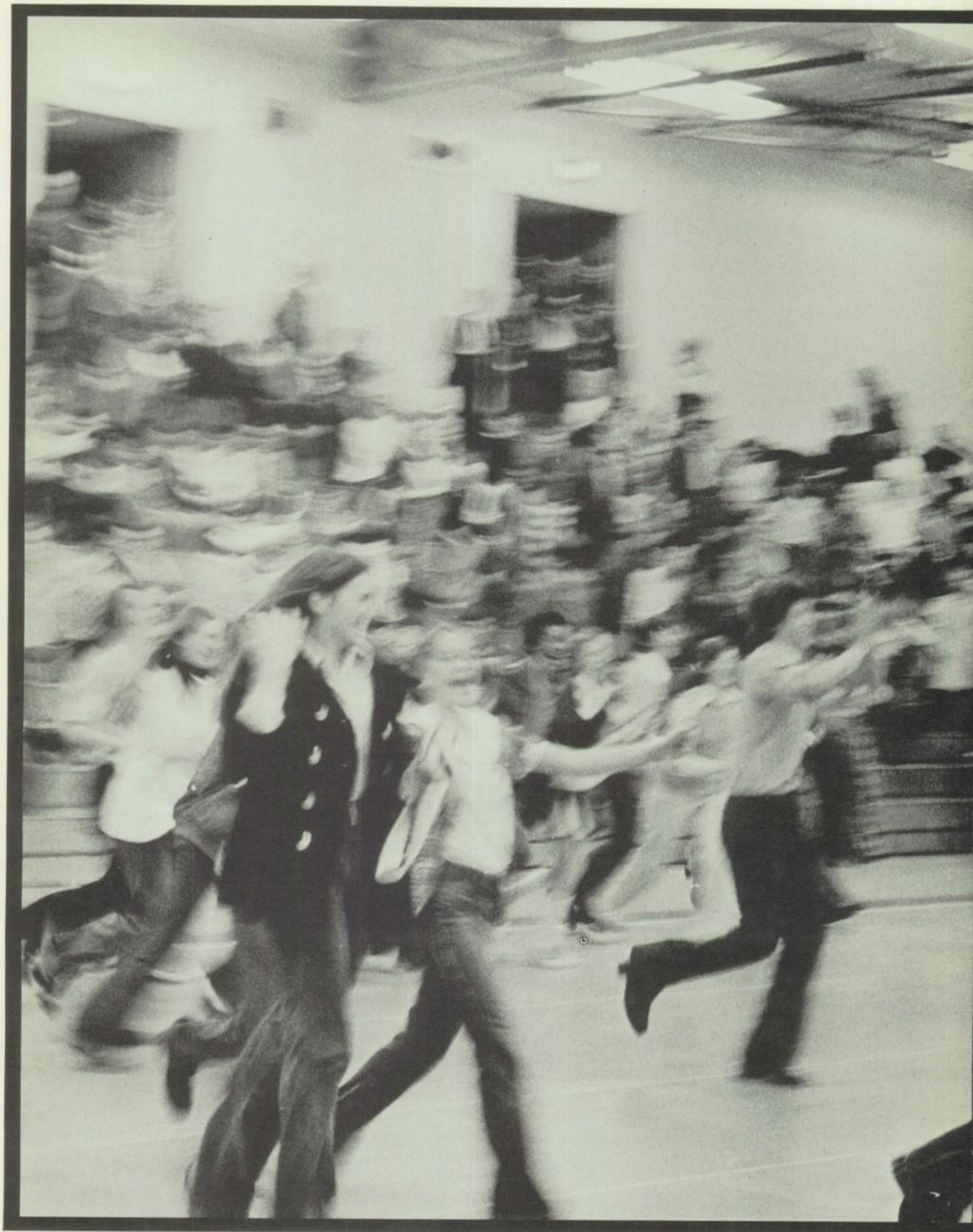


Above: Advertisement tries its luck on the Commons wall. **Directly Above:** Gunther finds himself in front of a photographer as the photographer finds himself in front of Gunther. **Upper Right:** The dense woods on the corner of 81st and Yale provide a backdrop for the street full of chuckholes. **Right:** Taking advantage of their privileges, two seniors arrive after school has already begun.





The more things change, the more they stay the same. Trite, but true. As the year draws to a close, a new year draws closer. And with a new year, comes new problems, new knowledge, new friends, new loves. The old fades, as it never seemed it would. You can look back on that twenty page paper, not only in relief, but in disbelief as to the heartache it gave you. All those dances, with names that didn't bear repeating, may fade into oblivion, but next year will bring new dances with more names that don't bear repeating either. Gunther's strange presence always seemed to bring a good laugh, but next year Gunther will roam the Commons with new antics providing new humor for new students. All those storms that rained out soccer practice and sent you home to exhaust your record collection are gone, but next year will bring new rain and more cancelled practices. Though the landscape around 81st and Yale will change quickly, the stop sign on the corner will remain to be run by hurried students next year as in the past. The cycle of life, starting at birth and ending (for a while anyway) in death, never stops. The world keeps turning with or without your help. How things happen or even the immortal question of why, are all inconsequential to the fact that they go. Life is. You've got to "Be here now." Everyone has got to be a part of the way things go.





I think that perhaps we are luckier than those generations that had come to maturity before the decade beginning in the autumn of 1963. We had learned as children and teenagers the limitations of power, the dreadful mistake good men are capable of making, that America did not have a monopoly on morality, the terrible absurdity that a warehouse clerk could kill the president of the United States, that 45,000 Americans could die in a war that the government couldn't explain or win, that a senseless burglary might destroy a president. Because we had learned these things early in our lives, we might be more realistic in our expectations of government and life, less vulnerable to delusion over life's disappointments and unfairness. We had learned that there were no simple solutions that we could not easily overcome, that we were not completely without fault. Stripped of illusions, we could move forward, seeking small victories, realizing that the conquest of one problem only creates another. If we do not fall prey to complacency, we could tackle our problems one by one, and be content with the struggle.

INDEX

Students

- Adamek, Vincent C. 55, 118
 Adams, Melodie 141
 Adelson, David M. 56
 Adwon, P. Mitchell 35, 92, 93, 99, 113
 Akin, Laurie 41, 78, 79, 128
 Alexander, Daniel J. 150
 Alexander, Toni E. 141
 Allen, Andrew S. 49, 64, 124
 Allen, Rhoda van nes 88, 118
 Ames, Peter C. 52, 124
 Adelman, Ross B. 42, 86, 101
 Aderson, Cheryl L. 26, 42, 66, 88, 90, 94, 101, 108, 154
 Anderson, Frances E. 41, 78, 128
 Appleman, Susan 12, 87, 88, 113
 Armstrong, S. David 17, 48, 49, 64, 93, 113, 115
 Arnold, Robert H. 94, 97, 98, 99, 113
 Arrington, Elizabeth A. 66, 72, 73, 85, 124
 Arrington, John L., III 41, 50, 59, 65, 128
 Arrington, Katherine M. 144
 Arrington, Winifred L. 138
 Ashley, Anthony B. 141
 Ashley, John R. 35, 42, 44, 55, 86, 88, 92, 94, 101, 107
 Ashley, Virginia L. 39, 70, 83, 88, 97, 124
 Ashworth, Michael S. 88, 118
 Askins, Harold D. 118, 121
 Athens, Peter W. 33, 84, 118
 Atwood, Kathryn L. 138
 Atwood, Majorie A. 135
 Bailey, Victoria J. 88, 124
 Baldwin, Belinda B. 135
 Barber, Paul B. 49, 60, 96, 124
 Barnard, Ashley H. 146
 Barnard, Eugenia 139
 Barnard, James R. not pic.
 Barnard, Katherine 78, 132, 133
 Barnard, Kimberly 144
 Barry, David D. 138, 139
 Barry, Elizabeth A. 41, 78, 128
 Barry, Kathleen K. 14, 16, 35, 39, 42, 70, 71, 88, 90, 101
 Barry, Margaret A. 88, 118
 Bashaw, Amy M. 146
 Bashaw, Catharine M. 135
 Bates, Michael D. 138
 Beale, Kathryn A. 86, 88, 96, 119
 Beesley, Brent T. not pic.
 Bechtel, Amy 78, 132
 Bell, Leta J. 24, 150
 Bell, Robert D. 41, 50, 128
 Benton, Shannon L. 41, 78, 91, 128
 Biery, Brenda A. 41, 78, 128
 Billings, Brigitte K. 25, 146
 Bills, J. Allison 88, 91, 113
 Binding, Ronald R. 56, 64, 82, 93, 95, 119
 Bohanon, Robert E. 119
 Bloodgood, Elizabeth G. 124
 Boswell, Douglas D. 41, 50, 58, 128, 131
 Brainerd, Matthew A. 41, 58, 65, 128
 Brannin, Clark S. 56, 57, 119
 Brannin, D. Graham 41, 59, 83, 128
 Brechin, Amy B. 17, 20, 26, 35, 42, 45, 66, 67, 69, 88, 94, 101
 Brechin, John L., III 49, 64, 96, 98, 99, 124
 Breckinridge, Flint 41, 50, 58, 64, 128
 Breckinridge, Phillips R. 141
 Brewer, Georgia M. 113
 Brickner, Shannon L. 150
 Brickner, Tracy A. 144, 145
 Britt, Mark P. 41, 58, 128
 Britt, Matthew J. 41, 58, 128
 Brock, Meri K. 141
 Brookes, Scott R. 36, 144
 Brown, David E. 26, 99, 119
 Browning, David M. not pic.
 Browning, Lynnley E. 37
 Bruce, David C. 49, 124
 Buford, Sam D. not pic.
 Buford, Stephen R. 142
 Bullard, Dene A. 90, 113
 Bullard, Jeri L. 42, 94, 101
 Bullard, Starley G. 135
 Bunn, Lucinda C. 69, 124
 Burge, Leslie K. 141
 Burge, William L. 138, 139
 Busby, Kenneth D. 148
 Bush, Carol M. 78, 132
 Bush, Marta L. 138
 Buttery, Lauren C. 113
 Butler, James J., III 150
 Byers, Jeffrey D. 146
 Cabell, Lisa M. 146
 Caldwell, Brooke A. 135, 136
 Caldwell, Karen L. 88, 119
 Caldwell, Todd R. 141
 Camp, Bryan T. 18, 41, 58, 128
 Camp, Stephen D. 17, 56, 64, 82, 83, 88, 95, 113
 Camp, H. Ward, III 35, 42, 49, 82, 88, 92, 93, 102, 157
 Carlin, Corby B. 144
 Carlin, Scott M. 50, 132
 Carmack, Charles N., II 41, 50, 51, 58, 65, 128
 Carmack, Gregory D. 141, 143
 Carpenter, Richard M. 83, 138, 139
 Casey, James P. 24, 148
 Casey, Leslie A. 41, 78, 91, 129
 Caudle, Raymond P., Jr. 148
 Cavert, W. Michael 14, 42, 49, 93, 102
 Chadsey, Frederick N., IV 17, 49, 60, 92, 113
 Chakeres, Steven P. 132
 Chaney, Charles R. 48, 49, 50, 113
 Christopher, Darrell V. 13, 33, 93, 119
 Clark, Laurie 24
 Clark, Paul H. 113, 116
 Clinton, Craig S. not pic.
 Clinton, Emily B. not pic.
 Coates, Christopher T. 135
 Coates, John A. 32, 49, 56, 124
 Coates, Patrick E. 146
 Coates, Stephen M. 150
 Cobb, Timothy I. 98, 99, 113
 Coffey, James R. 41, 58, 129
 Coffey, Janet K. 141
 Conley, Candace G. 35, 42, 44, 94, 102
 Connolly, Lynn 41, 65, 78, 79, 129
 Cooper, David A. 136
 Copeland, Robin K. 78, 132
 Coppedge, Julia N. 66, 88, 124
 Covington, Lorne E. 119
 Cox, Cooper L. not pic.
 Cox, Robert L. 42, 56, 64, 82, 86, 88, 93, 99, 102
 Cressman, K. Keith 35, 42, 49, 82, 94, 102
 Crockett, Cathy J. 70, 88, 119
 Culwell, April D. 150
 Daliou, Peggy 78, 132
 Dalton, Andrew T., III 144
 Dalton, D'Alary L. 151
 Daniel, John T. 41, 50, 58, 65, 129
 David, Summer 144
 Davidson, Andrea J. 146
 Davies, Diane K. 42, 86, 87, 102, 156, 159
 Davis, Anthony B. 36, 37, 144
 Davis, Jennifer L. 20, 42, 88, 94, 103
 Davis, Kimberly R. 25, 148
 Davis, Phillip S. 144
 Davis, Rhonda S. 88, 125
 Deck, James W. 52, 56, 57, 60, 93, 119
 Deck, Thomas H. 41, 50, 83, 129
 Decker, James D. 41, 50, 59, 129
 Dees, Susan E. not pic.
 Deller, David C. 35, 42, 44, 85, 97, 103
 Detrick, Diana 36, 144
 Dickeson, Blake H. 132
 Dingsor, John G. 41, 50, 59, 129, 130
 Disler, Douglas L. 42, 103
 Doenges, Anne S. 24, 149
 Doenges, William C., Jr. not pic.
 Douglas, Mark S. 136
 Douglas, Michael W. 46, 138
 Dotson, Sarah E. 37, 144
 Droege, Kristin L. 141
 Droege, Leslie A. 78, 132
 Dukelow, Sylvia A. 78, 132
 Dunkin, Christine E. 144
 Dunlap, Brenda L. 41, 129
 Dunlap, Kent D. 40, 138
 Dunlap, Paul E. 50, 132
 Dunlap, Susan J. 26, 27, 35, 42, 68, 69, 88, 103
 Duennner, Robert H. 125
 Durham, James L. 113
 Eagleton, James R., Jr. 52, 56, 64, 88, 93, 99, 113
 Eagleton, Richard J. 138
 Easton, Cynthia A. 84, 97, 98, 119, 120
 Eaton, Leslie P. 86, 119
 Eckenwiler, Mark W. 41, 59, 65, 129
 Edwards, Barbara J. 17, 42, 44, 66, 69, 88, 94, 103
 Edwards, Christopher O. 150, 151
 Edwards, David L. 141
 Ekdahl, Lauren L. 141
 Elam, Karissa E. 146
 Elam, Kellye A. 119
 Erskine, Sharon L. 39, 70, 88, 119
 Euton, Thomas F., Jr. 138, 140
 Ewing, Martha L. 125
 Exline, Kathy J. 88, 113
 Farmer, Karl F. 151
 Featherston, Ingrid H. 37, 145
 Featherston, Signe H. 136, 137
 Fell, Melissa B. 141
 Ferguson, Laura A. 39, 87, 88, 113
 Fesperman, R. Lynn 48, 49, 55, 120
 Finch, Henry A. 49, 55, 120, 123, 156
 Flint, Susan K. 20, 113
 Fonkalsrud, Andrew O. not pic.
 Fonkalsrud, Philip A. not pic.
 Forbes, Michelle A. 24, 25, 151
 Forbes, Victoria E. 148
 Forsythe, Karen S. 78, 132, 133
 Franden, Christine 145
 Franden, Robert E. 24, 148
 Frank, Bradley N. 136
 Frank, Michael D. 50, 59, 65, 129
 Franklin, Brett B. 28, 138, 139
 Franklin, Scott C. 50, 132
 Frates, Marilou M. 41, 70, 73, 125
 Frazier, Mary C. 146
 Freeman, Andrea L. 125
 Freeman, Eric T. 64, 113
 Freeman, John H. 50, 83, 132
 Friedrich, Jane C. 15, 70, 88, 125
 Fulford, Cynthia C. 145
 Fuller, Gregg G. 144, 145
 Fuquay, James D. 83, 138
 Fuquay, John W. 50, 132
 Gallagher, Mary Lou 136
 Gardner, Philip G. 141
 Garetson, Julia A. 125
 Garetson, Lee Ann 97, 125
 Gary, Lucia L. 35, 42, 66, 67, 68, 69, 84, 88, 94, 95, 103
 Gary, W. Brewster 125
 Gentry, Michelle L. 148
 Gerow, Earl T. 40, 138
 Gerow, Walter J., Jr. 41, 50, 59, 129
 Gibbs, Charles A., III 17, 42, 56, 83, 93, 101, 104
 Gibson, Karen A. 136
 Glass, Brett R. 50, 132
 Glass, Elizabeth M. 148
 Glass, Jeri L. 142
 Glendening, Robb E. 49, 54, 55, 60, 61, 120, 123
 Goddard, Lisa M. 24, 146
 Goldizen, Lori J. 125
 Goldizen, Sara R. 142
 Goodman, Melissa S. 136
 Goodman, Polly K. 148
 Graham, Hugh C., III 50, 132
 Graham, Margaret B. 136
 Gratkowski, Christine not pic.
 Green, William G. 18, 42, 104
 Guterma, Michael E. 120, 122
 Guy, Christopher L. 151
 Hale, Stephen E. not pic.
 Hale, Suzanne E. 24
 Hall, Dori J. 16, 132
 Hallett, Patricia 20, 42, 44, 69, 82, 88, 104, 154
 Hammond, Timothy E. 50, 58, 132
 Harbaugh, Seth H. 151
 Hares, Kathleen S. 70, 125
 Harjo, Thomas R., Jr. 21, 49, 120
 Harlow, Laura W. 13, 21, 42, 104
 Hamish, Orpha J. 138
 Harris, John D., Jr. 138
 Harrison, Jeffrey A. 50, 58, 83, 132, 133
 Harrison, Jennifer L. 141, 142
 Harrison, Juliet L. 73, 88, 120
 Harrison, Richard E. 62, 63, 88, 95, 120
 Harrison, W. Todd, Jr. 52, 125, 126
 Hart, Timothy J. 133
 Harvey, Scot W. 49, 64, 99, 120
 Harwood, Dana L. 78, 133
 Harwood, Brad W. 139
 Haus, James S. 17, 56, 60, 113
 Haworth, W. Haden, III 98, 99, 113
 Haynes, Marquette K. 133
 Helmerich, Hans C. 35, 55, 64, 125
 Helmerich, Jonathan D. 41, 50, 58, 129
 Helmerich, Matthew G. 20, 86, 98, 113
 Hensley, Barry S. 41, 59, 129
 Herman, Paul I. 55, 60, 99, 125
 Herrin, Steve C. 49, 60, 61, 92, 93, 112, 113
 Heyman, Alexandra L. 24
 Higginbotham, Mary J. 146
 Higginbotham, Mathew L. 142
 Higginbotham, Nelly K. 41, 78, 91, 129
 Hill, Alec M. 124, 125
 Hippensteel, Curtis D. 146
 Ho, Jody T. 41, 59, 65, 129
 Ho, Kimberly J. 86, 125, 127
 Holden, Jeffrey D. 135, 136
 Holland, Daniele S. 142
 Holland, Michele I. 86, 98, 113
 Holland, Robert J. 125
 Hooker, Ann R. 26, 69, 82, 83, 88, 95, 125
 Hooker, Scott W. 136
 Horowitz, Jean A. 35, 139
 Horowitz, Judith P. 146
 Horton, Clayton B. 36, 37, 144, 145
 Horton, Pamela J. 142, 143
 Hudson, Harriett E. 114, 116
 Hughes, Eric W. 83, 139
 Hughes, Gregory L. 146, 147
 Hughes, Leslie E. 82, 88, 125, 126
 Hughes, M. Catherine 88, 125
 Hughes, Philip C. 50, 58, 133
 Hughes, Robert L. 40
 Hughes, Thomas J., IV not pic.
 Hurst, Holly J. 146
 Irby, James L. 60, 120
 Iverson, Leslie A. 136
 Jackson, David E. 35, 42, 52, 56, 57, 88, 93, 104
 Jackson, Elizabeth N. 41, 78, 91, 129
 Jackson, Margaret D. 136
 Jackson, Peter W. 29, 39, 52, 56, 82, 99, 120
 Janus, Peter T. 151
 Jenkins, Deborah E. 16, 68, 69, 82, 88, 90, 114
 Jenkins, Linda D. 41, 78, 79, 90, 91, 129
 Jenkins, Nancy L. 26, 35, 42, 44, 66, 69, 84, 88, 94, 104
 Jenkins, Patricia G. 35, 139
 Jennings, Marilyn L. 41, 64, 78, 79, 129
 Jennings, Steven J. 15, 42, 52, 105
 Jewell, Jill 19, 26, 35, 39, 42, 45, 68, 69, 88, 105
 Johnson, James M. 28, 49, 125
 Johnson, Roy S. 12, 32, 35, 39, 42, 56, 60, 84, 86, 87, 88, 92, 93, 105
 Jones, Gary A. 125
 Jones, Jill L. 26, 39, 66, 67, 88, 120
 Jones, Phillip E. 42, 63, 105
 Joyce, John C. 24, 146
 Kamp, Lisa C. 136
 Kamp, Peter S. 41, 59, 129
 Kaul, Shailesh K. not pic.
 Kasishke, Albert H., III 56, 125
 Kasishke, Paul R. 50, 133
 Katz, Sandra L. 78, 133
 Keasler, Robert L., Jr. 147
 Keaton, Rendy 78
 Kehlmann, Glenn S. 87, 114, 158
 Kendall, Robert H. 133
 Kerlin, James K., Jr. 25, 148, 149
 Kerlin, Katherine E. 142
 Kimery, Samuel E., Jr. 41, 59, 129
 Kincaid, James L., Jr. 35, 145
 Kincaid, Kathryn B. 136, 137
 King, Jak P. 148
 Kirkpatrick, Virginia M. 24, 148
 Kohlbacher, Robert S. 136
 Koontz, Frederick P. 139
 Koontz, Palmer J. 36
 Kraft, James M. 144, 145
 Kunkel, Cheryl E. 70, 72, 73, 82, 88, 125
 Kunkel, Darrel E. 63, 120, 122
 Kunkel, Harold E., Jr. 42, 62, 63, 82, 93, 94, 105
 Kuntz, Gordon A. 133
 Lackey, Amy E. 151
 Lackey, William G., IV 145
 LaCour, Russell A. 49, 54, 55, 64, 84, 92, 114
 Lambert, Anne R. 35, 139
 Lambert, James G. 24, 25, 150, 151
 Lambert, Jennifer A. 136
 Land, Gene E., Jr. 125
 Lane, Jennifer E. 25, 147
 Lang, Maree D. 41, 78, 91, 129, 131
 Langenkamp, Mathew D. 24
 Langholz, Kristopher P. 147
 Langholz, Laurence H. 41, 65, 139
 Langholz, Robert W., Jr. 50, 58, 65, 129
 Lantz, Brett A. 49, 56, 96, 125
 Lantz, Peter E. 42, 56, 105, 106
 Laster, Ann 88, 120
 Laster, Tamara 88, 98, 114, 145
 Lawson, Elizabeth K. not pic.
 Lawson, Holbrook C. not pic.
 Lawson, William C. not pic.
 Lee, Richard C. 49, 120
 Lee, Robert C. 13, 42, 49, 55, 60, 61, 92, 93, 100, 106
 Legler, Karen L. 136
 Legler, Kristina K. 41, 129
 Lemons, Laurie J. 135, 136
 LeRiche, David E. 39, 52, 88, 93, 114
 Lewis, G. Scott 120
 Lewis, Phyllis G. 70, 125
 Lhevine, Paul M. 24, 145
 Liebendorfer, Kurt R. 56, 63, 93, 114
 Lieberman, Christopher J. 24, 148
 Lieberman, Phillip L. 139
 Lile, Darrin E. 24, 145
 Lipotich, E. Clark, 64, 57, 64, 65, 88, 93, 114
 Litton, Darlene H. 64, 114
 Lockwood, Constance 18, 26, 66, 68, 73, 88, 94, 112, 114, 117
 Lockwood, Peter 99, 125
 Lockwood, Tracy 78, 133
 Lollar, Francie Sue 24, 25, 147
 Lollar, Lane A. 25, 148
 Lollar, Monica L. 139
 Longwell, Dawn D. 148
 Lorton, Robert E., III 151
 Lorton, Robin E. 35
 Lorton, Tracy A. 142
 Low, Kenneth M. 20, 96, 97, 120
 Lowary, Linda D. 42, 106
 Lucas, David V. 56, 57, 84, 86, 114
 Lundh, Leni S. 41, 64, 91, 130
 McCarthy, Eugene L., Jr. 32, 126
 McCane, Mark 50, 58, 83, 133
 McCready, Janet L. 41, 78, 91, 129, 131
 McCune, Kelly A. 32, 39, 70, 88, 120
 McDaniel, Brett E. 25, 150, 151
 McDaniel, Carrie C. 142
 McDaniel, Kelly H. 136
 McElroy, Arthur H., Jr. 139
 McFarland, Anne G. 147
 McGrath, John M. 120
 McKinney, Christi M. 37, 145
 McKinney, Mark A. 151
 McKnight, Lisa B. 41, 78, 129
 McLoud, Amanda 42, 84, 85, 94, 97, 102, 106
 McMichael, Theresa 135
 McMurry, Brent J. 121
 McNeill, Philip A. 49, 126

MacNaughton, Craig W. 41, 50, 51, 59, 65, 129, 131
 MacNaughton, Wayne A. 114
 Magee, Lesa K. 86, 114, 116
 Magowan, Kimberly 24, 148
 Maher, Jeffrey S. 49, 121
 Makar, John L. 88, 126
 Makar, Nancy L. 69, 88, 121
 Maney, Greg 24, 149
 Mark, Henry G. 126
 Mark, Sarah E. 121
 Martin, Margaret B. 13, 26, 35, 42, 68, 69, 84, 88, 94, 98, 106, 108
 Mason, Philip C. 147
 Mason, Robert D. 41, 50, 59, 64, 130
 Mathews, Willard L. 151
 Medina, Patricia 151
 Mendoza, Raul C. 125, 126, 161
 Merifield, Candace L. not pic.
 Merifield, Christopher D. 41, 50, 59, 130
 Merifield, Cynthia E. 135, 136
 Meyer, Bradford R. 42, 49, 55, 60, 106
 Miller, Cynthia B. 35, 145
 Miller, Frances G. 41, 83, 130
 Miller, Stacy A. 35, 151
 Miller, Vinton F. 124, 126, 153
 Miller, Wesley L. 99, 126
 Mills, Eric B. 148, 149
 Modrak, Catherine A. 66, 126
 Modrak, David G. 151
 Modrak, Stephen M. 149
 Modrak, Victoria M. 78, 79, 133
 Moore, Brittany 136
 Moore, Cathy M. 66, 69, 86, 88, 121
 Moore, Charles A. 35, 145
 Moore, Devon L. 144, 145
 Moore, Elizabeth F. 136
 Moore, Susan B. 70, 88, 126
 Moore, W. Saxon 35, 145
 Morgan, Sydney 149
 Morley, Peter H. 12, 14, 17, 35, 42, 63, 92, 93, 105, 106
 Morrow, Charles 41, 58, 83, 86, 130
 Moskowitz, Mitchell B. 126
 Moskowitz, Shelley R. 41, 65, 78, 130
 Mullendore, Clint V. 145
 Mullendore, E.C., IV 136
 Mullendore, Eric V. 24, 149
 Nash, Brenda A. not pic.
 Nash, Elizabeth E. 33, 38, 42, 94, 98, 106
 Neal, David B. 56, 64, 126
 Neal, Eric A. 136
 Nelson, Michael S. 15, 56, 64
 Nelson, Pamela B. 78
 Nelson, Randolph M. 83, 140
 Nelson, Timothy B. not pic.
 Nespor, Jan K. 42, 56, 106, 161
 Newbury, Scott W. 139
 Newman, Martin L. 20, 38, 126, 155
 Newman, Russell E. 50, 134
 Nickle, David E. 49, 64, 82, 115
 Nienhuis, Lisa A. 141, 142
 Noble, Susan A. 136
 Nolan, Elizabeth L. 88, 121
 Noldt, Linda L. 136
 Noldt, Peter E. 134
 Nole, Edward W. not pic.
 Nole, Mary K. 41, 78, 130
 Nole, William P., Jr. 96, 121
 Nolley, Diana N. 141, 142
 Nolley, George B. 24, 25, 151
 Nolley, Nancy A. 147
 Nonweiler, Blake A. 65, 139
 Nonweiler, David E. 41, 50, 131
 Norman, Amy C. 145
 Norton, Christen L. 24, 149
 Norvell, Stephen P. 136
 Nuckolls, Leanne M. 140
 Nulf, Thomas C. 151
 Nunn, Wallace D. 48, 49, 50, 55, 60, 121
 Nutter, Mark E. 142
 Nutter, Michael E. 149
 O'Conner, Peggy 115
 Orvald, Lelf A. not pic.
 Orvald, Tucker O. 24
 Osborn, D. Garth 21, 121
 Oven, Margot 136
 Owen, Peter H. 41, 50, 59, 64, 131
 Owen, Leslie M. 20, 42, 86, 94, 107
 Owens, Gregory D. 41, 50, 58, 83, 131
 Owens, T. Keith 39, 52, 53, 82, 84, 85, 95, 98, 115, 116
 Pack, Lisa L. 78, 134
 Paddock, Carolyn Y. 88, 126, 127
 Paddock, Susan B. 39, 82, 87, 115, 158
 Palik, David A. 142
 Palik, Donald L. 136
 Palik, Laura E. 41, 78, 131
 Palma, Laura M. 25, 151
 Parker, Barbara A. 78, 83, 134
 Parker, Jocelyn L. 151
 Parker, Mary L. 145
 Patterson, Cip N. 27, 66, 70, 90, 122
 Patterson, Joe A. 142
 Patterson, Robert E., Jr. 147
 Patterson, Sabrina D. 151
 Patterson, Shannon T. 136

Paul, Darrel R. 137
 Paul, Stephen J. 149
 Pedrick, Arlin K. 88, 126
 Pedrick, Susan C. 140
 Perry, Patricia G. 98, 113, 116
 Peters, Victor C. 94, 97, 98, 99, 116
 Pfeifer, Mark D. 126
 Phillips, C. Randolph 42, 89, 107
 Phillips, R. Brian 126
 Pielsticker, Melissa L. not pic.
 Pitcock, Kendall A. 24, 149
 Pollard, Stephen M. 151
 Porter, Carl, Jr. 151
 Pray, Melissa L. 145
 Pray, Susan K. 24, 149
 Prichard, Christopher G. 142
 Quarterman, Joseph S. 140
 Raber, Mark A. 41, 50, 58, 131
 Raguse, Craig B. 56, 64, 93, 116
 Rainey, James S. 50, 58, 134
 Rainey, Robin A. 20, 42, 44, 82, 88, 90, 91, 98, 116
 Rambo, Dana J. 151
 Ramsey, Brent C. 145
 Ramsey, David S. 21, 99, 122
 Raptou, Rhea A. 24, 149
 Read, Anne S. 20, 66, 69, 88, 94, 116
 Reid, Allison 78, 134
 Rhodes, Amy M. 137
 Rhodes, Rachel A. 147
 Rhodes, Rebecca L. 17, 39, 88, 122
 Richards, Daniel B. 50, 134
 Ridgeway, James M. 41, 50, 59, 131
 Ridgeway, John C. 56, 99, 126
 Ringold, Leslie B. 86, 88, 97, 116
 Rizley, Nancy C. 17, 39, 66, 70, 71, 88, 122
 Rizley, Sarah L. 16, 39, 42, 73, 88, 107
 Roberts, Roger P. 145
 Robinson, Kevin G. 52, 53, 56, 57, 88, 94, 99, 116
 Roblyer, Jeffrey S. 147
 Rogers, David G. 41, 59, 131
 Rogers, Terry J. 137
 Rolley, L. Michelle 24, 149
 Rollins, Melanie J. 126
 Romans, Gleason W. 145
 Romans, Reta J. 147
 Rumley, Sharon 41, 78, 131
 Rushmore, Jerry 41, 64, 131
 Rushmore, Michael H., Jr. 56, 122
 Russell, James A. 42, 106, 107
 Rutledge, Joel R. 64, 126
 Ryan, James R., Jr. 17, 42, 104, 107
 Ryan, Valerie K. 142
 Sanders, James M. 140
 Sanditen, Deborah A. 127
 Sartain, Harold A. 137
 Saunders, Marian L. 113, 116
 Schluneger, Steven F. 142
 Schmidt, Michael T. 147
 Schuman, Gina H. 42, 86, 88, 108
 Schuman, Ilyse W. 140
 Schuman, Karlyn S. 147
 Schuman, Miles B. 137
 Schusterman, Jerome R. 147
 Schusterman, Stacy H. 35, 140
 Scruton, John W. 56, 127, 161
 Seay, Linda L. 41, 78, 91, 131
 Seebass, Heather E. 151
 Shade, Julianne 42, 82, 84, 94, 101, 108
 Shamas, Jimmy E., Jr. 21, 99, 127
 Shamas, Laura A. 18, 20, 69, 86, 88, 97, 116
 Shapiro, Anne 137
 Shapiro, Dana 88, 122
 Shapiro, Gena 143
 Shirkey, Graham P. 143
 Shirkey, Leigh A. 78, 134
 Short, James M. 145
 Simcoe, Jane E. 35, 140
 Simcoe, Steven W. 40, 145
 Simpson, Jay D. 150, 151
 Simpson, Kelly T. 137
 Simpson, Tracy A. 35, 140
 Singer, Adam C. 149
 Singer, Gregory Z. 137
 Singer, Jason K. 143
 Sisler, Stephanie R. 41, 78, 131
 Sisler, Wade E. 127, 154
 Sitrin, Allison G. 78, 134
 Sitrin, Todd W. 143
 Skaggs, Sheryl K. 42, 84, 102, 108
 Slack, Russell D. 86, 116
 Slayton, Jennifer M. 151
 Smith, Bradley S. 151
 Smith, Clark W. 144, 145
 Smith, Craig B. 39, 42, 56, 84, 88, 94, 95, 99, 108
 Smith, Laura A. 25, 151
 Smith, Shannon E. 147
 Smith, Warren J. 137
 Smith, William W. 145
 Smothers, Mark A. 41, 50, 59, 131
 Sneed, David C. 40, 139
 Sneed, Elizabeth J. not pic.
 Sneed, Thomas M. not pic.
 Sniderman, Jeff M. 25, 148, 149
 Sniderman, Jennie R. 145

Somers, Cheryl 42, 88, 94, 108, 115
 Sorley, Andrea 143
 Sorley, Philippa 151
 Sorley, Robert 137
 Southard, John A. 144, 145
 Speed, Henry K., IV 24, 149
 Spellman, T. Blake 56, 93, 123
 Spivey, James F. 149
 Spraker, Robert G., Jr. 137
 Springer, Jodee R. 41, 131
 Springer, Lindsey K. not pic.
 Springer, Randy A. 143
 Springer, Robin L. 55, 60, 123
 Starr, Jason 41, 50, 51, 58, 59, 131
 Starr, Joel E. 56, 62, 63, 64, 127
 Steinberg, Gary A. 52, 116
 Steinberg, Susan L. 20, 42, 86, 87, 97, 108
 Stewart, Loy D. 99, 123
 Stillings, David A. 137
 Stillings, Sheila R. 41, 78, 131
 Stillwell, Dawn M. 24, 149
 Stone, Sara C. 139, 140
 Stowell, Pamela J. 20, 33, 39, 88, 127
 Strange, Sterling P. 142, 143
 Strange, Susan I. 65, 78, 134
 Sturdivant, Anne C. 147
 Sturdivant, Catherine A. 24, 149
 Sukkar, Cathy M. 137
 Sukkar, Mary H. 72, 73, 87, 117, 159
 Sullivan, David W. 127
 Sumrall, Stephen F. 17, 35, 42, 108
 Sutherland, Mathew S. 41, 50, 59, 64, 131
 Swab, Cheryl A. not pic.
 Swab, Victoria A. not pic.
 Tate, Julianne 39, 42, 69, 84, 85, 108
 Taylor, Christopher A. 15, 99, 127
 Taylor, Mark D. 64, 88, 117
 Taylor, Stephen J. 123
 Teenar, Charles J. 24, 25, 150, 151
 Tennant, Melvin, Jr. 52, 64, 93, 127, 161
 Terry, Candace A. 88, 127
 Terry, Kyle G. 49, 50, 55, 60, 61, 93, 117
 Thornton, Charlotte M. 12, 26, 42, 68, 69, 72, 73, 82, 84, 85, 94, 108
 Thurmond, Roger D. 42, 49, 83, 93, 94, 108
 Thurston, Jeffrey M. 21, 35, 38, 42, 54, 55, 86, 88, 92, 93, 94, 97, 108
 Todd, Scott B. 122, 123
 Tomasino, Luc-Michel 140
 Tripp, Philip A. 137
 Tucker, Colin H. 149
 Tunnell, Jon M. 25, 149
 Tuttle, George T. 24, 149
 Tuttle, John C. 143
 Tuttle, Lucinda A. 137
 Tyler, Jane A. 27, 70, 71, 88, 120, 123
 VanderMolen, Jamie L. 17, 20, 66, 88, 122, 123
 VanderMolen, Nancy L. 17, 127
 Van Tuyl, David S. not pic.
 Vargha, Lynda D. 147
 Vargha, Michael A. not pic.
 Vaughan, Maria L. not pic.
 Voth, Danna M. 88, 115, 117
 Voth, Juliana M. 78, 134
 Walker, Paul A., III 127
 Ward, Curtis B. 137
 Ward, Gary R. 140
 Ward, Nancy E. 147
 Ware, David S. 48, 49, 93, 117
 Ware, Wendy S. 78, 134
 Warren, Carolyn Jr. 137
 Warren, John K. 143
 Waska, Holly L. 149
 Watkinson, James R. 41, 50, 58, 130, 131
 Watson, Fred S. 42, 44, 84, 108
 Watson, Leslie M. 83, 137
 Watson, Robyn A. 117
 Weber, Eric B. 140
 Weber, Sherry L. 41, 131
 Wehrs, Donald R. 42, 103, 108
 Wehrs, Suzanne M. 127
 West, Phillip S. 64, 123
 Westphal, Andrew J. 134
 Wetherill, Benjamin D. 88, 117
 Wetzel, Kurt 147
 Wetzler, Janet J. 86, 88, 117
 Whalley, Elizabeth S. 69, 117
 White, John D. 119, 123
 White, Lori A. 41, 131
 White, Tammi L. 78, 134
 Whitehill, M. Lisa 66, 69, 85, 88, 118, 123
 Wilcox, Anthony J. 143
 Willard, Jennifer L. 147
 Williams, Charles P., Jr. 64, 117
 Williams, Kathleen M. 88, 123
 Williams, Peter B. 41, 50, 59, 65, 131
 Wilson, Martha A. 42, 83, 108
 Winslow, Jennifer A. 151
 Winslow, Laurie E. 143
 Winter, Frank C. 140
 Winter, William H. 146, 147
 Winters, John A. 137
 Winters, Richard R. 24
 Wohlgenuth, Julie R. 25, 149
 Wood, Anne M. 141, 143
 Wood, David K. 50, 134
 Wood, Glenn L. 64, 127

Wood, Laura C. 140
 Wood, Mark J. 137
 Wood, Philip H. 140
 Wood, Susan D. 88, 117
 Woodrum, Clayton E., Jr. 149
 Woods, Whitney M. 143
 Wright, Sarah I. 66, 84, 85, 117
 Wynn, Melissa A. not pic.
 Yeabower, John A., Jr. 52, 56, 93, 99, 117
 Yeabower, Julie J. 39, 126, 127
 Yeager, James G., III 54, 55, 60, 61, 93, 123
 York, Elizabeth A. 17, 20, 42, 44, 66, 69, 88, 94, 108
 Young, Alan B. not pic.
 Young, Jeffrey M. 145

Staff

Adwan, Adam 59
 Bachman, John E. 152, 164
 Benton, Craig W. 95, 154, 164
 Bippus, William L., Jr. 133, 154
 Bizjack, Carmen 95, 154
 Bizjack, Raymond F. 82, 152, 155, 165
 Bomba, Jane K. 154
 Bost, Mary L. 154
 Brazinsky, Judith K. 86, 152, 159
 Bromly, Douglas L. 56, 154, 156, 164
 Brown, Charles H. 152, 156, 165
 Brown, Claudia L. 154
 Brown, Sandra K. 154
 Bryant, Cynthia L. 18, 69, 72, 155
 Bullard, Gerald D. 55, 153
 Bullard, Lou Ann 155
 Bunn, Linda L. 155
 Cain, G. Robert 95, 153, 164
 Calkins, Dennis L. 56, 95, 155, 159
 Carmack, Eleanor D. 27, 155
 Caruthers, Nancy A. 155
 Chase, Rosemary L. 20, 154, 155, 165
 Clark, Clifford W. 155
 Clark, Mary Catherine 156
 Dault, Christine A. 19, 69, 156
 Dratz, John 52
 Elmer, Thomas N. 44, 93, 95, 153, 164
 Foote, Nancy 156
 Freerigan, J. Thompson 41, 153
 Frisco, C. Renee 156
 Gilliland, Mary Jo 156
 Graham, James 162
 Green, Janice D. 156
 Harmon, Elva A. 154, 156, 165
 Harrison, Judy L. 95, 115, 157, 164
 Higginbotham, Josephine H. 157
 Hooker, Edward W. 157
 Ivors, John W. 157
 Jackson, Theodore 162
 Jewell, Bettye Jo 135, 151, 165
 Kaboth, Margaret W. 157
 Kohlbacher, Amy A. 163
 Kriekhaus, Robert C. 84, 157, 158
 Lane, Nelda 158
 Lawson, Sue T. 158
 Leach, Margaret 27, 95, 158
 Looper, Elmer 163
 Manering, Barbara J. 40, 158
 Maxeiner, Jean C. 158
 McCullough, Kenneth B. 34, 59, 158
 Middleton, Stephanie E. 158
 Miller, Margaret E. 134, 158
 Milligan, Anna 155, 159
 Moeller, Louis 162
 Moore, Herbert B. 12, 44, 45, 152, 153
 Moore, Martha M. 159
 Morris, Patricia 163
 Murphy, Robert P. 60, 159
 Noldt, Roger W. 153
 Oliver, Jean 159
 Paige, Donald L. 86, 159
 Palma, Ronald B. 159
 Palster, Linda 18, 69
 Poulet, Didier M. 157, 159, 165
 Quarterman, Virginia 160
 Richards, Marcio R. 96, 97, 158, 160
 Rollo, David M. 38, 160
 Rushmore, Sallie H. 160
 Scott, Betty 163
 Shirvani, Francine M. 157, 160
 Sloan, Edward C. 97, 154, 160
 Smith, Eleanor 163
 Sniderman, Karl M. 140, 160
 Springer, Jeanne 163
 Stickney, Peter H. 34, 58, 160
 Strozier, Cheryl A. 161
 Sutherland, Joan N. 161
 Tameny, G. Michael 12, 161
 Thayer, James B. 161, 164
 Thomas, Christianne 137, 161
 Tunnell, Doyle C. 34, 131, 153, 161
 Walters, Marjorie P. 161
 Ward, Frank B. 58, 65, 161
 Whiteside, Myldred 162, 163
 Wickliff, Sherman 162
 Wood, Diane D. 161

Editors: Margaret Martin and Charlotte Thornton, Staff: Keith Owens, Amanda McCloud, Roy Johnson, David Deller, Rick Andelman, Julie Tate, Sheryl Skaggs, Julie Shade, Nancy Jenkins, Lucia Gary, Susan Dunlap, Gina Schuman, Pat Hallet, Sarah Wright, David Lucas, Cynthia Easton, Russell LaCour, Craig Smith, Beth Nash, Linda Lowry, Leslie Eaton, Peter Athens, and Peter Lockwood, Advisors: Mrs. Carmack and Mr. Kriechaus.

We are the ones who are supposed to provide all those high school memories for you. With a break in tradition and a little extra effort, we felt we could add a little more zip to the old traditional **Eight Acres** so your memories could last longer. (After all, that's all you have left now.) Our unorthodox ideas (for HH at least) included a wilder cover, lots of copy (which we hope you will read), and an index (so you can find yourself now.) Our big ideas also caused us more work and cost us more money. (If you ever get a chance, thank the patrons and patronize the advertisers. They made this book possible, you know.) All year long, it seemed as though we were struggling towards a goal we really didn't understand ourselves. None of us really knew what yearbook copy was, how to crop a picture, how to count a headline, or how to draw a layout. Frustrations resulted. Most of us usually skipped our two mod class (but you could always hear Charlotte screaming from the yearbook room anyway, "Where is the yearbook staff?") We never really knew the meaning of deadline until our first one was only two weeks away. Round the clock sessions became an ordinary thing with typewriters clicking and DDP cans fizzing. Our sessions sometimes turned into parties, but never the less, copy was written (and rewritten and rewritten.) and layouts were drawn (and redrawn and redrawn.) A liquid paper shortage resulted. As time grew short, we began pushing panic buttons. Student Faculty Senate still had no group shot, the cheerleading pictures mysteriously disappeared, and Middle School negatives were lost before the prints were made. Margaret passed out from exhaustion, David continued his hysterical laughter, Keith kept on crackin', Mrs. Carmack screamed, and Russell's aunt wanted him home. Its all here though now, we hope you like it. If you don't, pull it off your dusty shelf in 20 years and read it again. Maybe you will then.

Thanks also to Diet Dr. Pepper, Liquid Paper, Jeri Sims, Melonie Bishop, E. Bill Hart, Mary Sukkar, Lauren Buttery, Joel Starr, Brewster Gary, Lorne Covington, Susan Paddock, Glen Nelson, Frank Johnston, Washington Post, Photo Service International, Hinton, Wally McNamee, Newsweek, Saralu and Charlie, Fred Watson, Don Wehrs, Ben Newby, Tulsa Tribune, Allan Tkannebaum, UPI, Leigh, Chuck Carmack, Lloyd Tomberlin, and Rocky for helping us in their own little ways.

I'm, although I have this great desire to be noteped, rusty, & degrading, I feel it is necessary everyone in a blue moon to say what I really feel. (It is difficult, but nonetheless inevitable.) I really don't have any idea where this little paragraph is leading in circles. I believe. If I continue this, it appears that all I will have succeeded in doing is causing a great state of confusion. In concluding

remember this those were "my salad days, when I was green in judgment."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

God knows

since the vicarious is coming back to the stage where it seems necessary for me to be belligerent I shall quickly close with the unfortunate realization that I have said absolutely nothing. Just keep in mind that it is always blackest before it is pitch black. I love you

dear jimmie,

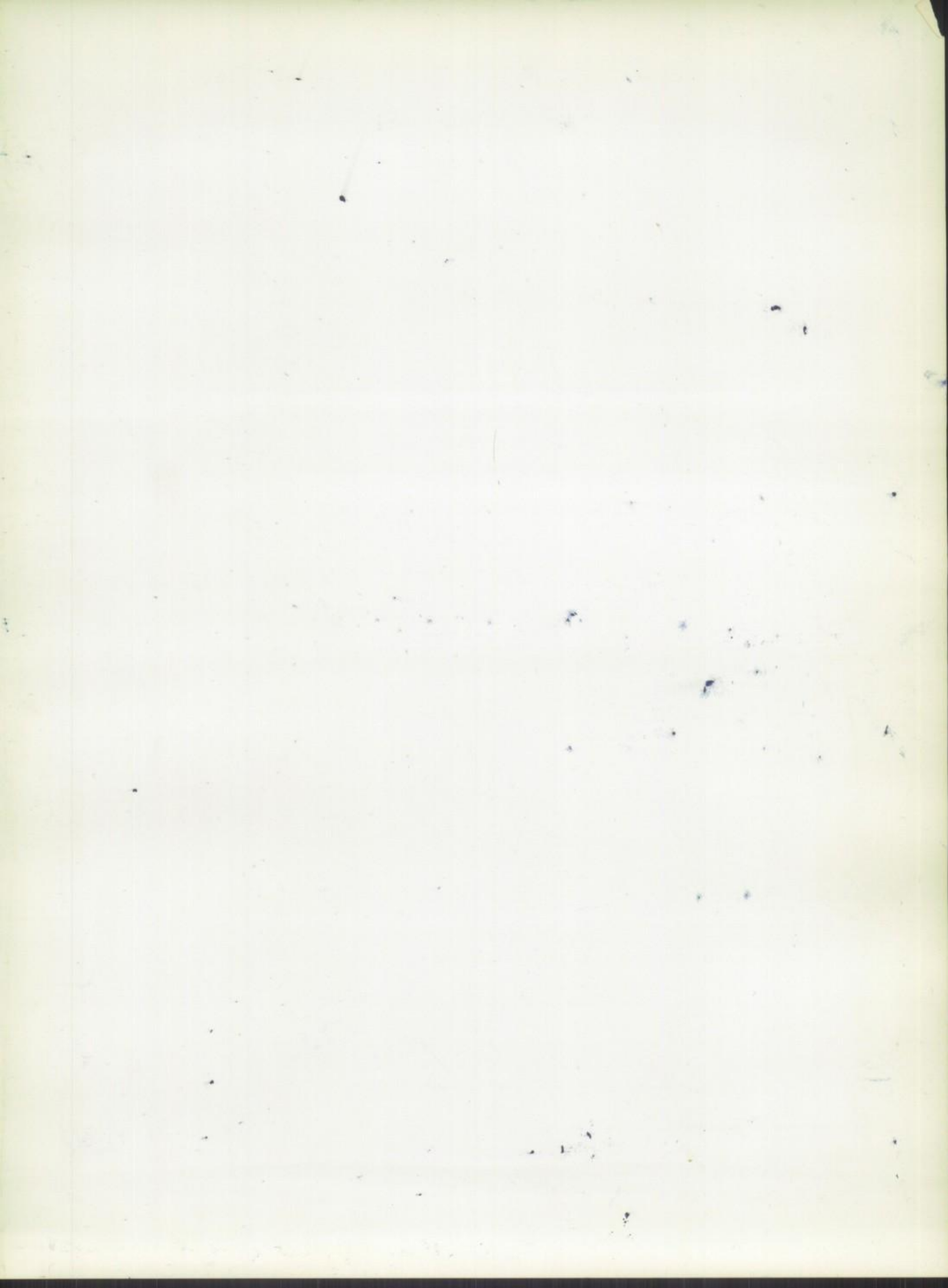
this whole page is mine, and if anyone else tries to write on it i'll cry. i'm awfully glad that i know you, and i'm not even afraid of you anymore! you are comfortable to be around, because of your wit, charm, intelligence, poise, and also because you are the only person who is a comfortable height for me and doesn't try to be charles atlas (i don't care if he is dead.) anyway, from you i will put up with ~~guns~~ and stuff and will even embrace the National Rifle Association (did i get that right?) did you know i never even meant to make you mad?

well, now that i've taken up almost the whole page (and i certainly tried hard, didn't i?) i guess i should stop. so - thank-you for being here and making it a super year. don't forget me so that when you grow up to be rich & famous & can paper your walls in hundred dollar bills, i can say that i knew you when.

Love,

Leslie

p.s. i swear on a stack of Nat. Lemps. (or Bibles if you want) that all of the above is true. Isn't that amazing?





• Winston-Salem
HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY
• North Carolina

LLOYD C. TOMBERLIN, TULSA, OKLAHOMA



David
Nickle

Please, no more jokes, please,
I'm in pain, please, ...
It will never occur to anyone
how you can enter a school the
same way as to know anyone
them till a year or
two later. When a
good guy and some-
one I can't help
but believe
I.T. & T. is
in trouble
when you get
out of school.
Be a good
little
capitalist.
I'm going
to miss
you when
you're
gone,
Nickle

Ok - Here goes - I have no idea what today is except
that you are super nice, and super funny! IT IS WASN'T
FOR YOU, OUR TRIG CLASS WOULD BE REALLY BE BORING! YOU REALLY
ARE A DAY BRIGHTENER. BEST OF LUCK ALWAYS!
Love -
Peggy

James (lovable) Durham

Good another place
to sign my name!

A blank page even.

Thanks

Love
Maggie

P.S.

Aren't you impressed - I didn't
say anything about how
short you are, your weird
car, or your strangely
proportioned house?

I'm glad

Maggie

James -
I don't exactly
know where to begin. You
are one of the neatest guys I know
& I'm very happy that we've become
so close in the last 2 years. I'll never
forget all the fun times we've shared and am
looking forward to even better times this year. Thank
you for our special friendship and for being a part of me.
Take care,
Love,
Connie
75

the may you spend
not rest of your life definitely
on watching candles melt. Keep
doing those gopher impressions.
Remember we are not morons.
Idiots maybe but not morons.
What can you say when
your mind is totally warped
anyway Bullface
(See kind with the
antennae)

